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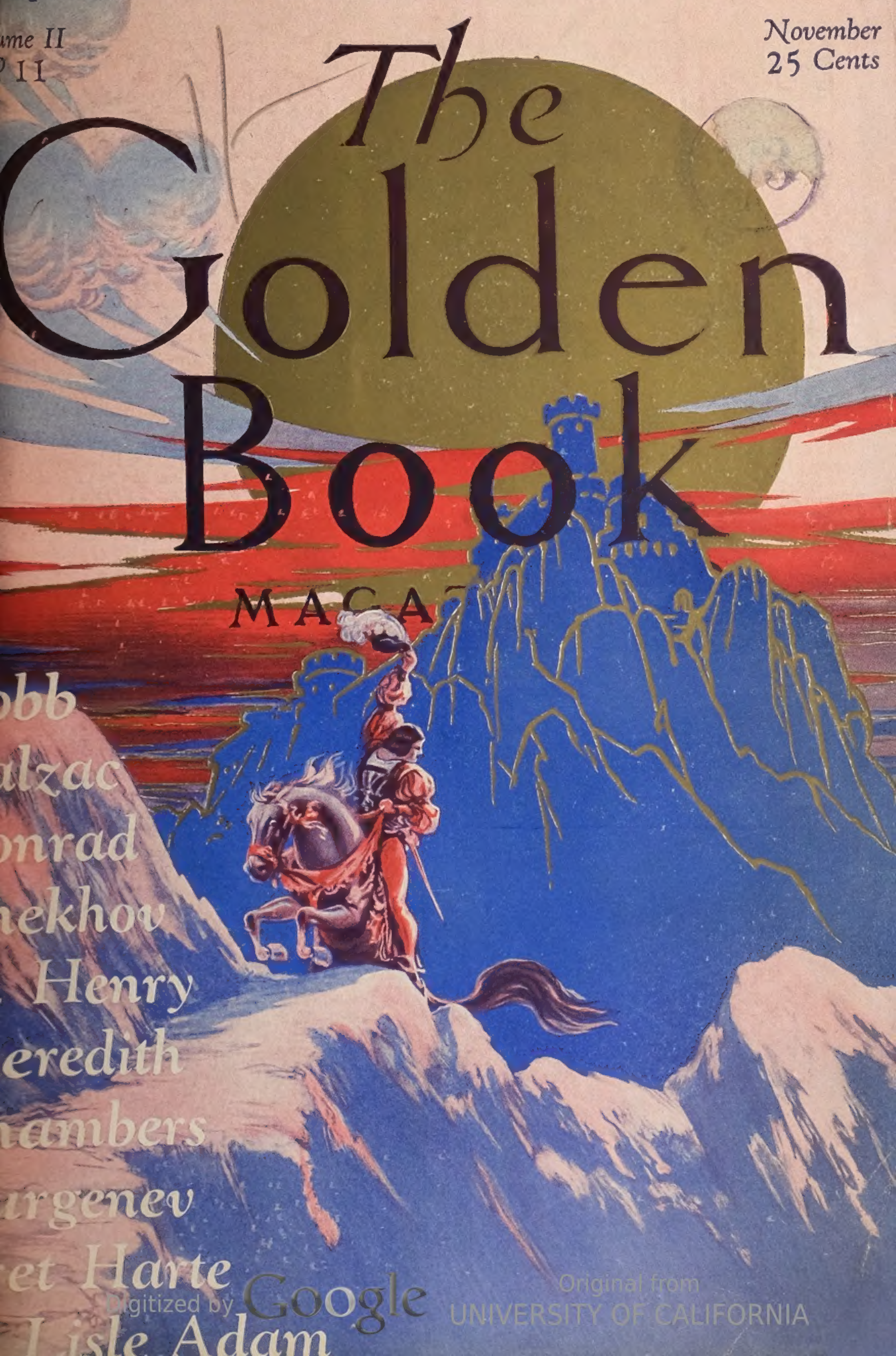
MAGA



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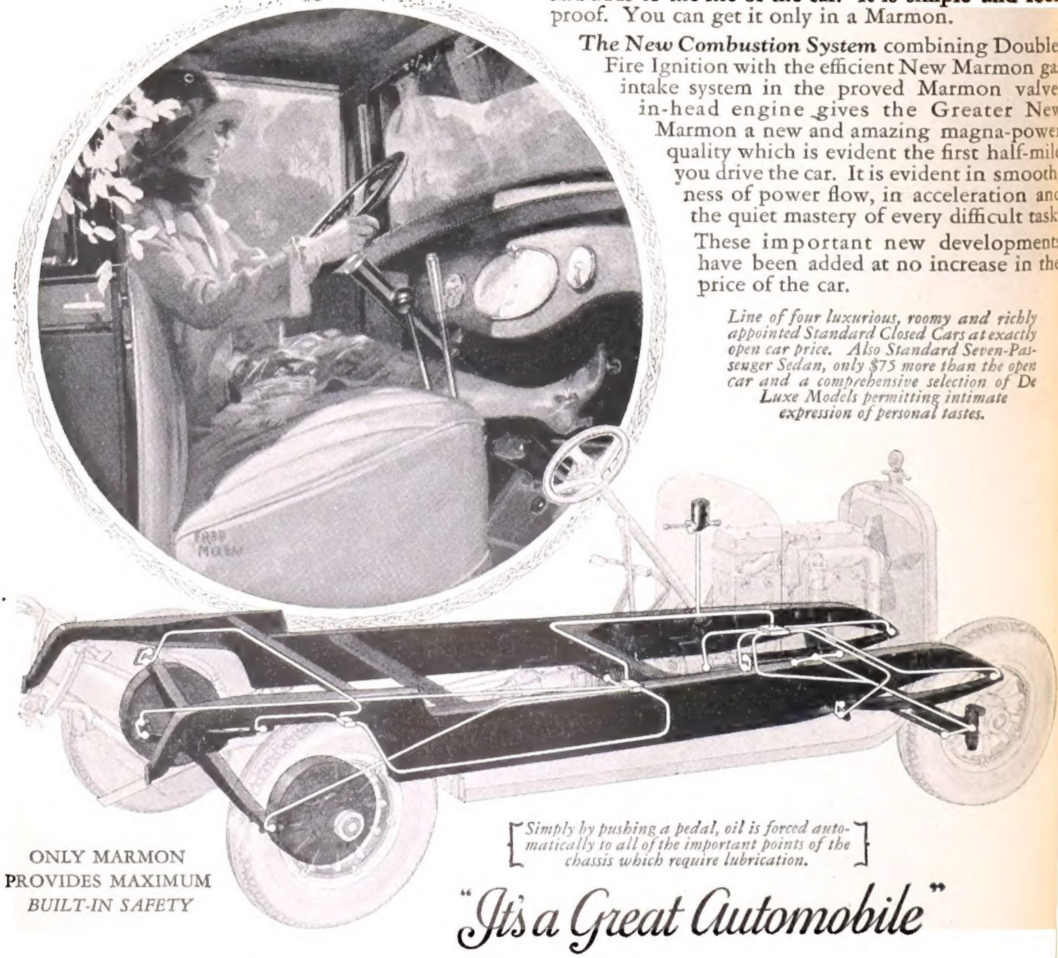

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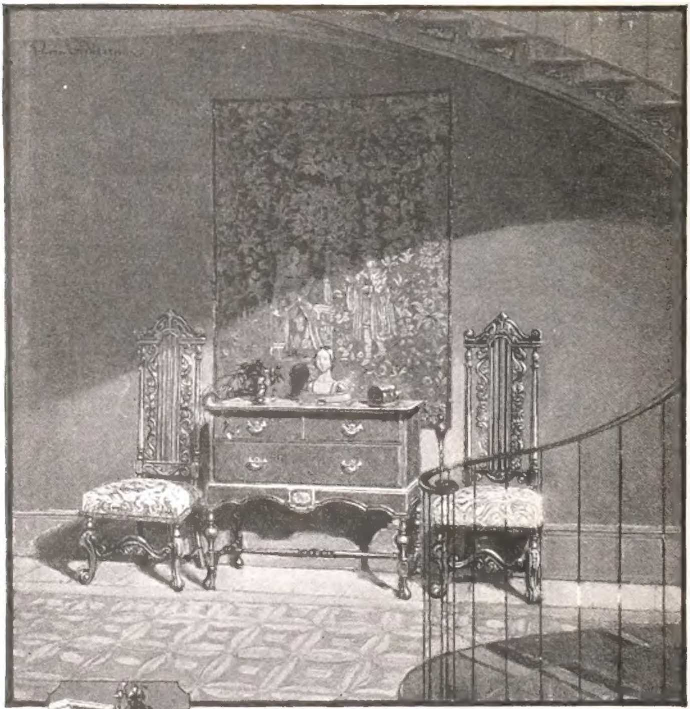

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VOLUME II
Number 11

NOVEMBER
1925

THE GOLDEN BOOK* MAGAZINE

OF FICTION AND TRUE STORIES THAT WILL LIVE

Edited by HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

Editorial Board:
WM. LYON PHELPS ◆ STUART P. SHERMAN ◆ JOHN COTTON DANA ◆ CHAS. MILLS GAYLEY

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ALBERT SHAW, Pres. CHAS. D. LANIER, Sec. and Treas.

Some Persons of Importance

My subjects are not mediæval, and I have a natural right to them because my past is very much my own. If their course lie out of the beaten path of organized social life, it is, perhaps, because I, myself, did in a sort break away from it early, in obedience to an impulse which must have been very genuine since it has sustained me through all the dangers of disillusion. But that origin of my literary work was very far from giving a larger scope to my imagination. On the contrary, the mere fact of dealing with matters outside the general run of everyday experience laid me under the obligation of a more scrupulous fidelity to the truth of my own sensations.

The problem was to make unfamiliar things credible. To do that I had to create for them, to reproduce for them, to envelop them in their proper atmosphere of actuality. This was the hardest task of all and the most important, in view of that conscientious rendering of truth in thought and fact which has been always my aim. JOSEPH CONRAD.

CONRAD said once that his life had been in three separate parts—with no connection between them.

There was first the boyhood in Poland of Joseph Conrad Korzeniowski, of which almost our only knowledge comes from the touches in "Prince Roman"—as Cunninghame-Graham points out, the one tale in which he deals directly with his native land or with politics—"the great stone-paved hall, warmed by a monumental stove of white tiles," so much more comfortable than the schoolroom, "always kept at a low temperature"; the groom lighting the lumbering coach to the stables with "a blazing ball of tow and resin in an iron basket at the end of a long stick swung from his saddle bow"; the wolf that stirred his childish terrors by its depredations; and such pictures as: "far away to the north the great Lithuanian forest faced the sun, no higher than a hedge."

Then the death of his father sent him out into another strange world of hard work and adventure. Joining the French merchant marine at the age of thirteen (about 1870), he laboriously acquired the knowledge of the men who go down to the sea in ships, became a shipmaster, changed to the British merchant marine in the Orient, and for thirty years stored up the impressions of a sensitive nature amid the marvels of Eastern oceans, and the still more complex marvels of human nature freed from restraints.

Finally, in the first years of this century, he became writer, husband, man of family, man of international fame.

And looking back, these three periods seemed to him enclosed in water-tight compartments, almost like three distinct lives.

This is perfectly understandable. But a reader of Conrad's work could not miss the underlying fact, which, perhaps, he could hardly state: that the connecting thread on which all these were strung was his own personality; that, of course, his best stories would never have existed in their present form except for the experiences of those former times, and the hoard of happenings, reflections, exact knowledge, and acute observation of strange human beings, accumulated during that lifetime of active work.

For the deeply impressive thing about the man is his ripeness. Never was any man less cocksure about those elusive springs of action in men and women; few writers have toiled so arduously to present a character "in the round," seen from the angles of several other personalities, as well as through his own expression. Yet everything he did carries the stamp of authenticity, of a developed personality, capable of looking with seeing eyes, of presenting fairly what it saw.

I really think this is almost his supreme value, in an age when such currency is given to cheap, immature, half-baked work. A man can only write books, as some Frenchman said of loving, "with what he has." And Joseph Conrad had a great deal.

(*Continued on page 6*)

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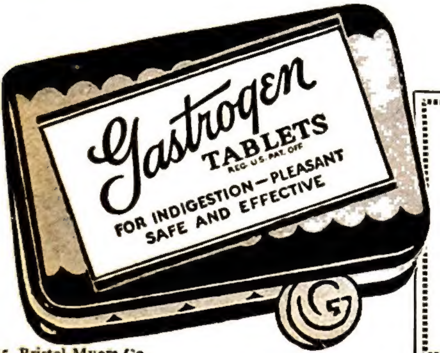

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(*Continued from page 4*)

He had too a rare ideal of craftsmanship. Much has been said of his amazing mastery of a language he learned only when grown. Nothing else could have been expected of a man who could write:

> ". . . only through complete unswerving devotion to the perfect blending of form and substance; it is only through an unremitting never-discouraged care for the shape and ring of sentences that an approach can be made to plasticity, to colour, and that the light of magic suggestiveness may be brought to play for an evanescent instant over the commonplace surface of words: of the old, old words, worn thin, defaced by ages of careless usage."

Entirely apart from all this, the tale printed here is surely a memorable story, which must appeal even to those who are impatient at Mr. Conrad's "intrusion" of psychological analysis at the climaxes of some of his narratives. That hideous mutilated French scoundrel, with the iron weight secretly strapped to his handless arm, is a figure to haunt dreams—yet a reality instead of a phantom.

* * *

Miss Viola Roseboro' has devoted so much of her time to the discovery of writing-talent in others (she was for years an editorial mainstay in the McClure organization when *McClure's* was at the height of its significance), that she has somewhat neglected her own expression in fiction. But she is represented by a novel, two volumes of short stories, and a good deal of uncollected work in the magazines—among which the thing that interests herself most is a full-hearted presentation last spring of "The Earthly Ways of Jesus." "Aaron Westcott's Funeral," in this issue, has a great deal of the sturdy sentiment of every-day life, the pleasure in a touch of realized idealism, that give Miss Roseboro' 's stories a characteristic flavour of optimistic humanness.

* * *

A good many people think that the early work of Robert W. Chambers promised far more than has come from the fields of writing in which the sensational success of "The Common Law" made him somewhat of a fixture. Over and over I have heard regretful comments on the quality of some of the tales in "The King in Yellow" (from which "The Demoiselle d'Ys" is taken), and "The Maker of Moons" and "Cardigan."

Doubtless Mr. Chambers might retort that the writer who had depended for a livelihood on the returns of those volumes would have starved to death—instead of being a "best-seller" with an income to support the dignity of a country gentleman. There is an answer to that—but it's more applicable, somehow, to the other fellow than to one's self.

Anyhow, there was, and is, good stuff in those early books, which Chambers began to turn out in 1893, after seven years of art study at Julien's, exhibiting at the Salon, and illustrating for the leading American weeklies.

And what a list there is to his credit since then! Fifty-four novels and books of stories in an even thirty years; a play written for Ada Rehan; and the musical comedy "Iole," produced in 1913. And he's still six years younger than William De Morgan was when he brought out his first novel!

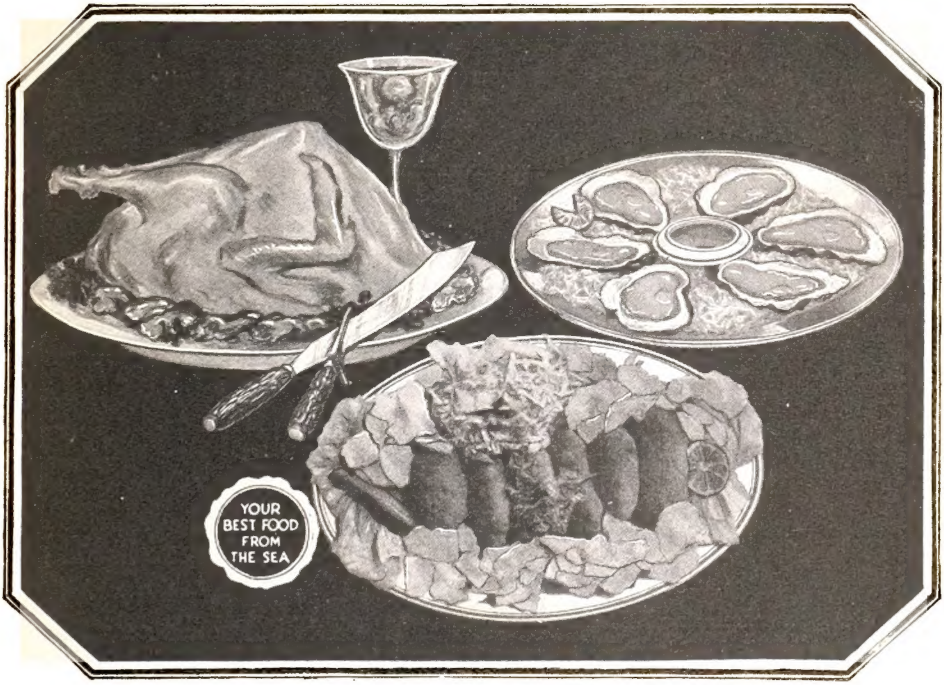
I rather think there is an idea concealed in the juxtaposition of those facts—perhaps related to the highly consolatory information recently imparted to me by Chung, a house-boy of the sort calculated to make one pro-Chinese forever:

"In China," declared Chung, apropos of the surprising attention paid to the daughter of the house, "no one worth listening to till fifty years."

* * *

Francis of Assisi is one of the few historical human beings of whom the countless miracles related seem to us nowadays quite in the order of nature. For the known facts of his life are so miraculous in their realization of the beautiful possibilities of poor human nature, that it is a small matter that the birds should understand him when he preached to them, or that "the very fierce Wolf" of Gubbio should bow submissively before him and promise a reformation of his wolfish ways.

(*Continued on page 8*)



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(*Continued from page 6*)

There have been numberless translations and editions of the "Little Flowers of St. Francis," and new "Lives" are continually appearing.

The three great Orders of Franciscans (Friars Minor, or Greyfriars, or, in France, Cordeliers; the Poor Clares—*Povere Donne*, *Clarisses;* and the Third Order of Penance) still commemorate the deep impression made upon his own time, and all subsequent generations, by this John Bernadone, whose forty-four years (1182–1226) saw one of the greatest triumphs for humility and earnest loving-kindness since the founder of Christianity.

◆

Zola dismisses the author of "The Torture by Hope" as an eccentric genius whose life was one long struggle against want and insanity. It seems a bit cavalier: De Quincey and Poe would hardly be rated at their full significance if handled so broadly.

It is certainly true that Philippe Auguste Mathias, Count de Villiers de l'Isle Adam (1838–1889) did not ever manage to get enough popular recognition to provide material support for such a name, and died as a charity patient of the Brothers of Saint-Jean-de-Dieu. Also, his vivid imagination was at times wild and unbalanced enough.

But he is probably "to be considered the originator of the Symbolist movement in French literature"; his half-dozen long romances, and four plays, show real power; and at least this one of the tales in "*Contes Cruels*" deserves a permanent place alongside of "The Pit and the Pendulum."

◆

Gabriele Reuter is a German authoress, born in Egypt, who has been writing since 1888, when she published "*Glück und Geld.*" She has produced quite a long list of novels and biographical monographs; and some of her short stories are notable for their acute insight into human foibles and their large consequences.

◆

It is not fanciful to find a special suitability to a November issue in a story by Ivan Sergieivitch Turgeniev (1818–1883). When he was a student in the university, at nineteen, he made his initial attempt at writing in the shape of a blank-verse drama, "Sténiga," with all the fantastic gloom of Byron's "Manfred"—which served him for inspiration. He had to the full that fatalistic expectation of tragedy which makes the Russian nature alien to Western feeling.

Moreover, on his return in 1840 from two years' study at Berlin, his sensitive young soul was so shocked by the frightful treatment of the family serfs which his stern mother considered a matter of course, that it seems to have coloured most of his work.

One feels this through every page of "A Sportsman's Recollections," his first successful venture in fiction, from which "The Rendezvous" is taken. Even the landscape of his native land, that affected him so powerfully, stretches out, grayed and cheerless, with a hint of winter betrayal behind even that gorgeous flame of autumn to which every sportsman responds amid the utmost excitements of the hunt.

But there can be no question of the man's greatness. With the utmost simplicity he relates what he knows—and you live through these human stories whose development he has watched, to every throb of which his heart-strings have vibrated.

◆

Irvin S. Cobb has been photographically portrayed often enough—as is fitting in these United States for the man who has what I understand to be the highest-priced contract on record for his short-story output.

Perhaps a self-portrait in words might be appropriate as an addition to the exterior personality the news camera has made familiar. It came from Robert H. Davis, who declares a stranger, in his presence, once asked Mr. Cobb, without knowing who he was, what kind of a person Cobb was:

(*Continued on page 10*)

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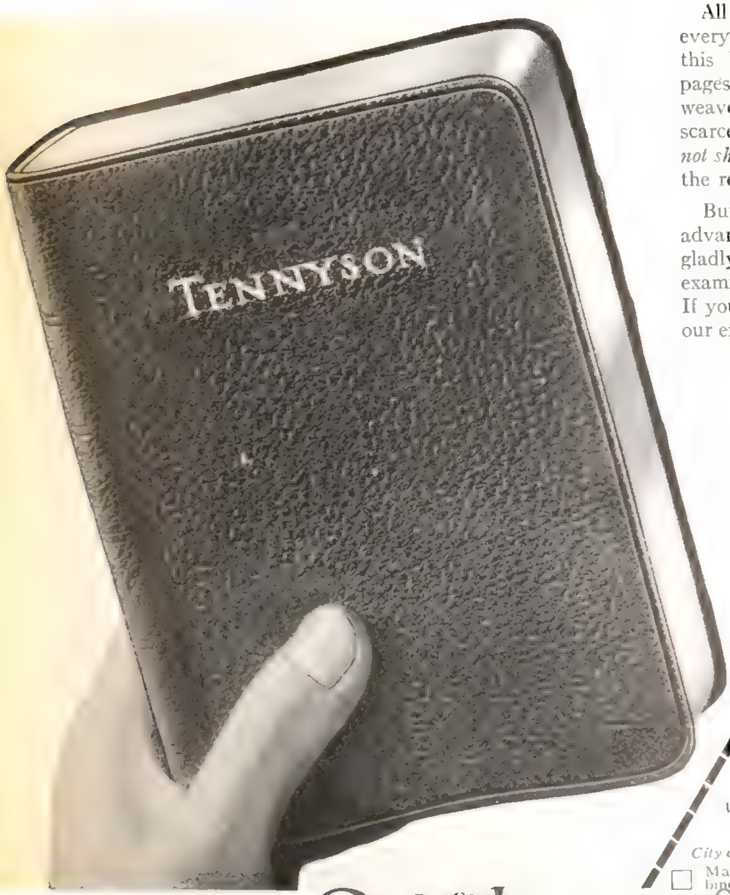

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(*Continued from page 8*)

"'Well to be perfectly frank with you,' replied the Paducah prodigy, 'Cobb is related to my wife by marriage; and if you don't object to a brief sketch with all the technicalities omitted, I should say that in appearance he is rather bulky, standing six feet high, not especially beautiful, a light roan in color, with a black mane. His figure is undecided, but might be called bunchy in places. He belongs to several clubs, including The Yonkers Pressing Club and The Park Hill Democratic Marching Club, and has always, like his father who was a Confederate soldier, voted the Democratic ticket. He has had one wife and one child and still has them. In religion he is an Innocent Bystander.'"

* * *

After beginning work on the grouped-quotation feature, "The Open Road," I discovered for the first time E. V. Lucas's altogether delightful anthology of that name—in a sumptuously illustrated edition which announced that it was the "13th American and 20th English printing" of this pleasant volume; also that it was originally issued in 1899! Surely, "the world is so full of a number of"—books, that the most earnest worker could spend several lifetimes without scratching the surface of the World Library.

And yet the most frequent comment from friends since THE GOLDEN BOOK was born, is a prediction that the "high standard" of the early numbers cannot be kept up long, since the material, being rather a fixed quantity, is bound to become soon exhausted!

To this an editor may perhaps reply: first, that this number and the last are entirely different from the first issues, but show no sign of any lowered standard; and second, that, confronted by a bewildering mass of literary digging that promises high-grade ore—his main emotion at such a prophecy is a desire to have the prophet "bound over" for a month: even that much delving into authors whose work has long been waiting for time to do it justice would furnish a most convincing answer as to "exhaustion" of this literary mine.

* * *

In connection with "The Open Road" it was also discovered with surprise that dictionaries, cyclopaedias, volumes of quotations, and all the available reference books failed to furnish any hint as to when the phrase became current in its modern significance.

That alert lexicographer, Mr. Frank H. Vizetelly, furnished the earliest use I could discover—in connection with an account of the Danish invasion of England. But even this is not the precise meaning which the phrase has carried, certainly since Walt Whitman and Robert Louis Stevenson—the connotation alluded to in the extract from *The Spectator* weekly, on page 671. Can any of our readers add to this scanty knowledge of the matter?

* * *

"The First Financial Advertisement" (oddly enough, from the hand of the idyllic poet, Theocritus), like a number of other classic selections reprinted in this magazine, comes from that admirable series, the Loeb Classical Library, which now numbers more than 160 volumes. For the non-scholarly reader who wants to enjoy his natural heritage of what the great Greek and Roman writers left the world, these literal translations, facing the original text, are simply indispensable.—H. W. L.

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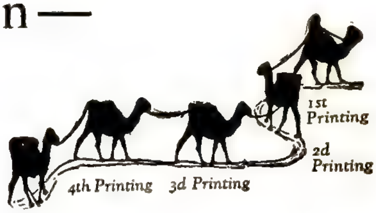

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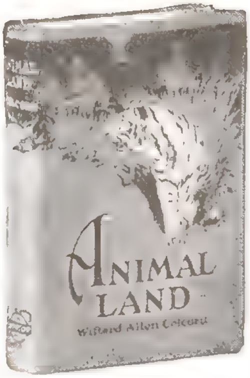

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THE INVESTMENT BUREAU

A department offering its services without charge to readers of THE GOLDEN BOOK. All letters to the Bureau are treated as personal and confidential and are answered in full by mail. Below appear a few extracts from recent correspondence relating to subjects of general interest. Address Investment Bureau, THE GOLDEN BOOK, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

THE FINANCIAL DIRECTORY

THE GOLDEN BOOK reserves the following pages for announcements of reputable banking houses, trust companies, savings banks, brokers, and other financial institutions. Inquiry is made concerning the institutions advertising under this heading and none is accepted that is found to be of questionable character. When writing to these institutions please mention THE GOLDEN BOOK.

INVESTMENT QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

A Mother's $25,000 Investment

My mother has $25,000 on which she is dependent for an income to cover expenses for a large family. I would appreciate very much detailed investment information that can be carried into effect at once, and that combines safety and reasonable returns.

We think the best plan for your mother to follow would be to put the $25,000 in a well diversified list of high grade bonds that give a good return commensurate with high investment safety. She could choose bonds which would give her an income each month of the year. For $6,000 of the fund we would suggest the best grade real estate mortgage bonds returning as much as 6 per cent., and below we give a list of other suitable bonds with the months in which interest is payable:

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- Illinois Bell Tel. 5s due 1956

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- State of Queensland 6s due 1947
- United Kingdom of Great Britain & Ireland 5½s due 1937
- Anaconda Copper Consolidated 6s due 1953

Interest Payments January and July
- Niagara Falls Power 1st 5s due 1932
- Hocking Valley 1st consolidated 4½s due 1999
- Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific gen. 4s due 1988
- Chicago & Western Indiana consolidated 4s due 1952
- Western Union 5s due 1938

Interest Payments March and September
- Chesapeake & Ohio gen. 4½s due 1992
- Dutch East Indies 6s due 1962
- Detroit Edison 1st and ref. 5s due 1940
- West Penn Power 5s due 1946

Response of Golden Book readers to the personal investment service offered them through this department has been most gratifying. The number of inquiries has grown steadily month by month. The service is the same that has been rendered to thousands of Review of Reviews readers for years and which has been found by them most helpful. On this page are printed a few of the recent inquiries from Golden Book readers.

From Savings Bank Interest to 7 per cent.

At present, I have a few thousand dollars in a savings bank bearing 4 per cent. interest; however, I think that part or all of this could be bringing in a little higher interest. What do you think of the 7 per cent. real estate mortgage bonds being offered today?

When you jump from a 4 per cent. return on your savings in a savings bank to 7 per cent. from real estate mortgage bonds you are taking a greater risk with your money. The risk in these mortgage bonds at this time is due to the fact that building costs are still very high and that competition in this field of financing seems to be influencing many of the leading houses in the field to make fuller loans than they have in the past, and to provide for slower amortization of them which somewhat reduces the safety of the loan from the investor's standpoint. The issues brought out by leading houses in this field of construction financing have paid their interest and principal regularly and unless we have a severe drop in real estate values and rentals they probably will continue to do so. However, unless you are willing to take more risk with your money, we believe you should not seek as high a return as 7 per cent. thereon.

A. T. & T. and American Tobacco Stocks

In answer to your kind offer in THE GOLDEN BOOK, may I ask do you think it wise to hold or sell public utilities, for instance American Tel. & Tel.? How about American Tobacco common—is there likely to be any additional dividend any time soon?

If one is holding American Tel. and Tel. stock and American Tobacco common as an investment we see no reason why they should sell at the present time. It does seem likely that both of these stocks may sell somewhat lower than their present prices within the next year or two, when the stock market turns downward, but to take advantage of such fluctuations in the market prices might result in a loss of return on one's funds that would largely, if not entirely, offset the profit that could be made by selling at present prices and buying the stocks back again at lower levels. The American Tobacco Company very recently increased its dividend rate from 12 per cent. to 14 per cent. and it does not seem likely to the writer that there will be any further increase in the next year or two, although, of course, that depends entirely upon the growth of the business of the company. At present, it is earning a comfortable margin over dividend payments and if this margin continues to grow the stockholders would very likely receive a higher payment some time in the future.

St. Paul Bonds

As a reader of THE GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE, I wish to avail myself of your service. Please give your opinion as to the desirability of these two bonds—Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R. R. convertible 4½s due 1932 and C. M. and St. P. debenture 4s due 1934. I am aware of the recent reverses this railroad has suffered which accounts for these issues being on the open market at 47½ and 47¼ respectively. This is very attractive from an investment standpoint but the desirability of these issues, of course, depends on the recuperative power of this railroad. Please give your opinion as to this.

(Continued on page 22)

It is the experienced investor who stumbles over the obvious thing

THIS wise and experienced investor was a good customer of William R. Compton Company, but he was wily. He liked to play one bond salesman against another. He consistently refused to let a Compton representative analyze his list of holdings until last July, when, in a discussion of conversion rights, he asked to have his list checked.

Now his whole list of holdings is laid before a Compton representative periodically—and because of a very obvious thing. He held $2,200 in American Telephone and Telegraph 6's. They were, as you remember, convertible into common stock on the basis of one share of stock for every $100 in bonds and $6 in cash. The market price was $140, making the conversion feature worth $34 on the hundred.

This investor, experienced as he was, was still holding these convertible bonds in July. He sold them, on Compton advice, just a few days before the conversion feature expired on August first. Compton service saved this one investor $800 on a $2,200 investment, but on August first there still remained outstanding $1,191,000 in A. T. & T. bonds, yet unconverted, with a loss of more than $400,000 to many investors.

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(Continued from page 20)

The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway is now in receivership and in the reorganization, as now planned, the convertible 4½s and the debenture 4s are to be exchanged par for par for new 5 per cent. adjustment mortgage bonds and a cash payment is to be made for back interest up to February 1, 1925. The interest on these new adjustment bonds will be payable only if earned and will be non-cumulative up to January 1, 1930, and cumulative thereafter. On the basis of earnings of the road in recent years it would not be possible to pay the full interest on these bonds, but as Northwest grows earnings should improve and it seems reasonable to expect that before many years the full interest can be paid and that these new bonds will sell higher than the present levels of the old issues. How long this will be, however, it is impossible to say and you will have to decide for yourself whether or not you want to hold on and wait for that. If you wish to be sure of an immediate income from this investment, it would probably be better to buy something else.

Massachusetts Real Estate Bonds

As a subscriber to THE GOLDEN BOOK, I would like to take advantage of your investment service and ask your advice in investing $1,000 in 1st mortgage bonds, tax exempt. Please state the exact cost, rate of interest, etc.

We believe that first mortgage bonds secured on real estate located in Massachusetts are exempt from tax in your state and we suggest that you get in touch with some of the houses in this field that advertise in THE GOLDEN BOOK to see if they do not have some Massachusetts loans to offer you. If you do not secure what you want in this way, please write us again.

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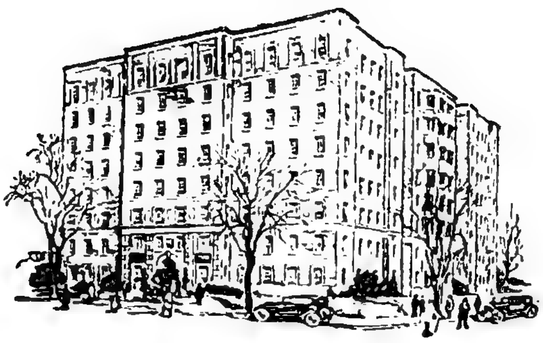

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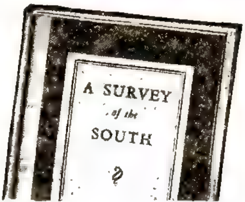

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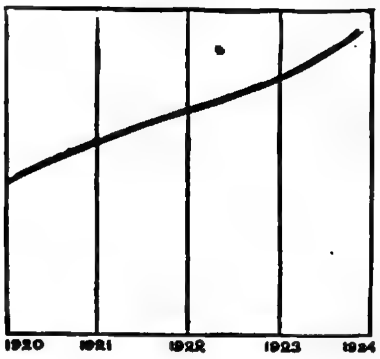

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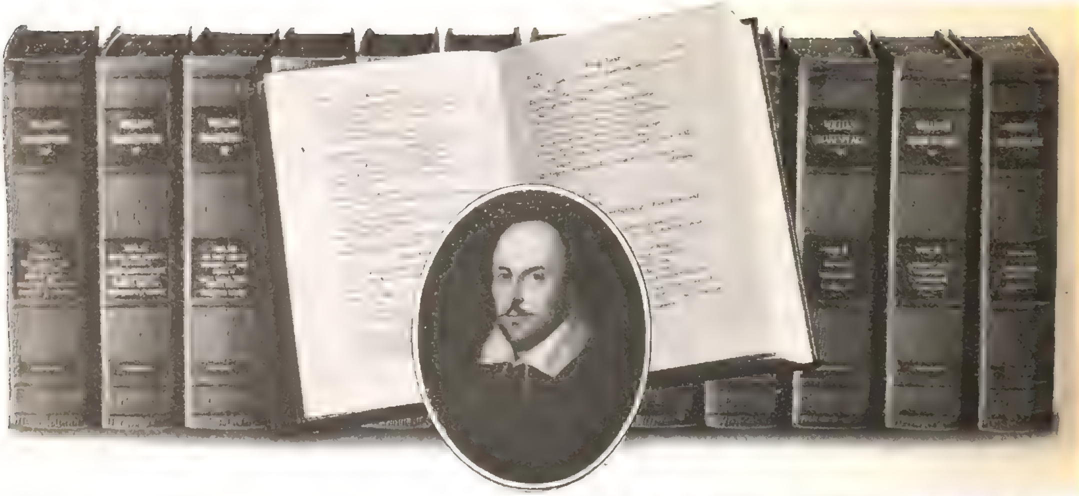

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GOLDEN BOOK Nov. 1925.

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Saints or Sinners

When the Emperor Theophilus jestingly said to one of the beauties of his court, *Woman is the source of evil in the world!* she quickly replied, *Woman is also the cause of much good!* Both were right; Joan of Arc and other saintly and noble women come to mind at once as typical of "earth's noblest thing," who have been the cause of much good. In contrast we have "the deadly fascination and the painted ill" of the daughters of Aphrodite, such as the capricious Venus Victrix whose remarkable beauty enslaved a ruler of proud Castile and whose power over him was so great that sycophant courtiers who attended this favorite at her bath drank of its waters in token of adulation. The stories of these two women, remarkable as they are, are no more unusual than those of other saints and sinners who have uplifted or degraded men throughout the ages since the day of Eve. These stories are told in a series of copyrighted volumes by ten talented contemporary authors in

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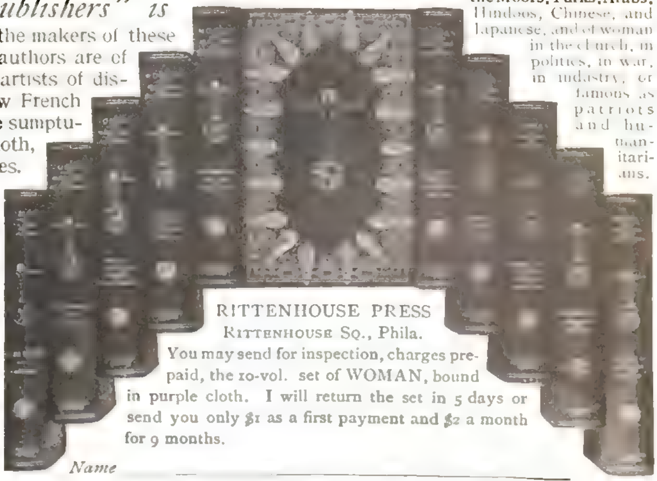

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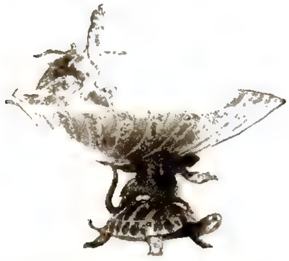

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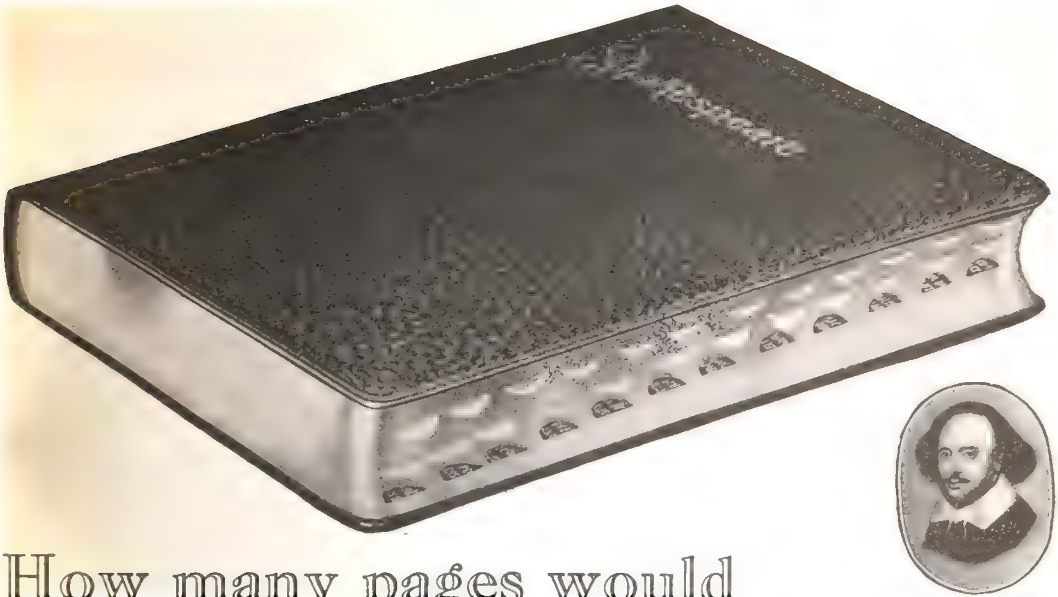

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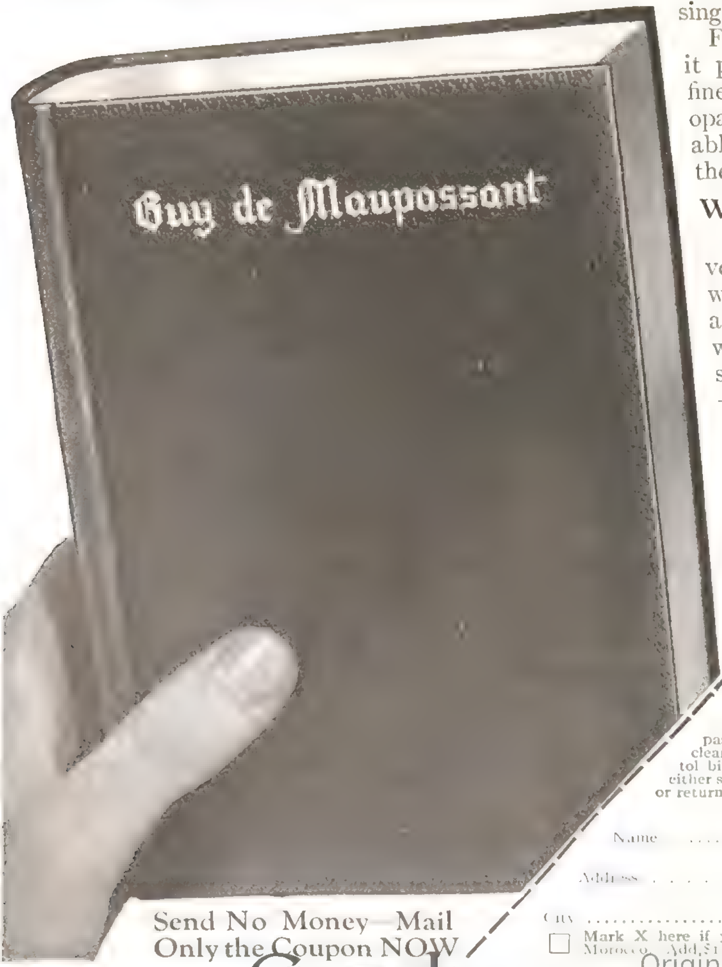

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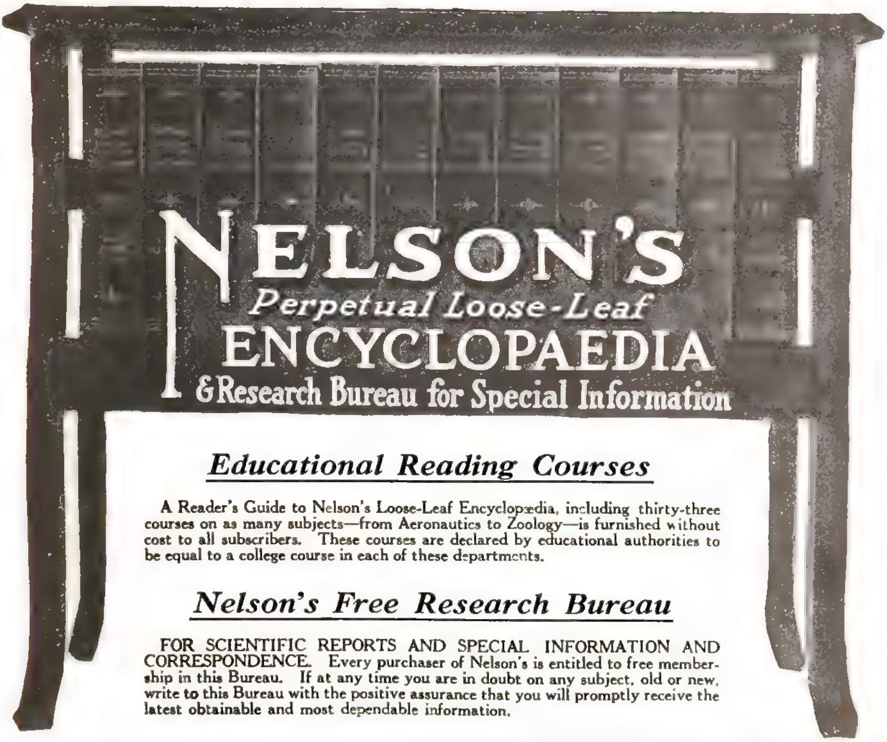

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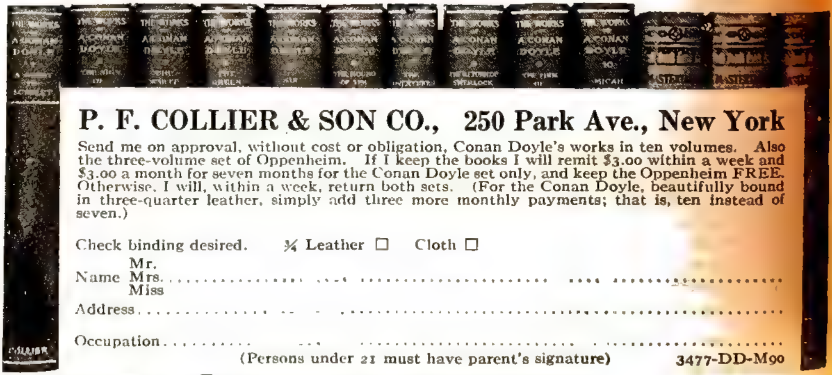

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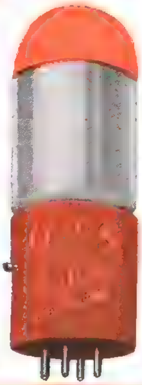

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How I Made a Monkey of Myself!

"JOHN, I'm ashamed of you!"

"But Mary—"

"Oh, please don't talk to me. I have never in all my life been so humiliated. You've—"

Her lips quivered and she sank to the sofa sobbing like a child.

I was bewildered.

We had just returned from the Blakes' reception. I was jubilant—for Mary's lifetime ambition seemed realized. At last we had been invited to the home of Mrs. Parker Blake, the acknowledged social leader in our town. Everything seemed to have gone so wonderfully well, I thought we had made a glorious success of our entrance into society.

Friends of the Blakes had driven us home in their car. I almost shouted for joy as we stepped into our home. I waited for Mary's expression of delight at our success, but instead—this!

"For goodness' sake, Mary, what is the matter?"

"The Blakes," she managed to choke through her tears. "You should have heard them. And about you—"

About me? The Blakes? I was thunder-struck!

Bit by bit, I drew the whole story from Mary. And my face fell as I learned that instead of making an overwhelming success, I had succeeded only in making a monkey of myself.

I Learn The Bitter Truth

It seemed that just before the party ended, Mary had inadvertently overheard a whispered conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Blake. "In all my life," said Mrs. Blake, "I have never seen such an uncultured person. Such crudeness!" And she said this about me!

I was dumbfounded! What terrible blunders had I committed?

The entire evening arose like a play before me. The introduction—the dinner—the dance—the conversation. What a fool I was to think that correct etiquette needed only common sense! What an idiot I was to try to brave cultured society without a knowledge of society's correct customs.

Right then I determined to avoid any such humiliating mistakes in the future. I remembered an ad on the famous Book of Etiquette that I had seen in our favorite magazine. I thumbed through the pages until I found it. The very next day I mailed the coupon for the book.

A few days later, I learned the real bitter truth about that terrible evening. Why, the first chapter I read proved that I knew pitifully little about dinner etiquette. I didn't know the cultured way to use a finger-bowl, or the correct way to use my napkin.

As I read the New Book of Etiquette, I understood why the Blakes thought me crude—why I received so many queer glances during the dinner. What terrible blunders I had committed. Almost everything I did was wrong. Of course, the other guests were polite to me and seemed not to notice my blunders. That was why I felt I was making so great a success.

The pity of it is that I always prided myself on being cultured and well-bred. I always thought I knew just how to act in cultured society. But oh, the serious breaches of etiquette I was making almost daily!

The Tell-Tale Marks of Bad Manners

There are so many little tell-tale blunders that one can make—as a guest, for instance. Do you know what to say to the hostess when you arrive? How to acknowledge introductions? The correct order of precedence into the dining-room? How to use your knife and fork? What to say to the hostess whe
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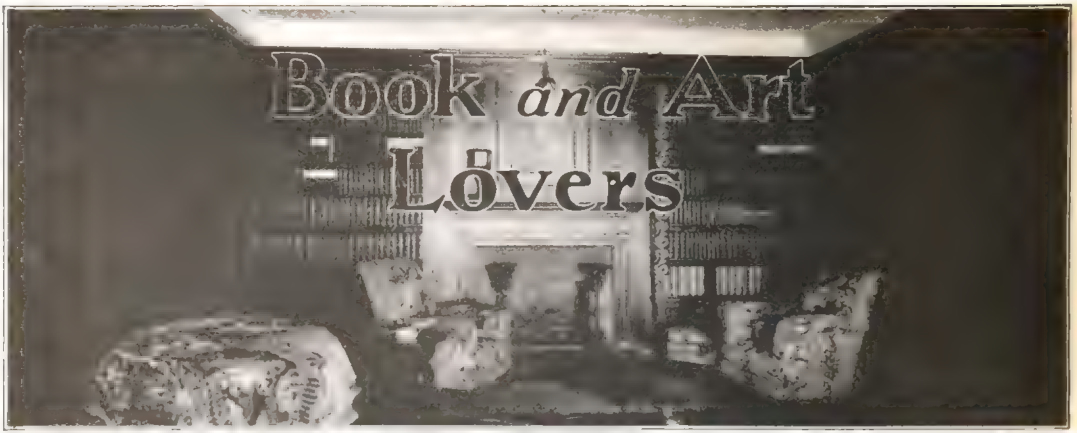

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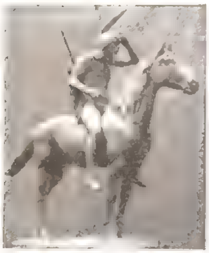

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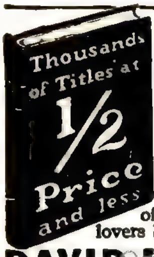

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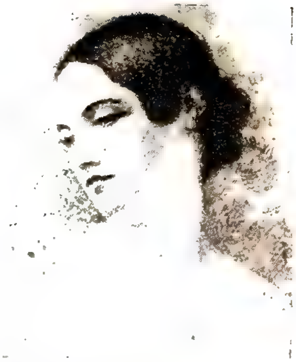

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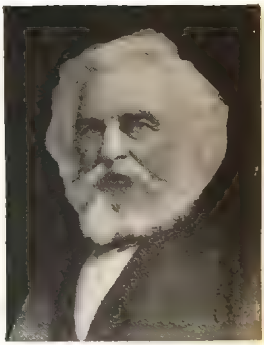

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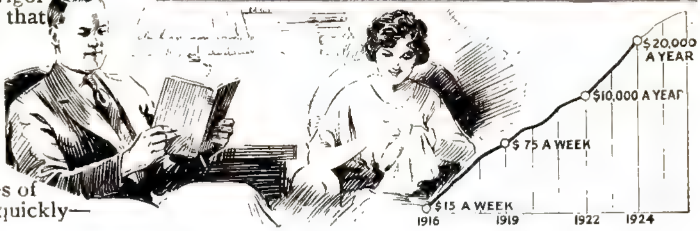

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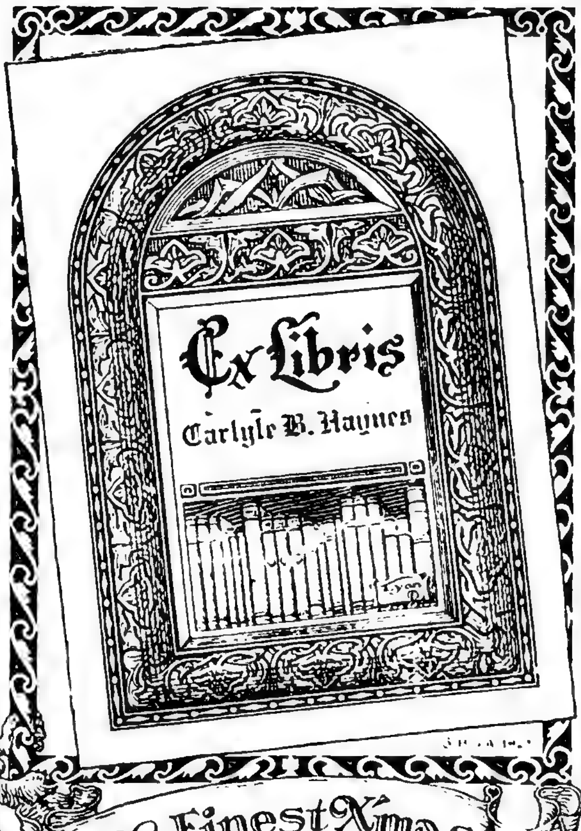

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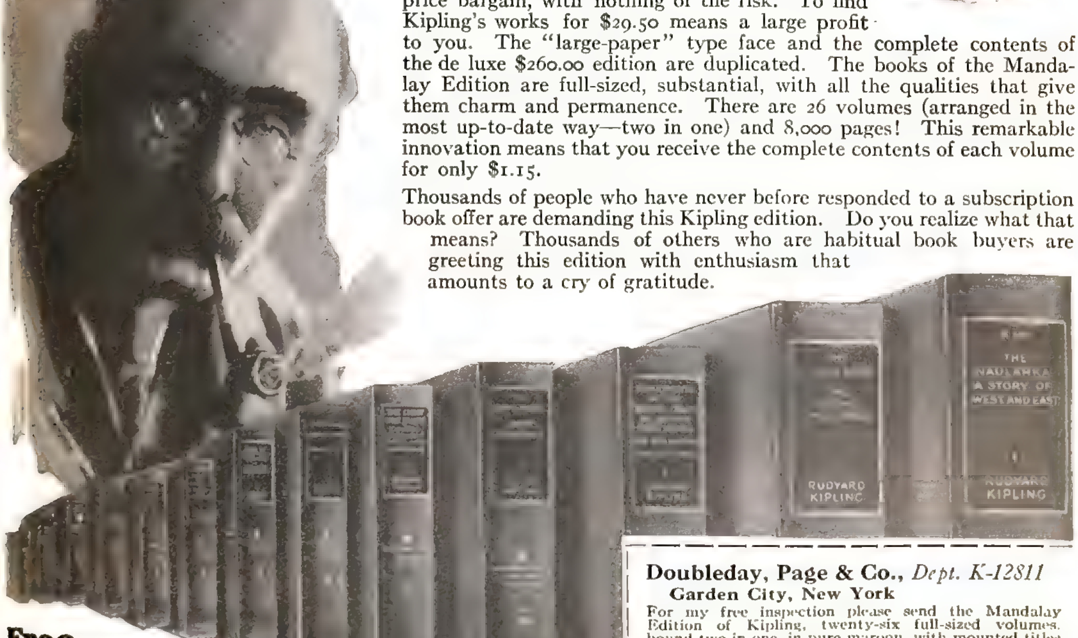

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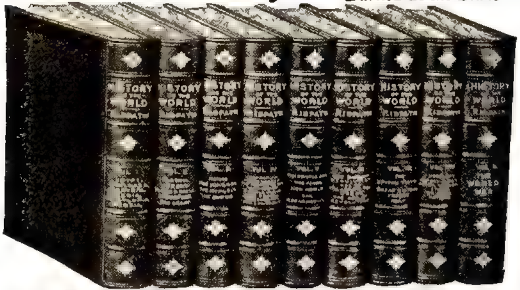

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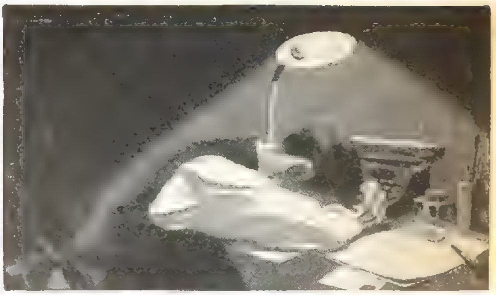

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See if You Can Tell Within 25 Years; The Author Couldn't; But He Stuck With Hobart Bradstreet Until He Revealed His Method of Staying Young

I USED to pride myself on guessing people's ages. That was before I met Hobart Bradstreet, whose age I missed by a quarter-century. But before I tell you how old he really is, let me say this:

My meeting-up with Bradstreet I count the luckiest day of my life. For while we often hear how our minds and bodies are about 50% efficient—and at times feel it to be the truth—he knows *why*. Furthermore, he knows *how* to overcome it—in five minutes—and he showed me *how*.

This man offers no such bromides as setting-up exercises, deep-breathing, or any of those things you know at the outset you'll never do. He uses a principle that is the foundation of all chiropractic, naprapathy, mechano-therapy, and even osteopathy. Only he does not touch a hand to you; it isn't necessary.

The reader will grant Bradstreet's method of staying young worth knowing and using, when told that its originator (whose photograph reproduced here was taken a month ago) is sixty-five years old!

And here is the secret: *he keeps his spine a half-inch longer than it ordinarily would measure.*

Any man or woman who thinks just one-half inch elongation of the spinal column doesn't make a difference should try it! It is easy enough. I'll tell you how. First, though, you may be curious to learn why a full-length spine puts one in an entirely new class physically. The spinal column is a series of tiny bones, between which are pads or cushions of cartilage. Nothing in the ordinary activities of us-humans stretches the spine. So it "settles" day by day, until those once soft and resilient pads become thin as a safety-razor blade—and just about as hard. One's spine (the most wonderfully designed shock-absorber known) is then an unyielding column that transmits every shock straight to the base of the brain.

Do you wonder folks have backaches and headaches? That one's nerves pound toward the end of a hard day? Or that a nervous system may periodically go to pieces? For every nerve in one's body connects with the spine, which is a sort of central switchboard. When the "insulation," or cartilage, wears down and flattens out, the nerves are exposed, or even impinged—and there is trouble on the line.

Now, for proof that sublaxation of the spine causes most of the ills and ailments which spell "age" in men or women. Flex your spine—"shake it out"—and they will disappear. You'll feel the difference in *ten minutes*. At least, I did. It's no trick to secure complete spinal laxation as Bradstreet does it. But like everything else, one must know how. No amount of violent exercise will do it; not even chopping wood. As for walking, or golfing, your spine settles down a bit firmer with each step.

Mr. Bradstreet has evolved from his 25-year experience with spinal mechanics a simple, boiled-down formula of just five movements. Neither takes more than one minute, so it means but five minutes a day. But those movements! I never experienced such compound exhilaration before. I was a good subject for the test, for I went into it with a dull headache. At the end of the second movement I thought I could actually feel my blood circulating. The third movement in this remarkable Spine-Motion series brought an amazing feeling of exhilaration. One motion seemed to open and shut my backbone like a jack-knife.

I asked about constipation. He gave me another motion—a peculiar, writhing and twisting movement—and fifteen minutes later came a complete evacuation!

Hobart Bradstreet frankly gives the full credit for his conspicuous success to these simple secrets of Spine-Motion. He has traveled about for years, conditioning those whose means permitted a specialist at their beck and call. I met him at the Roycroft Inn, at East Aurora. Incidentally, the late Elbert Hubbard and he were great pals; he was often the "Fra's" guest in times past. But Bradstreet, young as he looks and feels, thinks he has chased around the country long enough. He has been prevailed upon to put his Spine-Motion method in form that makes it now generally available.

HOBART BRADSTREET, THE MAN WHO DECLINES TO GROW OLD

I know what these remarkable mechanics of the spine have done for me. I have checked up at least twenty-five other cases. With all sincerity I say nothing in the whole realm of medicine or specialism can quicker remake, rejuvenate and restore one. I wish you could see Bradstreet himself. He is arrogantly healthy; he doesn't seem to have any nerves. Yet he puffs incessantly at a black cigar that would floor some men, drinks two cups of coffee at every meal, and I don't believe he averages seven hours sleep. It shows what a sound nerve-mechanism will do. He says a man's power can and should be unabated up to the age of 60, in every sense, and I have had some astonishing testimony on that score.

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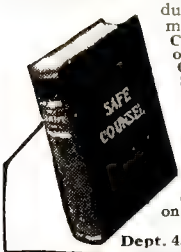

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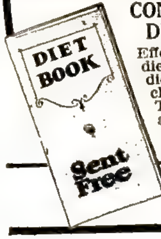

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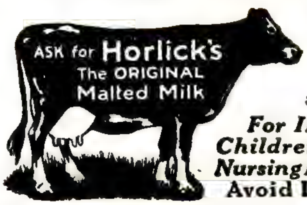

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OW briefly, yet how fully, H. L. Mencken describes Conrad—"there is no one remotely like him!" That illiant literary connoisseur has always been among the oremost of Conrad's champions. Hear him back in 1917, hen he wrote, "Joseph Conrad's 'The Shadow Line,' of ourse, belongs at the head of all the month's fiction." Hear im again in 1925 as he sums up in one short, revealing hrase the world's opinion—"*one of the greatest masters f fiction of all time!*"

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JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

"Here, surely, if ever, is genius—the possession by a divine spirit of man's earthly clay."

HUGH WALPOLE

This homage of the world's most famous authors is even ore astounding when we know Conrad's history, one of the most amazing in the annals of literature. Born in Poland, he ran away to become a cabin boy in his 'teens, and for more than twenty years the sea was his home. He could not speak a word of English until he was past twenty. He did not write a story until he was almost forty. Yet even while he lived, the foremost authors themselves acknowledged him as the greatest of them all!

IRVIN COBB says Conrad is not merely literature—*he is a discovery!* What phrase more aptly reveals the sensations that Conrad brings you—the unparalleled pleasure that awaits you in his books. No wonder GOUVERNEUR MORRIS exclaims: "Those who haven't read Conrad are not well read. Those who do not intend to read him are of a foolish and slovenly mental habit. As for those who are engaged in reading him—for the first time—*how I envy them!*"

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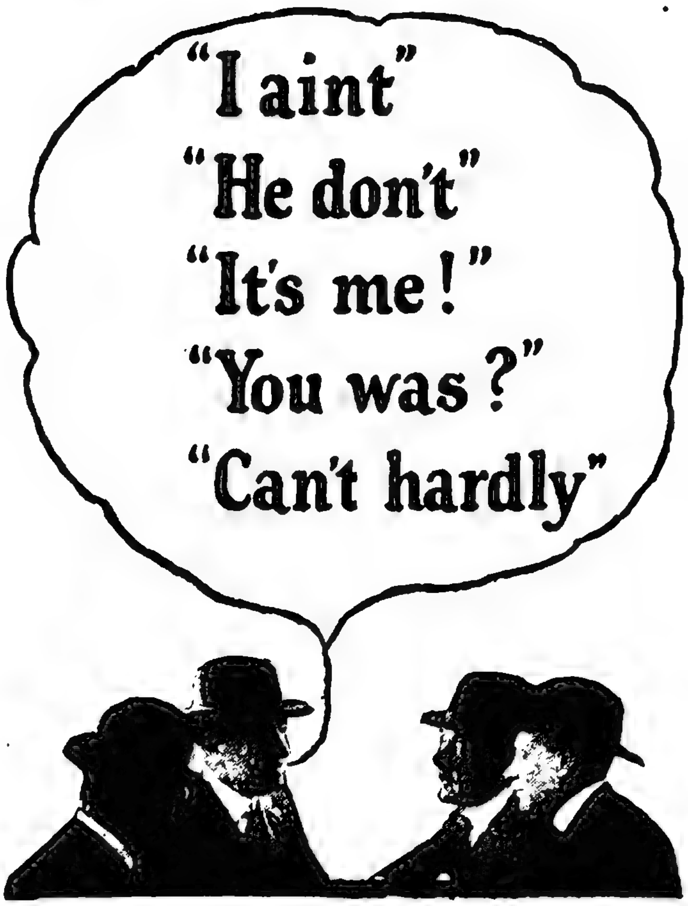

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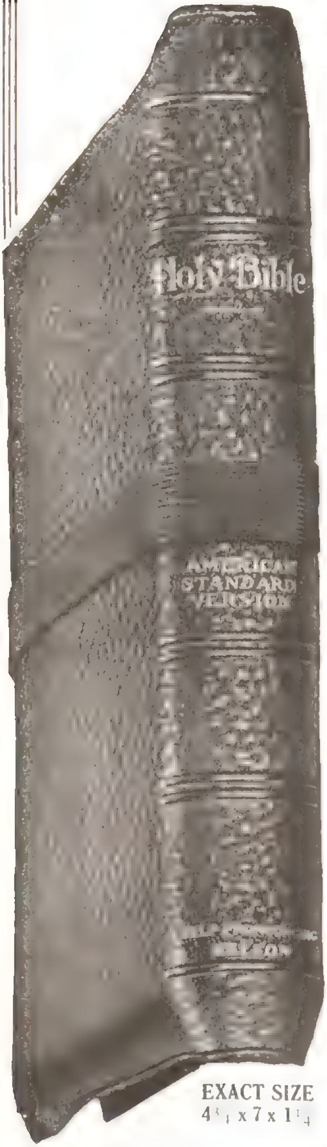

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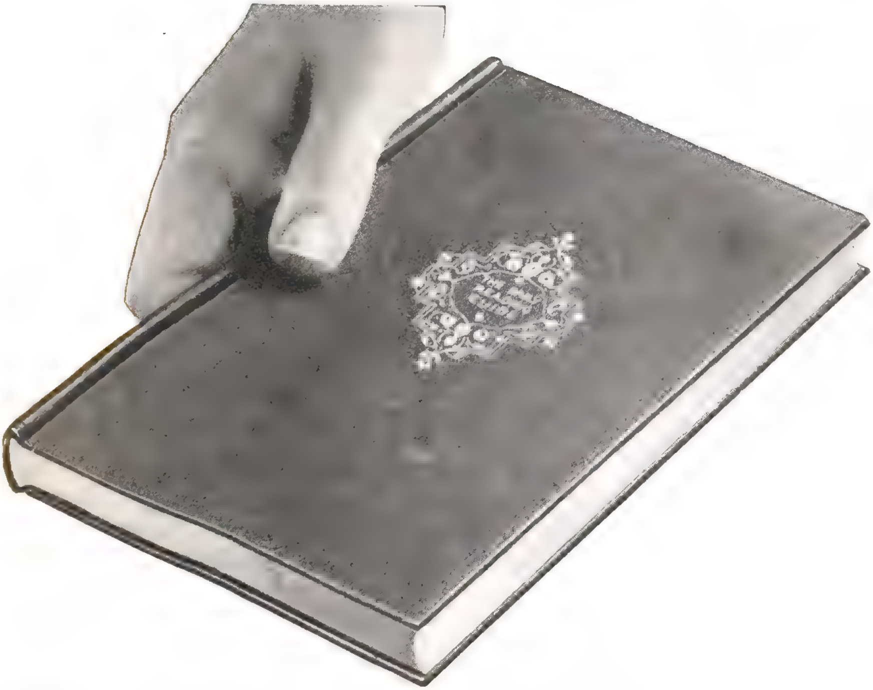

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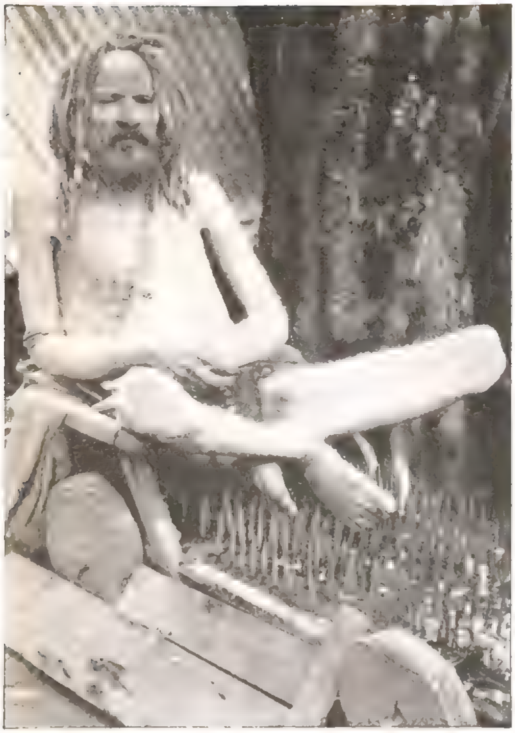

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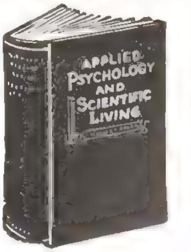

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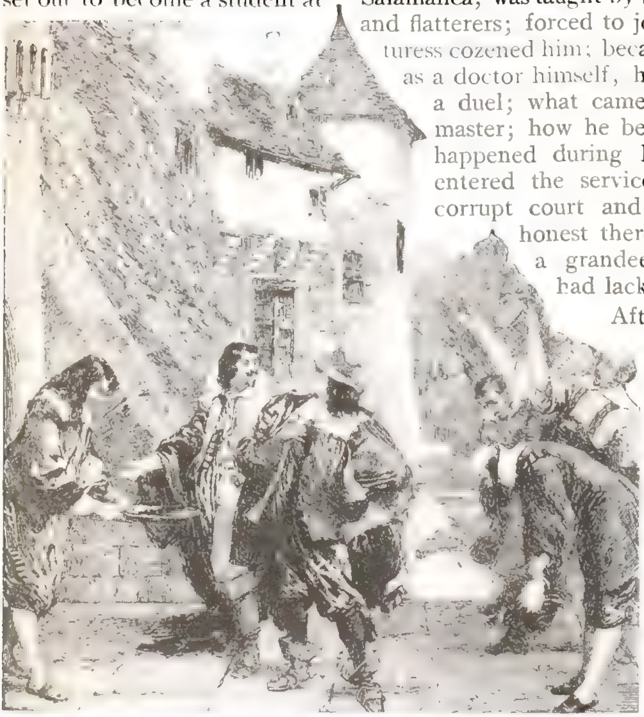

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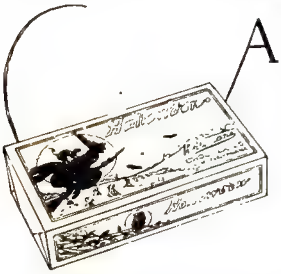
A special holiday wrapper on the favorite Fussy Chocolates



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The "Comédie Humaine," Drawn by Aubrey Beardsley

So They Say

"Ma" Ferguson
Governor of Texas

"A woman has to give and take so much in married life."

Franz Molnar
author of "Liliom"

"Forty-two co-respondents? How absurd! It is a beautiful lie. I wouldn't have time from my work to take care of so many females."

Harry Wills
Negro menace to "Nordic supremacy" in prize-fighting

"You take them zloties that they have in Warsaw. You can get a fistfull of them zloties for a dollar, but when you want to buy something, it takes a powerful lot of zloties to get it."

Captain Robert Dollar
Builder of a round-the-world steamship line, at eighty-two

"I'm a lumber man. I happened to need a couple of oceans in my business a few years ago. That's how I got into the shipping business."

Professor Charles Henry
lecturing at the Sorbonne

"We never completely die"—for there are in men electro-magnetic "biological resonators," causing radiations from the body. "These are not able to disappear."

Charlie Chaplin

"Where the words leave off, gesture begins. Don't we speak of a person being speechless with rage, dancing with impatience or setting his teeth?

"The final motions of the soul are speechless, animal, grotesque, or of incomparable beauty."

Charles Evans Hughes
President, American Bar Association, Ex-Secretary of State, U. S. A.

"There is no guarantee of liberty in putting the community in bondage to the ignorant. . . . The most ominous sign of our time is the indication of an intolerant spirit. It is more dangerous when armed, as it usually is, with sincere convictions."

Peaks of Political Thought

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST:

"Mr. Al Smith, the Democratic Governor of New York, and the actual boss of Tammany Hall, attacks Mr. Hylan as a Ku-Kluxer.

"When the Democrats of the country have got through laughing they will ask, 'Why does one Catholic Democrat call another Catholic Democrat a Ku Kluxer?'"

GOVERNOR SMITH OF NEW YORK:

"Mr. Hearst has the nerve of a Bengal tiger, to be loafing in the splendour and grandeur of his palatial estate on the Pacific Coast and attempting to dictate the politics of the greatest city in the world. He has no interest in the Democratic party. He never supports its candidates except when to do so serves his own selfish purposes."

The Booklover's Calendar.

Roman: The Ludi Plebeii, with athletic contests and dramatic performances.

Greek: Maimacterion.

Saxon: Windmonath; or Blotmonath,—either from the sacrifices, or the slaughtering of cattle for winter food.

Druidical: Harvest Festival celebrated on 1st.

Zodiacal and Chinese: The Sign of Sagittarius, the centaur archer. The Tiger station on the Sun's Yellow Road. The Descending of Frost procession, where weapons are carried by soldiers in honour of god of war. On 17th Siang Huong, Lord of the Province, "gathers the spirits," and shuts them up in Hades.

Hebrew: Kislev begins 18th.

American Indian: Mad Moon. Zuni, Beaver Moon.

Celtic: Samfhuim. that is, Summer-end.

Mohammedan: The 17th opens Jamâdâ-'l-avval, the "hard" month.

Persian: Azar; formerly Mordad, of the Angel of Death.

Hindu: Margásirsha follows Karttika. Champa Shoshti festival, when the hook-swinging ceremony used to be performed near Poona.

Japanese: Chrysanthemum month, these flowers being scattered over the tea on the 9th to prolong life and vigour. Robiraki, the hearth-opening; and Fuigo Matsari, the Bellows feast in honour of the goddess of the kitchen-fire.

FESTIVAL OF THE DEAD

observed at or near beginning of month, at same time as Harvest, by Peruvians, Hindus, Pacific Islanders, Australians, Ancient Persians, Egyptians and Northern Nations of Europe. This developed into our Hallowe'en (October 31). The Catholic Church observes All Souls' Day.

November.

1 *All Saints' Day. Born: Benvenuto Cellini, 1500; Boileau, 1636; Mrs. Sigourney, 1791.*

On All Saints' Day 'tis hard and dry,
Doubly black is the crow, swift the arrow from the bow;
For the stumbling of the old, the young wear a smile.

LLYWARCH HÊN (PUGHE)

2 *All Souls. Marie Antoinette born, 1755.*

No rose without a thorn. Yes, but many a thorn without a rose. SCHOPENHAUER.

3 *Mendelssohn died, 1847.*

Toward the latter end of Mr. Mather's Prayer, a dog vomited in the ally near the corner of Mr. Willard's Pue, which stunk so horribly that some were forced out of the house. SAMUEL SEWALL.

4 The bleak north wind tempers the resolution as steel is tempered in ice-water. It is a sensual joy, as sensuous as the warm embrace of the sunlight.

JEFFERIES.

5 *Gunpowder Plot: Guy Fawkes Day.*

Remember, remember!
The Fifth of November,
The Gunpowder treason and plot. OLD SONG.

6 *Colley Cibber born, 1671. Sir John Falstaff died, 1460.*

If you are in debt, the heavy fogs will allow you to walk past the doors of your principal creditors, which will open several new promenades to you.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

7 *Frobisher died, 1594.*

Man was not made to sit a-trance,
And press, and press, and press his pants,
But rather with an open mind
To circulate among his kind.

T. F. MCMANUS.

8 *Died: Duns Scotus, 1308; Milton, 1674.*

God waits long, but hits hard.

RUSSIAN.

9 *Lord Mayor's Pageant, London. Akenside born, 1721.*

Thy favours are the silly wind,
That kisses ilka thing it meets.

BURNS.

10 *Born: Mohammed, 570; Luther, 1483; Goldsmith, 1728; Schiller, 1759.*

You may take sarza to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flowers of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain; but no receipt openeth the heart but a true friend.

BACON.

11 *Martinmas: St. Martin, Bishop of Tours, died 397.*

To belly chear, yet once again,
Doth Martin more incline.
Whom all the people worshippeth
With roasted geese and wine. BARNABY GOOGE.

12 *Richard Baxter born, 1615.*

Set not your heart on deathless days—so warns the year, the cheerful day, and each hurrying hour thereof. HORACE.

13 Grant me, O Lord, a sunny mind,
Thy windy will to bear.

EMILY DICKINSON.

14 *Died: Leibnitz, 1716.*

Under the overhanging yews,
The dark owls sit in solemn state,
Like stranger gods; by twos and twos
Their red eyes gleam. They meditate. BAUDELAIRE.

15 *Born: Marvell, 1620; Cowper, 1731; Lavater, 1741.* We'll pluck the nut of the world and crack it in the winter evenings. Theatres and all other sight-seeing are puppet shows in comparison. THOREAU.

16 To the theatre, and there saw "Argulaus and Parthenia," where a woman acted Parthenia and . . . had the best legs that ever I saw, and I was very well pleased with it. PEPYS.

17 When the night-light burns—and outside the storm rattles the shutters, many thoughts come to one about life and death, about love and loneliness. SUDERMANN.

18 The pale days passed, dragging themselves over the empty fields, and died away beyond the forest, always stiller, always paler, like the Sacred Host in the glimmer of a taper that is going out. REYMONT.

19 Whenever it is drizzly November is in my soul, I account it high time to go to sea as soon as I can. MELVILLE.

20 *Chatterton born, 1752.*
The world is drear and
the sedges sere,
And gray is the autumn sky.
EUGENE FIELD.

21 *Died: Purcell, 1695; James Hogg, 1835.*
The warp is hoar-frost and the
woof is dew—
Too frail, alas! the warp and
woof to be! SEKIWO.

22 *Clive died, 1774.*
'Tis time to creep in close about the fire. HENLEY.

23 *Hakluyt died, 1616.*
See how the Hunter's
Moon, full-orbed,
Crosses the heavens with shining light;
We will draw down the moon
with cords,
To form his canopy tonight.
HITOMARO.

24 *Sterne born, 1713.*
In late autumn, when storms rage over the land and break the icy fetter by which the sea is as yet but lightly bound—the Esquimaux of Baffin Land fancy they hear the voices of the spirits who people the mischief-laden air. FRAZER.

25 The moon comes forth in
her glory
Kind to the world is she.
CONFUCIUS.

26 Where are the songs of
spring? Ah, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast
thy music, too. KEATS.

27 *Horace died, 8 B. C.*
Cool is the autumn wind,
Clear the autumn moon,
The blown leaves heap up and
scatter again;
A raven, cold-stricken, starts
from his roost.
Where are you, beloved?—
LI-PO.

28 *Died: Irving, 1859.*
To learn new habits is everything, for it is to reach the substance of life. Life is but a tissue of habits. AMIEL.

29 What signifies knowing the Names if you know not the Natures of things? "POOR RICHARD."

30 *St. Andrew, patron Saint of Scotland. Swift born, 1667. Euripides died, 406 B. C.*
To Andrew all the lovers and the lustie wooers come,
Beleeving through his ayde and certain ceremonies done
(While as to him they presents bring, and conjure
all the night,)
To have good lucke, and to obtaine their chiefe
and sweet delight. NAOGEORGUS.

The Golden Book Magazine

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Because of the Dollars

By JOSEPH CONRAD

Joseph Conrad

WHILE we were hanging about near the water's edge, as sailors idling ashore will do (it was in the open space before the Harbour Office of a great Eastern port), a man came toward us from the "front" of business houses, aiming obliquely at the landing steps. He attracted my attention because in the movement of figures in white drill suits on the pavement from which he stepped, his costume, the usual tunic and trousers, being made of light gray flannel, made him noticeable.

I had time to observe him. He was stout, but he was not grotesque. His face was round and smooth, his complexion very fair. On his nearer approach I saw a little mustache made all the fairer by a good many white hairs. And he had, for a stout man, quite a good chin. In passing us he exchanged nods with the friend I was with and smiled.

My friend was Hollis, the fellow who had had so many adventures and had known so many queer people in that part of the (more or less) gorgeous East in the days of his youth. He said: "That's a good man. I don't mean good in the sense of smart or skilful in his trade. I mean a really *good* man."

I turned round at once to look at the phenomenon. The "really *good* man" had a very broad back. I saw him signal a sampan to come alongside, get into it, and go off in the direction of a cluster of local steamers anchored close inshore.

I said: "He's a seaman, isn't he?"

"Yes. Commands that biggish dark-green steamer: '*Sissie*—Glasgow.' He has never commanded anything else but the '*Sissie*—Glasgow,' only it wasn't always the same *Sissie*. The first he had was about half the length of this one, and we used to tell poor Davidson that she was a size too small for him. Even at that time Davidson

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had bulk. We warned him he would get callosities on his shoulders and elbows because of the tight fit of his command. And Davidson could well afford the smiles he gave us for our chaff. He made lots of money in her. She belonged to a portly Chinaman resembling a mandarin in a picture-book, with goggles and thin drooping mustaches, and as dignified as only a Celestial knows how to be.

"The best of Chinamen as employers is that they have such gentlemanly instincts. Once they become convinced that you are a straight man, they give you their unbounded confidence. You simply can't do wrong, then. And they are pretty quick judges of character, too. Davidson's Chinaman was the first to find out his worth, on some theoretical principle. One day in his counting-house, before several white men he was heard to declare: 'Captain Davidson is a good man.' And that settled it. After that you couldn't tell if it was Davidson who belonged to the Chinaman or the Chinaman who belonged to Davidson. It was he who, shortly before he died, ordered in Glasgow the new *Sissie* for Davidson to command."

We walked into the shade of the Harbour Office and leaned our elbows on the parapet of the quay.

"She was really meant to comfort poor Davidson," continued Hollis. "Can you fancy anything more naïvely touching than this old mandarin spending several thousand pounds to console his white man? Well, there she is. The old mandarin's sons have inherited her, and Davidson with her; and he commands her; and what with his salary and trading privileges he makes a lot of money; and everything is as before; and Davidson even smiles—you have seen it? Well, the smile's the only thing which isn't as before."

"Tell me, Hollis," I asked, "what do you mean by good in this connection?"

"Well, there are men who are born good just as others are born witty. What I mean is his nature. No simpler, more scrupulously delicate soul had ever lived in such a—a—comfortable envelope. How we used to laugh at Davidson's fine scruples! In short, he's thoroughly humane, and I don't imagine there can be much of any other sort of goodness that counts on this earth. And as he's that with a shade of particular refinement, I may well call him a '*really* good man.'"

I knew from old that Hollis was a firm believer in the final value of shades. And I said: "I see"—because I really did see Hollis's Davidson in the sympathetic stout man who had passed us a little while before. But I remembered that at the very moment he smiled his placid face appeared veiled in melancholy—a sort of spiritual shadow. I went on.

"Who on earth has paid him off for being so fine by spoiling his smile?"

"That's quite a story, and I will tell it to you if you like. Confound it! It's quite a surprising one, too. Surprising in every way, but mostly in the way it knocked over poor Davidson—and apparently only because he is such a good sort. He was telling me all about it only a few days ago. He said that when he saw these four fellows with their heads in a bunch over the table, he at once didn't like it. He didn't like it at all. You mustn't suppose that Davidson is a soft fool. These men——

"But I had better begin at the beginning. We must go back to the first time the old dollars had been called in by our Government in exchange for a new issue. Just about the time when I left these parts to go home for a long stay. Every trader in the islands was thinking of getting his old dollars sent up here in time, and the demand for empty French wine cases—you know the dozen of vermouth or claret size—was something unprecedented. The custom was to pack the dollars in little bags of a hundred each. I don't know how many bags each case would hold. A good lot. Pretty tidy sums must have been moving afloat just then. But let us get away from here. Won't do to stay in the sun. Where could we—? I know! let us go to those tiffin-rooms over there."

We moved over accordingly. Our appearance in the long empty room at that early hour caused visible consternation amongst the China boys. But Hollis led the way to one of the tables between the windows screened by rattan blinds. A brilliant half-light trembled on the ceiling, on the white-washed walls, bathed the multitude of vacant chairs and tables in a peculiar, stealthy glow.

"All right. We will get something to eat when it's ready," he said, waving the anxious Chinaman waiter aside. He took his temples touched with gray between his hands, leaning over the table to bring his face, his dark, keen eyes, closer to mine.

"Davidson then was commanding the steamer *Sissie*—the little one which we used to chaff him about. He ran her alone, with only the Malay serang for a deck officer.

The nearest approach to another white man on board of her was the engineer, a Portuguese half-caste, as thin as a lath and quite a youngster at that. For all practical purposes Davidson was managing that command of his single-handed; and of course this was known in the port. I am telling you of it because the fact had its influence on the developments you shall hear of presently.

"His steamer, being so small, could go up tiny creeks and into shallow bays and through reefs and over sandbanks, collecting produce, where no other vessel but a native craft would think of venturing. It is a paying game, often. Davidson was known to visit in her places that no one else could find and that hardly anybody had ever heard of.

"The old dollars being called in, Davidson's Chinaman thought that the *Sissie* would be just the thing to collect them from small traders in the less frequented parts of the Archipelago. It's a good business. Such cases of dollars are dumped aft in the ship's lazarette, and you get good freight for very little trouble and space.

"Davidson, too, thought it was a good idea; and together they made up a list of his calls on his next trip. Then Davidson (he had naturally the chart of his voyages in his head) remarked that on his way back he might look in at a certain settlement up a mere creek, where a poor sort of white man lived in a native village. Davidson pointed out to his Chinaman that the fellow was certain to have some rattans to ship.

"'Probably enough to fill her forward,' said Davidson. 'And that'll be better than bringing her back with empty holds. A day more or less doesn't matter.'

"This was sound talk, and the Chinaman owner could not but agree. But if it hadn't been sound it would have been just the same. Davidson did what he liked. He was a man that could do no wrong. However, this suggestion of his was not merely a business matter. There was in it a touch of Davidsonian kindness. For you must know that the man could not have continued to live quietly up that creek if it had not been for Davidson's willingness to call there from time to time. And Davidson's Chinaman knew this perfectly well, too. So he only smiled his dignified bland smile, and said: 'All right, Captain. You do what you like.'

"I will explain presently how this connection between Davidson and that fellow came about. Now I want to tell you about the part of this affair which happened here—the preliminaries of it.

"You know as well as I do that these tiffin-rooms where we are sitting now have been in existence for many years. Well, next day about twelve o'clock, Davidson dropped in here to get something to eat.

"And here comes the only moment in this story where accident—mere accident—plays a part. If Davidson had gone home that day for tiffin, there would be now, after twelve years or more, nothing changed in his kindly, placid smile.

"But he came in here; and perhaps it was sitting at this very table that he remarked to a friend of mine that his next trip was to be a dollar-collecting trip. He added, laughing, that his wife was making rather a fuss about it. She had begged him to stay ashore and get somebody else to take his place for a voyage. She thought there was some danger on account of the dollars. He told her, he said, that there were no Java-sea pirates nowadays except in boys' books. He had laughed at her fears, but he was very sorry, too; for when she took any notion in her head it was impossible to argue her out of it. She would be worrying herself all the time he was away. Well, he couldn't help it. There was no one ashore fit to take his place for the trip.

"This friend of mine and I went home together in the same mail-boat, and he mentioned that conversation one evening in the Red Sea while we were talking over the things and people we had just left, with more or less regret.

"I can't say that Davidson occupied a very prominent place. Moral excellence seldom does. He was quietly appreciated by those who knew him well; but his more obvious distinction consisted in this, that he was married. Ours, as you remember, was a bachelor crowd; in spirit anyhow, if not absolutely in fact. There might have been a few wives in existence, but if so they were invisible, distant, never alluded to. For what would have been the good? Davidson alone was visibly married.

"Being married suited him exactly. It fitted him so well that the wildest of us did not resent the fact when it was disclosed. Directly he had felt his feet out here, Davidson sent for his wife. She came out (from West Australia) in the *Somerset*, under the care of Captain Ritchie—you know, Monkey-face Ritchie—who couldn't praise enough her sweetness, her gentleness, and her charm. She seemed to be the heavenborn mate for Davidson. She found on arrival a very pretty bungalow on the hill, ready for her and the little girl they had. Very soon he got for her a two-wheeled trap and a Burmah pony, and she used to drive down of an evening to pick up Davidson, on the quay. When Davidson, beaming, got into the trap, it would become very full all at once.

"We used to admire Mrs. Davidson from a distance. It was a girlish head out of a keepsake. From a distance. We had not many opportunities for a closer view, because she did not care to give them to us. We would have been glad to drop in at the Davidson bungalow, but we were made to feel somehow that we were not very welcome there. Not that she ever said anything ungracious. She never had much to say for herself. I was perhaps the one who saw most of the Davidsons at home. What I noticed under the superficial aspect of vapid sweetness was her convex, obstinate forehead, and her small, red, pretty, ungenerous mouth. But then I am an observer with strong prejudices. Most of us were fetched by her white, swanlike neck, by that drooping, innocent profile. There was a lot of latent devotion to Davidson's wife hereabouts, at that time, I can tell you. But my idea was that she repaid it by a profound suspicion of the sort of men we were; a mistrust which extended—I fancied—to her very husband at times. And I thought then she was jealous of him in a way; though there were no women that she could be jealous about. She had no women's society. It's difficult for a shipmaster's wife unless there are other shipmasters' wives about, and there were none here then. I know that the dock manager's wife called on her; but that was all. The fellows here formed the opinion that Mrs. Davidson was a meek, shy little thing. She looked it, I must say. And this opinion was so universal that the friend I have been telling you of remembered his conversation with Davidson simply because of the statement about Davidson's wife. He even wondered to me: 'Fancy Mrs. Davidson making a fuss to that extent. She didn't seem to me the sort of woman that would know how to make a fuss about anything.'

"I wondered, too—but not so much. That bumpy forehead—eh? I had always suspected her of being silly. And I observed that Davidson must have been vexed by this display of wifely anxiety.

"My friend said: 'No. He seemed rather touched and distressed. There really was no one he could ask to relieve him; mainly because he intended to make a call in some God-forsaken creek, to look up a fellow of the name of Bamtz who apparently had settled there.'

"And again my friend wondered. 'Tell me,' he cried, 'what connection can there be between Davidson and such a creature as Bamtz?'

"I don't remember now what answer I made. A sufficient one could have been given in two words: 'Davidson's goodness.' *That* never boggled at unworthiness if there was the slightest reason for compassion. I don't want you to think that Davidson had no discrimination at all. Bamtz could not have imposed on him. Moreover, everybody knew what Bamtz was. He was a loafer with a beard. When I think of Bamtz, the first thing I see is that long black beard and a lot of propitiatory wrinkles at the corners of two little eyes. There was no such beard from here to Polynesia, where a beard is a valuable property in itself. Bamtz's beard was valuable to him in another way. You know how impressed Orientals are by a fine beard. Years and years ago, I remember the grave Abdullah, the great trader of Sambir, unable to repress signs of astonishment and admiration at the first sight of that imposing beard. And it's very well known that Bamtz lived on Abdullah off and on for several years. It was a unique beard, and so was the bearer of the same. A unique loafer. He made a fine art of it, or rather a sort of craft and mystery. One can understand a fellow living by cadging and small swindles in towns, in large communities of people; but Bamtz managed to do that trick in the wilderness, to loaf on the outskirts of the virgin forest.

"He understood how to ingratiate himself with the natives. He would arrive in some settlement up a river, make a present of a cheap carbine or a pair of shoddy binoculars, or something of that sort, to the Rajah, or the head-man, or the principal trader; and on the strength of that gift, ask for a house, posing mysteriously as a very special trader. He would spin them no end of yarns, live on the fat of the land for a while, and then do some mean swindle or other—or else they would get tired of him and ask him to quit. And he would go off meekly with an air of injured innocence. Funny life. Yet, he never got hurt, somehow. I've heard of the Rajah of Dongala giving him fifty dollars' worth of trade goods and paying his passage in a prau only to get rid of him.

Fact. And observe that nothing prevented the old fellow having Bamtz's throat cut and the carcase thrown into deep water outside the reefs; for who on earth would have inquired after Bamtz?

"He had been known to loaf up and down the wilderness as far north as the Gulf of Tonkin. Neither did he disdain a spell of civilization from time to time. And it was while loafing and cadging in Saïgon, bearded and dignified (he gave himself out there as a bookkeeper), that he came across Laughing Anne.

"The less said of her early history the better, but something must be said. We may safely suppose there was very little heart left in her famous laugh when Bamtz spoke first to her in some low café. She was stranded in Saïgon with precious little money and in great trouble about a kid she had, a boy of five or six.

"A fellow I just remember, whom they called Pearler Harry, brought her out first into these parts—from Australia, I believe. He brought her out and then dropped her, and she remained knocking about here and there, known to most of us by sight, at any rate. Everybody in the Archipelago had heard of Laughing Anne. She had really a pleasant silvery laugh always at her disposal, so to speak, but it wasn't enough apparently to make her fortune. The poor creature was ready to stick to any half-decent man if he would only let her, but she always got dropped, as might have been expected.

"She had been left in Saïgon by the skipper of a German ship with whom she had been going up and down the China coast as far as Vladivostok for near upon two years. The German said to her: 'This is all over, *mein Taubchen*. I am going home now to get married to the girl I got engaged to before coming out here.' And Anne said: 'All right, I'm ready to go. We part friends, don't we?'

"She was always anxious to part friends. The German told her that of course they were parting friends. He looked rather glum at the moment of parting. She laughed and went ashore.

"But it was no laughing matter for her. She had some notion that this would be her last chance. What frightened her most was the future of her child. She had left her boy in Saïgon before going off with the German, in the care of an elderly French couple. The husband was a doorkeeper in some Government office, but his time was up, and they were returning to France. She had to take the boy back from them; and after she had got him back, she did not like to part with him any more.

"That was the situation when she and Bamtz got acquainted casually. She could not have had any illusions about that fellow. To pick up with Bamtz was coming down pretty low in the world, even from a material point of view. She had always been decent, in her way; whereas Bamtz was, not to mince words, an abject sort of creature. On the other hand, that bearded loafer, who looked much more like a pirate than a bookkeeper, was not a brute. He was gentle—rather—even in his cups. And then, despair, like misfortune, makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows. For she may well have despaired. She was no longer young—you know.

"On the man's side this conjunction is more difficult to explain, perhaps. One thing, however, must be said of Bamtz; he had always kept clear of native women. As one can't suspect him of moral delicacy, I surmise that it must have been from prudence. And he, too, was no longer young. There were many white hairs in his valuable black beard by then. He may have simply longed for some kind of companionship in his queer, degraded existence. Whatever their motives, they vanished from Saïgon together. And of course nobody cared what had become of them.

"Six months later Davidson came into the Mirrah Settlement. It was the very first time he had been up that creek, where no European vessel had ever been seen before. A Javanese passenger he had on board offered him fifty dollars to call in there—it must have been some very particular business—and Davidson consented to try. Fifty dollars, he told me, were neither here nor there; but he was curious to see the place, and the little *Sissie* could go anywhere where there was water enough to float a soup-plate.

"Davidson landed his Javanese plutocrat, and, as he had to wait a couple of hours for the tide, he went ashore himself to stretch his legs.

"It was a small settlement. Some sixty houses, most of them built on piles over the river, the rest scattered in the long grass; the usual pathway at the back; the forest hemming in the clearing and smothering what there might have been of air into a dead, hot stagnation.

"All the population was on the river-bank staring silently, as Malays will do, at the *Sissie* anchored in the stream. She was almost as wonderful to them as an angel's visit. Many of the old people had only heard vaguely of fire-ships, and not many of the younger generation had seen one. On the back path Davidson strolled into perfect solitude. But he became aware of a bad smell and concluded he would go no farther.

"While he stood wiping his forehead, he heard from somewhere the exclamation: 'My God! It's Davy!'

"Davidson's lower jaw, as he expressed it, came unhooked at the crying of this excited voice. Davy was the name used by the associates of his young days; he hadn't heard it for many years. He stared about with his mouth open and saw a white woman issue from the long grass in which a small hut stood buried nearly up to the roof.

"Try to imagine the shock: in that wild place that you couldn't find on a map, and more squalid than the most poverty-stricken Malay settlement had a right to be, this European woman coming swishing out of the long grass in a fanciful tea-gown thing, dingy pink satin, with a long train and frayed lace trimmings; her eyes like black coals in a pasty-white face. Davidson thought that he was asleep, that he was delirious. From the offensive village mud-hole (it was what Davidson had sniffed just before) a couple of filthy buffaloes uprose with loud snorts and lumbered off crashing through the bushes, panic-struck by this apparition.

"The woman came forward, her arms extended, and laid her hands on Davidson's shoulders, exclaiming: 'Why! You have hardly changed at all. The same good Davy.' And she laughed a little wildly.

"This sound was to Davidson like a galvanic shock to a corpse. He started in every muscle. 'Laughing Anne,' he said in an awe-struck voice.

"'All that's left of her, Davy. All that's left of her.'

"Davidson looked up at the sky; but there was to be seen no balloon from which she could have fallen on that spot. When he brought his distracted gaze down, it rested on a child holding on with a brown little paw to the pink satin gown. He had run out of the grass after her. Had Davidson seen a real hobgoblin his eyes could not have bulged more than at this small boy in a dirty white blouse and ragged knickers. He had a round head of tight chestnut curls, very sunburnt legs, a freckled face, and merry eyes. Admonished by his mother to greet the gentleman, he finished off Davidson by addressing him in French.

"'*Bonjour.*'

"Davidson, overcome, looked up at the woman in silence. She sent the child back to the hut, and when he had disappeared in the grass, she turned to Davidson, tried to speak, but after getting out the words, 'That's my Tony,' burst into a long fit of crying. She had to lean on Davidson's shoulder. He, distressed in the goodness of his heart, stood rooted to the spot where she had come upon him.

"What a meeting—eh? Bamtz had sent her out to see what white man it was who had landed. And she had recognized him from that time when Davidson, who had been pearling himself in his youth, had been associating with Harry the Pearler and others, the quietest of a rather rowdy set.

"Before Davidson retraced his steps to go on board the steamer, he had heard much of Laughing Anne's story, and had even had an interview, on the path, with Bamtz himself. She ran back to the hut to fetch him, and he came out lounging, with his hands in his pockets, with the detached, casual manner under which he concealed his propensity to cringe. Ya-a-as-as. He thought he would settle here permanently—with her. This with a nod at Laughing Anne, who stood by, a haggard, tragically anxious figure, her black hair hanging over her shoulders.

"'No more paint and dyes for me, Davy,' she struck in, 'if only you will do what he wants you to do. You know that I was always ready to stand by my men—if they had only let me.'

"Davidson had no doubt of her earnestness. It was of Bamtz's good faith that he was not at all sure. Bamtz wanted Davidson to promise to call at Mirrah more or less regularly. He thought he saw an opening to do business with rattans there, if only he could depend on some craft to bring out trading goods and take away his produce.

"'I have a few dollars to make a start on. The people are all right.'

"He had come there, where he was not known, in a native prau, and had managed, with his sedate manner and the exactly right kind of yarn he knew how to tell to the natives, to ingratiate himself with the chief man. 'The Orang Kaya has given me that empty house there to live in as long as I will stay,' added Bamtz.

"'Do it, Davy,' cried the woman suddenly. 'Think of that poor kid.'

"'Seen him? 'Cute little customer,' said the reformed loafer in such a tone of interest as to surprise Davidson into a kindly glance.

"'I certainly can do it,' he declared. He thought of at first making some stipulation as to Bamtz behaving decently to the woman, but his exaggerated delicacy and also the conviction that such a fellow's promises were worth nothing restrained him. Anne went a little distance down the path with him talking anxiously.

"'It's for the kid. How could I have kept him with me if I had to knock about in towns? Here he will never know that his mother was a painted woman. And this Bamtz likes him. He's real fond of him. I suppose I ought to thank God for that.'

"Davidson shuddered at any human creature being brought so low as to have to thank God for the favours or affection of a Bamtz.

"'And do you think that you can make out to live here?' he asked gently.

"'Can't I? You know I have always stuck to my men through thick and thin till they had enough of me. And now look at me! But inside I am as I always was. I have acted on the square to them all one after another. Only they do get tired somehow. Oh, Davy! Harry ought not to have cast me off. It was he that led me astray.'

"Davidson mentioned to her that Harry the Pearler had been dead now for some years. Perhaps she had heard?

"She made a sign that she had heard; and walked by the side of Davidson in silence nearly to the bank. Then she told him that her meeting with him had brought back the old times to her mind. She had not cried for years. She was not a crying woman either. It was hearing herself called Laughing Anne that had started her sobbing like a fool. Harry was the only man she had loved. The others——

"She shrugged her shoulders. But she prided herself on her loyalty to the successive partners of her dismal adventures. She had never played any tricks in her life. She was a pal worth having. But men did get tired. They did not understand women. She supposed it had to be.

"Davidson was attempting a veiled warning as to Bamtz, but she interrupted him. She knew what men were. She knew what this man was like. But he had taken wonderfully to the kid. And Davidson desisted willingly, saying to himself that surely poor Laughing Anne could have no illusions by this time. She wrung his hand hard at parting.

"'It's for the kid, Davy—it's for the kid. Isn't he a bright little chap?'

II

"All this happened about two years before the day when Davidson, sitting in this very room, talked to my friend. You will see presently how this room can get full. Every seat'll be occupied, and as you notice, the tables are set close, so that the backs of the chairs are almost touching. There is also a good deal of noisy talk here about one o'clock.

"I don't suppose Davidson was talking very loudly; but very likely he had to raise his voice across the table to my friend. And here accident, mere accident, put in its work by providing a pair of fine ears close behind Davidson's chair. It was ten to one against the owner of the same having enough change in his pockets to get his tiffin here. But he had. Most likely had rooked somebody of a few dollars at cards overnight. He was a bright creature of the name of Fector, a spare, short, jumpy fellow with a red face and muddy eyes. He described himself as a journalist, as certain kind of women give themselves out as actresses in the dock of a police-court.

"He used to introduce himself to strangers as a man with a mission to track out abuses and fight them whenever found. He would also hint that he was a martyr. And it's a fact that he had been kicked, horsewhipped, imprisoned, and hounded with ignominy out of pretty well every place between Ceylon and Shanghai, for a professional blackmailer.

"I suppose, in that trade, you've got to have active wits and sharp ears. It's not likely that he overheard every word Davidson said about his dollar-collecting trip, but he heard enough to set his wits at work.

"He let Davidson go out, and then hastened away down to the native slums to a sort of lodging-house kept in partnership by the usual sort of Portuguese and a very disreputable Chinaman. Macao Hotel, it was called, but it was mostly a gambling den that one used to warn fellows against. Perhaps you remember?

"There, the evening before, Fector had met a precious couple, a partnership even more queer than the Portuguese and the Chinaman. One of the two was Niclaus—you know. Why! the fellow with a Tartar mustache and a yellow complexion, like a Mongolian, only that his eyes were set straight and his face was not so flat. One couldn't tell what breed he was. A nondescript beggar. From a certain angle you would think a very bilious white man. And I daresay he was. He owned a Malay prau and called himself The Nakhoda, as one would say: The Captain. Aha! Now you remember. He couldn't, apparently, speak any other European language than English, but he flew the Dutch flag on his prau.

"The other was the Frenchman without hands. Yes. The very same we used to know in '79 in Sydney, keeping a little tobacco shop at the lower end of George Street. You remember the huge carcase hunched up behind the counter, the big white face and the long black hair brushed back off a high forehead like a bard's. He was always trying to roll cigarettes on his knee with his stumps, telling endless yarns of Polynesia and whining and cursing in turn about '*mon malheur.*' His hands had been blown away by a dynamite cartridge while fishing in some lagoon. This accident, I believe, had made him more wicked than before, which is saying a good deal.

"He was always talking about 'resuming his activities,' some day, whatever they were, if he could only get an intelligent companion. It was evident that the little shop was no field for his activities, and the sickly woman with her face tied up, who used to look in sometimes through the back door, was no companion for him.

"And, true enough, he vanished from Sydney before long, after some trouble with the Excise fellows about his stock. Goods stolen out of a warehouse or something similar. He left the woman behind, but he must have secured some sort of companion—he could not have shifted for himself; but whom he went away with, and where, and what other companions he might have picked up afterward, it is impossible to make the remotest guess about.

"Why exactly he came this way I can't tell. Toward the end of my time here we began to hear talk of a maimed Frenchman who had been seen here and there. But no one knew then that he had foregathered with Niclaus and lived in his prau. I daresay he put Niclaus up to a thing or two. Anyhow, it was a partnership. Niclaus was somewhat afraid of the Frenchman on account of his tempers, which were awful. He looked then like a devil; but a man without hands, unable to load or handle a weapon, can at best go for one only with his teeth. From that danger Niclaus felt certain he could always defend himself.

"The couple were alone together loafing in the common-room of that infamous hotel when Fector turned up. After some beating about the bush, for he was doubtful how far he could trust these two, he repeated what he had overheard in the tiffin-rooms.

"His tale did not have much success till he came to mention the creek and Bamtz's name. Niclaus, sailing about like a native in a prau, was, in his own words, 'familiar with the locality.' The huge Frenchman, walking up and down the room with his stumps in the pockets of his jacket, stopped short in surprise. '*Comment? Bamtz! Bamtz!*'

"He had run across him several times in his life. He exclaimed: '*Bamtz! Mais je ne connais que ça!*' And he applied such a contemptuously indecent epithet to Bamtz that when, later, he alluded to him as '*une chiffe*' (a mere rag) it sounded quite complimentary. 'We can do with him what we like,' he asserted confidently. 'Oh, yes. Certainly we must hasten to pay a visit to that—' (another awful descriptive epithet quite unfit for repetition). 'Devil take me if we don't pull off a *coup* that will set us all up for a long time.'

"He saw all that lot of dollars melted into bars and disposed of somewhere on the China coast. Of the escape after the *coup* he never doubted. There was Niclaus's prau to manage that in.

"In his enthusiasm he pulled his stumps out of his pockets and waved them about. Then, catching sight of them, as it were, he held them in front of his eyes, cursing and blaspheming and bewailing his misfortune and his helplessness, till Niclaus quieted him down.

"But it was his mind that planned out the affair and it was his spirit which carried the other two on. Neither of them was of the bold buccaneer type; and Fector, especially, had never in his adventurous life used other weapons than slander and lies.

"That very evening they departed on a visit to Bamtz in Niclaus's prau, which had been lying, emptied of her cargo of cocoanuts, for a day or two under the canal bridge. They must have crossed the bows of the anchored *Sissie*, and no doubt looked at her with interest as the scene of their future exploit, the great haul, *le grand coup!*

"Davidson's wife, to his great surprise, sulked with him for several days before he left. I don't know whether it occurred to him that, for all her angelic profile, she was a very stupidly obstinate girl. She didn't like the tropics. He had brought her out there, where she had no friends, and now, she said, he was becoming inconsiderate. She had a presentiment of some misfortune, and notwithstanding Davidson's painstaking explanations, she could not see why her presentiments were to be disregarded. On the very last evening before Davidson went away she asked him in a suspicious manner:

"'Why is it that you are so anxious to go this time?'

"'I am not anxious,' protested the good Davidson. 'I simply can't help myself. There's no one else to go in my place.'

"'Oh! There's no one,' she said, turning away slowly.

"She was so distant with him that evening that Davidson from a sense of delicacy made up his mind to say good-by to her at once and go and sleep on board. He felt very miserable and, strangely enough, more on his own account than on account of his wife. She seemed to him much more offended than grieved.

"Three weeks later, having collected a good many cases of old dollars (they were stowed aft in the lazarette with an iron bar and a padlock securing the hatch under his cabin-table), yes, with a bigger lot than he had expected to collect, he found himself homeward bound and off the entrance of the creek where Bamtz lived and even, in a sense, flourished.

"It was so late in the day that Davidson actually hesitated whether he should not pass by this time. He had no regard for Bamtz, who was a degraded but not a really unhappy man. His pity for Laughing Anne was no more than her case deserved. But his goodness was of a particularly delicate sort. He realized how these people were dependent on him, and how they would feel their dependence (if he failed to turn up) through a long month of anxious waiting. Prompted by his sensitive humanity, Davidson, in the gathering dusk, turned the *Sissie's* head toward the hardly discernible coast, and navigated her safely through a maze of shallow patches. But by the time he got to the mouth of the creek the night had come.

"The narrow waterway lay like a black cutting through the forest. And as there were always grounded snags in the channel which it would be impossible to make out, Davidson very prudently turned the *Sissie* round, and with only enough steam on the boilers to give her a touch ahead if necessary, let her drift up stern first with the tide, silent and invisible in the impenetrable darkness and in the dumb stillness.

"It was a long job, and when at the end of two hours Davidson thought he must be up to the clearing, the settlement slept already, the whole land of forests and rivers was asleep.

"Davidson, seeing a solitary light in the massed darkness of the shore, knew that it was burning in Bamtz's house. This was unexpected at this time of the night, but convenient as a guide. By a turn of the screw and a touch of the helm he sheered the *Sissie* alongside Bamtz's wharf—a miserable structure of a dozen piles and a few planks, of which the ex-vagabond was very proud. A couple of Kalashes jumped down on it, took a turn with the ropes thrown to them round the posts, and the *Sissie* came to rest without a single loud word or the slightest noise. And just in time too, for the tide turned even before she was properly moored.

"Davidson had something to eat, and then, coming on deck for a last look round, noticed that the light was still burning in the house.

"This was very unusual, but since they were awake so late, Davidson thought that he would go up to say that he was in a hurry to be off and to ask that what rattans there were in store should be sent on board with the first sign of dawn.

"He stepped carefully over the shaky planks, not being anxious to get a sprained ankle, and picked his way across the waste ground to the foot of the house ladder. The house was but a glorified hut on piles, unfenced and lonely.

"Like many a stout man, Davidson is very lightfooted. He climbed the seven steps or so, stepped across the bamboo platform quietly, but what he saw through the doorway stopped him short.

"Four men were sitting by the light of a solitary candle. There was a bottle, a jug and glasses on the table, but they were not engaged in drinking. Two packs of cards were lying there too, but they were not preparing to play. They were talking together in whispers, and remained quite unaware of him. He himself was too astonished to make a sound for some time. The world was still, except for the sibilation of the whispering heads bunched together over the table.

"And Davidson, as I have quoted him to you before, didn't like it. He didn't like it at all.

"The situation ended with a scream proceeding from the dark, interior part of the room. 'O Davy! you've given me a turn.'

"Davidson made out beyond the table Anne's very pale face. She laughed a little hysterically, out of the deep shadows between the gloomy mat walls. 'Ha! ha! ha!'

"The four heads sprang apart at the first sound, and four pairs of eyes became fixed stonily on Davidson. The woman came forward, having little more on her than a loose chintz wrapper and straw slippers on her bare feet. Her head was tied up Malay fashion in a red handkerchief with a mass of loose hair hanging under it behind. Her professional, gay, European feathers had literally dropped off her in the course of these two years, but a long necklace of amber beads hung round her uncovered neck. It was the only ornament she had left; Bamtz had sold all her poor-enough trinkets during the flight from Saïgon—when their association began.

"She came forward, past the table, into the light, with her usual groping gesture of extended arms, as though her soul, poor thing! had gone blind long ago, her white cheeks hollow, her eyes darkly wild, distracted, as Davidson thought. She came on swiftly, grabbed him by the arm, dragged him in. 'It's heaven itself that sends you to-night. My Tony's so bad—come and see him. Come along—do!'

"Davidson submitted. The only one of the men to move was Bamtz, who made as if to get up but dropped back in his chair again. Davidson in passing heard him mutter confusedly something that sounded like 'poor little beggar.'

"The child, lying very flushed in a miserable cot knocked up out of gin-cases, stared at Davidson with wide, drowsy eyes. It was a bad bout of fever, clearly. But while Davidson was promising to go on board and fetch some medicines, and generally trying to say reassuring things, he could not help being struck by the extraordinary manner of the woman standing by his side. Gazing with despairing expression down at the cot, she would suddenly throw a quick, startled glance at Davidson and then toward the other room.

"'Yes, my poor girl,' he whispered, interpreting her distraction in his own way, though he had nothing precise in his mind. 'I'm afraid this bodes no good to you. How is it they are here?'

"She seized his forearm and breathed out forcibly: 'No good to me! Oh, no! But what about you! They are after the dollars you have on board.'

"Davidson let out an astonished 'How do they know there are any dollars?'

"She clapped her hands lightly, in distress. 'So it's true! You have them on board? Then look out for yourself.'

"They stood gazing down at the boy in the cot, aware that they might be observed from the other room.

"'We must get him to perspire as soon as possible,' said Davidson in his ordinary voice. 'You'll have to give him hot drink of some kind. I will go on board and bring you a spirit-kettle amongst other things.' And he added under his breath: 'Do they actually mean murder?'

"She made no sign, she had returned to her desolate contemplation of the boy. Davidson thought she had not heard him even, when with an unchanged expression she spoke under her breath.

"'The Frenchman would, in a minute. The others shirk it—unless you resist. He's a devil. He keeps them going. Without him they would have done nothing but talk. I've got chummy with him. What can you do when you are with a man like the fellow I am with now. Bamtz is terrified of them, and they know it. He's in it from funk. Oh, Davy! take your ship away—quick!'

"'Too late,' said Davidson. 'She's on the mud already.'

"'If the kid hadn't been in this state I would have run off with him—to you—into the woods—anywhere. Oh, Davy! will he die?' she cried aloud suddenly.

Davidson met three men in the doorway. They made way for him without actually daring to face his glance. But Bamtz was the only one who looked down with an air of guilt. The big Frenchman had remained lolling in his chair; he kept his stumps in his pockets and addressed Davidson.

"'Isn't it unfortunate about that child! The distress of that woman there upsets me, but I am of no use in the world. I couldn't smooth the sick pillow of my dearest friend. I have no hands. Would you mind sticking one of those cigarettes there into the mouth of a poor, harmless cripple? My nerves want soothing—upon my honour, they do.'

"Davidson complied with his naturally kind smile. As his outward placidity becomes only more pronounced if possible, the more reason there is for excitement; and as Davidson's eyes, when his wits are hard at work, get very still and as if sleepy, the huge Frenchman might have been justified in concluding that the man there was a mere sheep—a sheep ready for slaughter.

With a '*merci bien*' he uplifted his huge carcase to reach the light of the candle with his cigarette, and Davidson left the house.

"Going down to the ship and returning, he had time to consider his position. At first he was inclined to believe that these men (Niclaus—the white Nakhoda—was the only one he knew by sight before, besides Bamtz) were not of the stamp to proceed to extremities. This was partly the reason why he never attempted to take any measures on board. His pacific Kalashes were not to be thought of as against white men. His wretched engineer would have had a fit from fright at the mere idea of any sort of combat. Davidson knew that he would have to depend on himself in this affair if it ever came off.

"Davidson underestimated naturally the driving power of the Frenchman's character and the force of the actuating motive. To that man so hopelessly crippled these dollars were an enormous opportunity. With his share of the robbery he would open another shop in Vladivostok, Haï-phong, Manila—somewhere far away.

"Neither did it occur to Davidson, who is a man of courage, if ever there was one, that his psychology was not known to the world at large, and that to this particular lot of ruffians, who judged him by his appearance, he appeared an unsuspicious, inoffensive, soft creature, as he passed again through the room, his hands full of various objects and parcels destined for the sick boy.

"All the four were sitting again round the table. Bamtz not having the pluck to open his mouth, it was Niclaus who, as a collective voice, called out to him thickly to come out soon and join in a drink.

"'I think I'll have to stay some little time in there, to help her look after the boy,' Davidson answered without stopping.

"This was a good thing to say to allay a possible suspicion. And, as it was, Davidson felt he must not stay very long.

"He sat down on an old empty nail-keg near the improvised cot and looked at the child; while Laughing Anne, moving to and fro, preparing the hot drink, giving it to the boy in spoonfuls, or stopping to gaze motionless at the flushed face, whispered disjointed bits of information. She had succeeded in making friends with that French devil. Davy would understand that she knew how to make herself pleasant to a man.

"And Davidson nodded without looking at her.

"The big beast had got to be quite confidential with her. She held his cards for him when they were having a game. Bamtz! Oh! Bamtz in his funk was only too glad to see the Frenchman humoured. And the Frenchman had come to believe that she was a woman who didn't care what she did. That's how it came about they got to talk before her openly. For a long time she could not make out what game they were up to. The new arrivals, not expecting to find a woman with Bamtz, had been very startled and annoyed at first, she explained.

"She busied herself in attending to the boy; and nobody looking into that room would have seen anything suspicious in those two people exchanging murmurs by the sick-bedside.

"'But now they think I am a better man than Bamtz ever was,' she said with a faint laugh.

"The child moaned. She went down on her knees, and, bending low, contemplated him mournfully. Then raising her head, she asked Davidson whether he thought the child would get better. Davidson was sure of it. She murmured sadly: 'Poor kid. There's nothing in life for such as he. Not a dog's chance. But I couldn't let him go, Davy! I couldn't.'

"Davidson felt a profound pity for the child. She laid her hand on his knee and whispered an earnest warning against the Frenchman. Davy must never let him come to close quarters. Naturally Davidson wanted to know the reason, for a man without hands did not strike him as very formidable under any circumstances.

"'Mind you don't let him—that's all,' she insisted anxiously, hesitated, and then confessed that the Frenchman had got her away from the others that afternoon and had ordered her to tie a seven-pound iron weight (out of the set of weights Bamtz used in business) to his right stump. She had to do it for him. She had been afraid of his savage temper. Bamtz was such a craven, and neither of the other men would have cared what happened to her. The Frenchman, however, with many awful threats had warned her not to let the others know what she had done for him. Afterward he had been trying to cajole her. He had promised her that if she stood by him faithfully in this business he would take her with him to Haï-phong or some other place. A poor cripple needed somebody to take care of him—always.

"Davidson asked her again if they really meant mischief. It was, he told me, the hardest thing to believe he had run up against, as yet, in his life. Anne nodded. The Frenchman's heart was set on this robbery. Davy might expect them, about midnight, creeping on board his ship, to steal anyhow—to murder, perhaps. Her voice sounded weary, and her eyes remained fastened on her child.

"And still Davidson could not accept it somehow; his contempt for these men was too great.

"'Look here, Davy,' she said. 'I'll go outside with them when they start, and it will be hard luck if I don't find something to laugh at. They are used to that from me. Laugh or cry—what's the odds. You will be able to hear me on board on this quiet night. Dark it is too. Oh! it's dark, Davy!—it's dark!'

"'Don't you run any risks,' said Davidson. Presently he called her attention to the boy, who, less flushed now, had dropped into a sound sleep. 'Look. He'll be all right.'

"She made as if to snatch the child up to her breast, but restrained herself. Davidson prepared to go. She whispered hurriedly:

"'Mind, Davy! I've told them that you generally sleep aft in the hammock under the awning over the cabin. They have been asking me about your ways and about your ship, too. I told them all I knew. I had to keep in with them. And Bamtz would have told them if I hadn't—you understand?'

"He made a friendly sign and went out. The men about the table (except Bamtz) looked at him. This time it was Fector who spoke. 'Won't you join us in a quiet game, Captain?'

"Davidson said that now the child was better he thought he would go on board and turn in. Fector was the only one of the four whom he had, so to speak, never seen, for he had had a good look at the Frenchman already. He observed Fector's muddy eyes, his mean, bitter mouth. Davidson's contempt for these men rose in his gorge, while his placid smile, his gentle tones and general air of innocence put heart into them. They exchanged meaning glances.

"'We shall be sitting late over the cards,' Fector said in his harsh, low voice.

"'Don't make more noise than you can help.'

"'Oh! we are a quiet lot. And if the invalid shouldn't be so well, she will be sure to send one of us down to call you, so that you may play the doctor again. So don't shoot at sight.'

"'He isn't a shooting man,' struck in Niclaus.

"'I never shoot before making sure there's a reason for it—at any rate,' said Davidson.

"Bamtz let out a sickly snigger. The Frenchman alone got up to make a bow to Davidson's careless nod. His stumps were stuck immovably in his pockets. Davidson understood now the reason.

"He went down to the ship. His wits were working actively, and he was thoroughly angry. He smiled, he says (it must have been the first grim smile of his life), at the thought of the seven-pound weight lashed to the end of the Frenchman's stump. The ruffian had taken that precaution in case of a quarrel that might arise over the division of the spoil. A man with an unsuspected power to deal killing blows could take his own part in a sudden scrimmage round a heap of money, even against adversaries armed with revolvers, especially if he himself started the row.

"'He's ready to face any of his friends with that thing. But he will have no use for it. There will be no occasion to quarrel about these dollars here,' thought Davidson, getting on board quietly. He never paused to look if there was anybody about the decks. As a matter of fact, most of his crew were on shore, and the rest slept, stowed away in dark corners.

"He had his plan, and he went to work methodically.

"He fetched a lot of clothing from below and disposed it in his hammock in such a way as to distend it to the shape of a human body; then he threw over all the light cotton sheet he used to draw over himself when sleeping on deck. Having done this, he loaded his two revolvers and clambered into one of the boats the *Sissie* carried right aft, swung out on their davits. Then he waited.

"And again the doubt of such a thing happening to him crept into his mind. He was almost ashamed of this ridiculous vigil in a boat. He became bored. And then he became drowsy. The stillness of the black universe wearied him. There was not even the lapping of the water to keep him company, for the tide was out and the *Sissie* was lying on soft mud. Suddenly in the breathless, soundless, hot night an argus pheasant screamed in the woods across the stream. Davidson started violently, all his senses on the alert at once.

"The candle was still burning in the house. Everything was quiet again, but

Davidson felt drowsy no longer. An uneasy premonition of evil oppressed him.

"'Surely I am not afraid,' he argued with himself.

"The silence was like a seal on his ears, and his nervous inward impatience grew intolerable. He commanded himself to keep still. But all the same he was just going to jump out of the boat when a faint ripple on the immensity of silence, a mere tremor in the air, the ghost of a silvery laugh, reached his ears.

"Illusion!

"He kept very still. He had no difficulty now in emulating the stillness of the mouse—a grimly determined mouse. But he could not shake off that premonition of evil unrelated to the mere danger of the situation. Nothing happened. It had been an illusion!

"A curiosity came to him to learn how they would go to work. He wondered and wondered, till the whole thing seemed more absurd than ever.

"He had left the hanging lamp in the cabin burning as usual. It was part of his plan that everything should be as usual. Suddenly in the dim glow of the skylight panes a bulky shadow came up the ladder without a sound, made two steps toward the hammock (it hung right over the skylight), and stood motionless. The Frenchman!

"The minutes began to slip away. Davidson guessed that the Frenchman's part (the poor cripple) was to watch his (Davidson's) slumbers while the others were no doubt in the cabin busy forcing off the lazarette hatch.

"What was the course they meant to pursue once they got hold of the silver (there were ten cases, and each could be carried easily by two men) nobody can tell now. But so far, Davidson was right. They were in the cabin. He expected to hear the sounds of breaking-in every moment. But the fact was that one of them (perhaps Fector, who had stolen papers out of desks in his time) knew how to pick a lock, and apparently was provided with the tools. Thus while Davidson expected every moment to hear them begin down there, they had the bar off already and two cases actually up in the cabin out of the lazarette.

"In the diffused faint glow of the skylight the Frenchman moved no more than a statue. Davidson could have shot him with the greatest ease—but he was not homicidally inclined. Moreover, he wanted to make sure before opening fire that the others had gone to work. Not hearing the sounds he expected to hear, he felt uncertain whether they all were on board yet.

"While he listened, the Frenchman, whose immobility might have but cloaked an internal struggle, moved forward a pace, then another. Davidson, entranced, watched him advance one leg, withdraw his right stump, the armed one, out of his pocket, and swinging his body to put greater force into the blow, bring the seven-pound weight down on the hammock where the head of the sleeper ought to have been.

"Davidson admitted to me that his hair stirred at the roots then. But for Anne, his unsuspecting head would have been there. The Frenchman's surprise must have been simply overwhelming. He staggered away from the lightly swinging hammock, and before Davidson could make a movement he had vanished, bounding down the ladder to warn and alarm the other fellows.

"Davidson sprang instantly out of the boat, threw up the skylight flap, and had a glimpse of the men down there crouching round the hatch. They looked up scared, and at that moment the Frenchman outside the door bellowed out '*Trahison—trahison!*' They bolted out of the cabin, falling over each other and swearing awfully. The shot Davidson let off down the skylight had hit no one; but he ran to the edge of the cabin-top and at once opened fire at the dark shapes rushing about the deck. These shots were returned, and a rapid fusillade burst out, reports and flashes, Davidson dodging behind a ventilator and pulling the trigger till his revolver clicked, and then throwing it down to take the other in his right hand.

"He had been hearing in the din the Frenchman's infuriated yells '*Tuez-le!—tuez-le!*' above the fierce cursing of the others. But though they fired at him they were only thinking of clearing out. In the flashes of the last shots Davidson saw them scrambling over the rail. That he had hit more than one he was certain. Two different voices had cried out in pain. But apparently none of them were disabled.

"Davidson leaned against the bulwark reloading his revolver without haste. He had not the slightest apprehension of their coming back. On the other hand, he had no intention of pursuing them on shore in the dark. What they were doing he had no idea. Looking to their hurts probably. Not very far from the bank the invisible Frenchman was blaspheming and cursing his associates, his luck, and all the world. He ceased; then with a sudden, vengeful yell, 'It's that woman!—it's that woman that has sold us,' was heard running off in the night.

"Davidson caught his breath in a sudden pang of remorse. He perceived with dismay that the stratagem of his defense had given Anne away. He did not hesitate a moment. It was for him to save her now. He leaped ashore. But even as he landed on the wharf he heard a shrill shriek which pierced his very soul.

"The light was still burning in the house. Davidson, revolver in hand, was making for it when another shriek, away to his left, made him change his direction.

"He changed his direction—but very soon he stopped. It was then that he hesitated in cruel perplexity. He guessed what had happened. The woman had managed to escape from the house in some way, and now was being chased in the open by the infuriated Frenchman. He trusted she would try to run on board for protection.

"All was still around Davidson. Whether she had run on board or not, this silence meant that the Frenchman had lost her in the dark.

"Davidson, relieved, but still very anxious, turned toward the river-side. He had not made two steps in that direction when another shriek burst out behind him, again close to the house.

"He thinks that the Frenchman had lost sight of the poor woman right enough. Then came that period of silence. But the horrible ruffian had not given up his murderous purpose. He reasoned that she would try to steal back to her child, and went to lie in wait for her near the house.

"It must have been something like that. As she entered the light falling about the house-ladder, he had rushed at her too soon, impatient for vegeance. She had let out that second stream of mortal fear when she caught sight of him, and turned to run for life again.

"This time she was making for the river, but not in a straight line. Her shrieks circled about Davidson. He turned on his heels, following the horrible trail of sound in the darkness. He wanted to shout 'This way, Anne! I am here!' but he couldn't. At the horror of this chase, more ghastly in his imagination than if he could have seen it, the perspiration broke out on his forehead, while his throat was as dry as tinder. A last supreme scream was cut short suddenly.

"The silence which ensued was even more dreadful. Davidson felt sick. He tore his feet from the spot and walked straight before him, gripping the revolver and peering into the obscurity fearfully. Suddenly a bulky shape sprang from the ground within a few yards of him and bounded away. Instinctively he fired at it, started to run in pursuit, and stumbled against something soft which threw him down headlong.

"Even as he pitched forward on his head he knew it could be nothing else but Laughing Anne's body. He picked himself up and, remaining on his knees, tried to lift her in his arms. He felt her so limp that he gave it up. She was lying on her face, her long hair scattered on the ground. Some of it was wet. Davidson, feeling about her head, came to a place where the crushed bone gave way under his fingers. But even before that discovery he knew that she was dead. The pursuing Frenchman had flung her down with a kick from behind, and, squatting on her back, was battering in her skull with the weight she herself had fastened to his stump, when the totally unexpected Davidson loomed up in the night and scared him away.

"Davidson, kneeling by the side of that woman done so miserably to death, was overcome by remorse. She had died for him. His manhood was as if stunned. For the first time he felt afraid. He might have been pounced upon in the dark at any moment by the murderer of Laughing Anne. He confesses to the impulse of creeping away from that pitiful corpse on his hands and knees to the refuge of the ship. He even says that he actually began to do so. . . .

"One can hardly picture to oneself Davidson crawling away on all fours from the murdered woman—Davidson unmanned and crushed by the idea that she had died for him in a sense. But he could not have gone very far. What stopped him was the thought of the boy, Laughing Anne's child, that (Davidson remembered her very words) would not have a dog's chance.

"This life the woman had left behind her appeared to Davidson's conscience in the light of a sacred trust. He assumed an erect attitude and, quaking inwardly still, turned about and walked toward the house.

"For all his tremors he was very determined; but that smashed skull had affected his imagination, and he felt very defenseless in the darkness in which he seemed to hear faintly now here, now there, the prowling footsteps of the murderer without hands. But he never faltered in his purpose. He got away with the boy safely after all. The house he found empty. A profound silence encompassed him all the time, except once, just as he got down the ladder with Tony in his arms, when a faint groan reached his ears. It seemed to come from the pitch-black space between the posts on which the house was built, but he did not stop to investigate.

"It's no use telling you in detail how Davidson got on board with the burden Anne's miserably cruel fate had thrust into his arms; how next morning his scared crew, after observing from a distance the state of affairs on board, rejoined with alacrity; how Davidson went ashore and, aided by his engineer (still half dead with fright), rolled up Laughing Anne's body in a cotton sheet and brought it on board for burial at sea later. While busy with this pious task, Davidson, glancing about, perceived a huge heap of white clothes huddled up against the corner-post of the house. That it was the Frenchman lying there he could not doubt. Taking it in connection with the dismal groan he had heard in the night, Davidson is pretty sure that his random shot gave a mortal hurt to the murderer of poor Anne.

"As to the others, Davidson never set eyes on a single one of them. Whether they had concealed themselves in the scared settlement, or bolted into the forest, or were hiding on board Niclaus's prau, which could be seen lying on the mud a hundred yards or so higher up the creek, the fact is that they vanished; and Davidson did not trouble his head about them. He lost no time in getting out of the creek directly the *Sissie* floated. After steaming some twenty miles clear of the coast, he (in his own words) 'committed the body to the deep.' He did everything himself. He weighted her down with a few fire-bars, he read the service, he lifted the plank, he was the only mourner. And while he was rendering these last services to the dead, the desolation of that life and the atrocious wretchedness of its end cried aloud to his compassion, whispered to him in tones of self-reproach.

"He ought to have handled the warning she had given him in another way. He was convinced now that a simple display of watchfulness would have been enough to restrain that vile and cowardly crew. But the fact was that he had not quite believed that anything would be attempted.

"The body of Laughing Anne having been 'committed to the deep' some twenty miles S.S.W. from Cape Selatan, the task before Davidson was to commit Laughing Anne's child to the care of his wife. And there poor, good Davidson made a fatal move. He didn't want to tell her the whole awful story, since it involved the knowledge of the danger from which he, Davidson, had escaped. And this, too, after he had been laughing at her unreasonable fears only a short time before.

"'I thought that if I told her everything,' Davidson explained to me, 'she would never have a moment's peace while I was away on my trips.'

"He simply stated that the boy was an orphan, the child of some people to whom he, Davidson, was under the greatest obligation, and that he felt morally bound to look after him. Some day he would tell her more, he said, and meantime he trusted in the goodness and warmth of her heart, in her woman's natural compassion.

"He did not know that her heart was about the size of a parched pea, and had the proportional amount of warmth; and that her faculty of compassion was mainly directed to herself. He was only startled and disappointed at the air of cold surprise and the suspicious look with which she received his imperfect tale. But she did not say much. She never had much to say. She was a fool of the silent, hopeless kind.

"What story Davidson's crew thought fit to set afloat in Malay town is neither here nor there. Davidson himself took some of his friends into his confidence, besides giving the full story officially to the Harbour Master.

"The Harbour Master was considerably astonished. He didn't think, however, that a formal complaint should be made to the Dutch Government. They would probably do nothing in the end, after a lot of trouble and correspondence. The robbery had not come off, after all. Those vagabonds could be trusted to go to the devil in their own way. No amount of fuss would bring the poor woman to life again, and the actual murderer had been done justice to by a chance shot from Davidson. Better let the matter drop.

"This was good common sense. But he was impressed.

"'Sounds a terrible affair, Captain Davidson.'

"'Aye, terrible enough,' agreed the remorseful Davidson. But the most terrible thing for him, though he didn't know it then, was that his wife's silly brain was slowly coming to the conclusion that Tony was Davidson's child, and that he had invented that lame story to introduce him into her pure home in defiance of decency, of virtue—of her most sacred feelings.

"Davidson was aware of some constraint in his domestic relations. But at the best of times she was not demonstrative; and perhaps that very coldness was part of her charm in the placid Davidson's eyes. Women are loved for all sorts of reasons and even for characteristics which one would think repellent. She was watching him and nursing her suspicions.

"Then, one day, Monkey-face Ritchie called on that sweet, shy Mrs. Davidson. She had come out under his care, and he considered himself a privileged person—her oldest friend in the tropics. He posed for a great admirer of hers. He was always a great chatterer. He had got hold of the story rather vaguely, and he started chattering on that subject, thinking she knew all about it. And in due course he let out something about Laughing Anne.

"'Laughing Anne,' says Mrs. Davidson with a start. 'What's that?'

"Ritchie plunged into circumlocution at once, but she very soon stopped him. 'Is that creature dead?' she asks.

"'I believe so,' stammered Ritchie. 'Your husband says so.'

"'But you don't know for certain?'

"'No! How could I, Mrs. Davidson!'

"'That's all I wanted to know,' says she, and goes out of the room.

"When Davidson came home she was ready to go for him, not with common voluble indignation, but as if trickling a stream of cold clear water down his back. She talked of his base intrigue with a vile woman, of being made a fool of, of the insult to her dignity.

"Davidson begged her to listen to him and told her all the story, thinking that it would move a heart of stone. He tried to make her understand his remorse. She heard him to the end, said 'Indeed!' and turned her back on him.

"'Don't you believe me?' he asked, appalled.

"She didn't say yes or no. All she said was, 'Send that brat away at once.'

"'I can't throw him out into the street,' cried Davidson. 'You don't mean it.'

"'I don't care. There are charitable institutions for such children, I suppose.'

"'That I will never do,' said Davidson.

"'Very well. That's enough for me.'

"Davidson's home after this was like a silent, frozen hell for him. A stupid woman with a sense of grievance is worse than an unchained devil. He sent the boy to the White Fathers in Malacca. This was not a very expensive sort of education, but she could not forgive him for not casting the offensive child away utterly. She worked up her sense of her wifely wrongs and of her injured purity to such a pitch that one day, when poor Davidson was pleading with her to be reasonable and not to make an impossible existence for them both, she turned on him in a chill passion and told him that his very sight was odious to her.

"Davidson, with his scrupulous delicacy of feeling, was not the man to assert his rights over a woman who could not bear the sight of him. He bowed his head; and shortly afterward arranged for her to go back to her parents. That was exactly what she wanted in her outraged dignity. And then she had always disliked the tropics and had detested secretly the people she had to live amongst as Davidson's wife. She took her pure, sensitive, mean little soul away to Fremantle or somewhere in that direction. And of course the little girl went away with her too. What could poor Davidson have done with a little girl on his hands, even if she had consented to leave her with him—which is unthinkable.

"This is the story that has spoiled Davidson's smile for him—which perhaps it wouldn't have done so thoroughly had he been less of a good fellow."

Hollis ceased. But before we rose from the table I asked him if he knew what had become of Laughing Anne's boy.

He counted carefully the change handed him by the Chinaman waiter, and raised his head.

"Oh! that's the finishing touch. He was a bright, taking little chap, as you know, and the Fathers took very special pains in his bringing up. Davidson expected in his heart to have some comfort out of him. In his placid way he's a man who needs affection. Well, Tony has grown into a fine youth—but there you are! He wants to be a priest; his one dream is to be a missionary. The Fathers assure Davidson that it is a serious vocation. They tell him he has a special disposition for mission work, too. So Laughing Anne's boy will lead a saintly life in China somewhere; he may even become a martyr; but poor Davidson is left out in the cold. He will have to go downhill without a single human affection near him because of these old dollars."

Aaron Westcott's Funeral

By VIOLA ROSEBORO'

THE great lawyer paced up and down his office, its inner sanctum, and looked out the windows on whirling snow, darkened sky, and whitening roofs far below. "Yes, it's a snowstorm; but it isn't in it with that young blizzard we had last month," he said.

I didn't wake up to any great interest about last month's blizzard; so, it appeared, he had to go on without his cue.

"I got all there was in that; haven't been mixed up with so much weather since I was a boy."

I saw my duty, and this time I did it, not reluctantly. J. R. Decon was not the kind of talker people want to head off, and if he wished to yarn in his office to the likes of me he must be mighty full of matter.

"I went up state on the seventeenth to Aaron Westcott's funeral—on the seventeenth."

"Up state? Why, that was the day the trains were laid off!"

"Yes, that's why I've got something to tell you—one why. I knew the trains weren't running, so I called up the traffic manager that morning and told him I wanted a special to Larkinsville. I heard him snort a laugh over the wire.

"'We don't run specials when our own trains can't go out,' says he final and incidental, marking that he was busy and the fool killer wasn't.

"'Don't you ring off!' I got in quick and firm. 'It's J. R. Decon talking to you; do you get that?'

"'Yes,' he said he got it, and that it made it a sure thing he wouldn't ring off. 'I can chew the rag with you because you're a great corporation lawyer, Mr. Decon, as long as you want,' says he; 'but, unless you can get out an injunction on the weather, it's all I can do.'

"I liked the sassiness of him; he was human, all right. 'You just give me three minutes while I talk to you,' I called.

"'All right, Mr. Decon,' he said, and if he'd cussed me he couldn't have said more.

"'I was born up there in Larkinsville,' I began, and I told him how I'd been an orphan and kept out of the poorhouse by an uncle who didn't care about the job; and how I'd gone to work in the soap factory when I was fourteen. 'Aaron Westcott was the foreman,' I told him, 'and he was the first man that ever went out of his way to do me a kindness. And when I wanted to come here and study law he was the only created being that didn't think I was a durn fool. He found ways to help me do it. I might tell you more; but maybe this will do. Now Aaron Westcott's dead, and I'm going to Larkinsville to his funeral. It's your play next.'

"'Mr. Decon,' says he, 'I'll have you switched to the general manager. It's all I can do, and I stand a chance to get fired before you can tell him who you are. Good-by; good luck!'

"So I told the old man who I was first off. He was genially humorous. 'You must have been dining late and neglected the papers, Mr. Decon; there isn't a wheel—' I interrupted and told him I knew more than he thought, and among other things that the impossible was done every day when a man and money got together.

"'Hold on!' I headed him off. 'This is a ground hog case. Aaron Westcott's dead, and I'm going up to Larkinsville to his funeral. You never heard of him; but if I'd never heard of him I'd not be helping you run the New York Central.

"'He was superintendent of a soap factory up there, and I went to work in that factory when I was fourteen. He had an old copy of Blackstone, because he'd had a notion of being a lawyer himself when he was young and foolish. He never got out of the soap factory; but he helped me out, and his Blackstone was the first law book I ever had in my hand. He gave it to me, and he let me stay in his hencoop office after hours to read it, because my uncle wouldn't stand for such foolishness in an orphan. There's plenty more; but maybe we can get down to business now.'

"'You come up here, Mr. Decon! Come right up here yourself,' calls the old man, like a welcome home. 'We can't order men out to-day; but come along and see what you can do.'

"When I got there he took me by the arm out to meet one of his crack engineers; Mulligan was his name. Mulligan was hanging around a big engine that was being kept half alive. He looked at us calm and curious—you know the swell mechanic's swell manners; good enough for a Duke, I call 'em.

"'This is our biggest lawyer, Mulligan,' said the general manager, 'and he wants to get to Larkinsville.'

"Mulligan rested easy on the fact that he didn't have to laugh at any man's joke unless he wanted to. Now he didn't want to. When the silence called for relief he spat tobacco juice at a chosen mark.

"Of course, I'd long before given up any notion of a special train. What I wanted now was an engine and the privilege of bloating with wealth any men who'd run it. Just for greens I tried the wealth trick first. Nothing doing. Mulligan wasn't interested. He looked at me level once in a while, and seemed, between more important matters on his mind, to be wondering at the kind of folks that can bluff New York into coughing up.

"'Well,' said I, when I got through fooling, 'I see I must get down to business.'

"Mulligan threw more steam into his tired look; he tried to make it strong enough to knock the wind out of me.

"'You're not going to take me out for money,' said I, 'though you're going to get paid for a tough job. I'm going to Larkinsville to Aaron Westcott's funeral, because he was the best friend I ever had.'

"Mulligan looked at me as if I'd just come, and I went on.

"'Aaron Westcott superintended a little soap factory up there for twenty-five years, and that's where I began earning my living—in that soap factory—when I was fourteen. Your kids don't have to turn out that soon, Mulligan; but, if you took the count and they came to it, you'd be a glad man in your grave if they ran up against something like Aaron Westcott. He'd wanted to be a lawyer, but the soap factory got him for keeps, because there was a bunch of women—old mother, sick sister, and such—that had no one else to look to. When I turned up out of the blue, nothing in the world to him, he took it out helping make a lawyer of me. Maybe you don't think much of his judgment as a matter of public welfare, but I'll tell you, Mulligan, man to man, that the public welfare isn't left out of my game altogether just because Aaron took a hand in starting it! Hold on! I'm not quite through.'

"'Wait a minute,' Mulligan remarked, walking away, and he comes back with another overalled chap, a younger one. 'Go on,' says he; 'begin where you left off.'

"'When I got here in the law school I bached in one room and cooked over the gas; but even at that I ran so low one time that the end of the grub was in sight. I wrote to the uncle who'd kicked me up to beg the loan of ten dollars. I didn't get it; but Larkinsville got the told-you-so news of me, all right, and Aaron Westcott—' I stalled right there then, too—it's getting to be an emotional habit. Mulligan nodded a hair's breadth. 'No,' said I, 'you haven't got it yet. Aaron Westcott sent me twenty. They're burying him to-day in Larkinsville.'

"Mulligan looked at the other chap. 'All right,' said the other chap.

"'Daly'll fire for us,' said Mulligan. 'I don't know how far we'll get, Mr. Decon; but we'll get as far as the wheels will turn.'

"They did, and they stopped turning just outside Dalton, six miles from Larkinsville. I must make that in something over three hours.

"Mulligan and Jim trudged into the village with me; and that black and white engine alone out there in the fields, snow still snowing—well, I had kind feelings for the old arctic monster.

"We all shook hands when I got to the stable. 'Good luck!' said Mulligan. 'I guess you'll need all the steam you can throw into that spiel of yours to get a sleigh out of here; but I'm putting my money on you.'

"Jim was mighty near all in; but he gave me a good grip. 'You're no slouch!' said Jim, and it made me proud.

"The livery man was hugging a red hot stove.

"'I want a sleigh to go to Larkinsville,' was the way I broke it to him.

"'You're sure free to do that,' says he genially, rooted to his chair.

"'Know anything about Larkinsville?' I asked him. 'Know Aaron Westcott over there?'

"He knew by sight one of the Westcott girls that taught in the Dalton schools; he'd heard about Westcott's death, and he began to look more interested than you'd suppose.

"'I'm going to his funeral,' I told him. 'An engine that's stalled up there by the pond brought me out from New York; not because I'm paying big money, though I am, and not because I'm one of the lawyers of the New York Central, though I am, but just because I told an engineer and a fireman something about Aaron Westcott and——'

"The livery man got up. 'About the bank?' says he.

"I didn't know anything about Aaron and any bank; thought banks were out of his range, and said so, and looked at my watch.

"'All right,' my man was wriggling into an overcoat. 'Your spellbindin' may have fixed them New York guys, but I'm playin' the fool for reasons I got no time to set out, beyond the fact that I like to see a good job finished,' and he slammed the door after him.

"Sure enough, just Aaron's name had turned the trick this time, though I hadn't supposed twenty people in Dalton had ever heard of him.

"The livery man drove me himself; said he wouldn't ask any other man to do it, and he wouldn't trust any other man to do it. You bet we didn't yarn any on that trip! When we got to Larkinsville he set me down a block away from the Larkinsville stable. The Westcott place—the funeral was there—was a mile and a half from town, and the Dalton man wouldn't even take his horse to the stable because he'd hit a friend's place one block nearer. His horses were done up.

"The Larkinsville man's eyes opened when I told where I'd come from. 'What you got there?' he asked, as an entering wedge for his curiosity, pointing to a huge parcel I'd hung onto all the way from New York.

"'It's a wreath,' I told him, 'for Aaron Westcott's coffin, and I'm wanting a team at your price to get me and it out there.'

"I knew him, old Lem Williams he was, but he didn't know me. Lem was a curious citizen, cranky, crooked, tight fisted; but a streak of cross-grained humaneness ran through him. I remembered something about a fight he put up once for a tramp with the town authorities. I wondered how I'd work him. My standard story might make him think it was a fine chance to take Jim Decon down a peg or two.

"'I suppose you think your money'll do anything out here with us jays,' says Lem.

"'You won't do it for money,' I told him, 'if you're anything like the other guys I've struck to-day; but you see they got interested and got their money, too.' I was stamping my feet and warming up as fast as I could. I didn't know but I'd have to walk it.

"'Huh! I suppose you worked 'em up over the bank doin's; but Westcott wa'n't no friend of mine, and I think he was a fool, and a poor kind of father—' That came next; but it didn't seem to stop with a full period.

"I heard afterward that Aaron had made the town shut up Lem's blind tiger. Not that Aaron was any born insurgent, either; but the Widow Leel's boys were getting drunk and going to the deuce, and that put it up to Aaron. There's a whole story about that. Aaron got into a varmint's nest of leading citizens before he was through with it, but I'll tell you of that another time.

"If things hadn't moved faster than I talk I'd never have heard the preacher at Aaron's funeral, and that would have been your loss as well as mine. Lem said Westcott was no friend of his. 'But I'm going to take you out there,' he stated in a separate section, and went out. Returning, he spliced on the rest of that section as if there'd be no break. 'If that wreath's come all the way from New York, a little matter of comfort and horseflesh ain't going to make me stand in its way. Come on! Those girls of his that Aaron robbed so blamed honest is e't up with pride, and I got a sympathy with 'em, seein' pride's all they got left.'

"'I don't know about all that,' I told him. We were climbing in the sleigh.

"'You don't?' He was astonished; but talking time was over.

"When we got out to the poor old Westcott place, Lem said, 'I thought likely that was what brought you.' Lem's punctuation put down the illusions of time and space.

"Some one took the team. 'I'm not expected; but I'm goin' in with you,' Lem avowed, 'and I'm goin' to tell the preacher that you ain't heard. Wonder what other of Aaron's loony doing's did bring you?'

"But I was spared the embarrassing revelation by at last arriving at Aaron's funeral. The first thing I saw was the coffin. Anyone would have seen it first. I never saw another decorated like it. No one ever did. It was gay with scarlet geranium and blue lobelia and such.

"Man, do you know what they were? Window garden flowers? Huh, window garden nothing! Tin can flowers—Lady Washington geraniums and purple and pink fuchsias and rose geranium leaves were lavished there, the scant cream of the tin cans; but it was the rubber plant that hit me hardest and seemed most like that box of precious ointment another woman lavished out of a full heart once—a whole tall rubber plant cut down and lying the length of that coffin. She wanted to give it, some woman, and cut down that—that proud piece of furniture! If you'd come up in Larkinsville, you'd grasp it all better. It took a lot of tin cans to make that showing.

"The preacher was just winding up; but that crooked liveryman butted right in, went up and whispered to him a minute. He looked funny while he did it—stubborn and grouchy on purpose, and childish underneath. Aaron was no friend of his; but the truth was that old rascal was as proud of that wreath and me as if he'd bought and paid for us both, and back of that he was proud of Aaron, so proud of him that here he was telling the preacher to post me on those crazy doings.

"The preacher was one such as you see in the country sometimes, a man whose ideas of religion stood in the way of his getting on in the world or trying to get on. It was partly that he had a strong, logical old headpiece on him; he could never hope to eat his cake and have it too, the way church folks—and the rest of us—are always jockeying to do.

"'I'm told,' says the grim, gray, old parson, 'that there is in our midst a friend of the dead who knows nothing of Aaron Westcott's relation to the failure of the Dalton bank. Sir,' and, coming down to brass tacks the way he'd always want to, he began talking straight to me,—'Sir, we in this community were as ignorant as yourself till very lately. The facts are quickly told. Mr. Beardsley, the president of the bank, was an old schoolmate of Mr. Westcott. The clouds of disaster began to gather round his bank—the causes and the blame we can pass by. Mr. Beardsley was desperate, and in his despair he must confide in some one. Our friend and yours, whose body we are soon to bury, did not sit in high places; he was poor. The bank president had seen little of him for years, for prosperity is a hard master; but now, when ruin was rushing on him, he turned to Aaron Westcott and told him all. No counsel could avail; but Aaron did what he could. He did more than save the bank, sir; here in our small country world he enriched us by one of those high sacrifices that make the real treasure of our weak and sinful race.

"'His two daughters, his only children, had money in the bank; nearly two thousand dollars earned and saved by years of school teaching. It was all the money this family ever had banked, they tell me. Two months after the father knew what was to come, the bank broke, and his daughters' savings were lost with the rest.

"'All that in him lay he had done for his motherless girls; but he could do nothing to save their little fortune, for what he knew had been told him in confidence; and we all, all the depositors, were his unwitting confidants. We are all going to get a fraction of that two thousand dollars. And there sit his daughters—' He stopped short, clamping his stern old jaws together till he was safe for speech again.

"It was easy to tell Aaron's daughters, they were so proud in their tears. The blood had bred true.

"Those girls give me my chance to peck away a little on a debt that I'll never catch up with.

"When the preacher went on he was grimmer than ever, and plainer in his speech. He wasn't going to lose his grip again! His climax was a cold statement of fact. It was a good enough climax for me.

"The old man said he told Aaron on his deathbed that the bank story had leaked out, and asked him what made him act the way he did. What held him to letting his girls lose everything. Aaron thought about it, and then he said, 'I guess it was mostly just that I had to go on living with myself.'

"Then the dominie prayed. What's the prayer-meeting phrase, 'joining in prayer'? Well, I guess he was sort o' joined that time by some inexperienced joiners. I wouldn't bet against that liveryman.

"I've got to go to work now, and mostly my business makes Aaron Westcott look like a preposterous impossibility in our predatory old jungle. But what was it Mark Twain said, 'Truth's stranger than fiction, because fiction has to be possible and truth doesn't'?

"Aaron did live and die,—in Larkinsville,—and, jungle savage as the world is, there's hope for us; for he was in the end the most honoured man I ever knew."

A TEST

With every woman, to love a man is to feel that she must positively know just where he is going as soon as he is out of her sight. F. MARION CRAWFORD.

The Demoiselle d'Ys

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

> "There be three things which are too wonderful for me, yea, four which I know not:
>
> "The way of an eagle in the air; the way of a serpent upon a rock; the way of a ship in the midst of the sea; and the way of a man with a maid."

I

THE utter desolation of the scene began to have its effect; I sat down to face the situation and, if possible, recall to mind some landmark which might aid me in extricating myself from my present position. If I could only find the ocean again all would be clear, for I knew one could see the island of Groix from the cliffs.

I laid down my gun, and kneeling behind a rock lighted a pipe. Then I looked at my watch. It was nearly four o'clock. I might have wandered far from Kerselec since daybreak.

Standing the day before on the cliffs below Kerselec with Goulven, looking out over the somber moors among which I had now lost my way, these downs had appeared to me level as a meadow, stretching to the horizon; and although I knew how deceptive is distance, I could not realize that what from Kerselec seemed to be mere grassy hollows were great valleys covered with gorse and heather, and what looked like scattered boulders were in reality enormous cliffs of granite.

"It's a bad place for a stranger," old Goulven had said; "you'd better take a guide"; and I had replied, "I shall not lose myself." Now I knew that I had lost myself, as I sat there smoking, with the sea-wind blowing in my face. On every side stretched the moorland, covered with flowering gorse and heath and granite boulders. There was not a tree in sight, much less a house. After a while, I picked up the gun, and turning my back on the sun tramped on again.

There was little use in following any of the brawling streams which every now and then crossed my path, for, instead of flowing into the sea, they ran inland to reedy pools in the hollows of the moors. I had followed several, but they all led me to swamps or silent little ponds from which the snipe rose peeping and wheeled away in an ecstasy of fright. I began to feel fatigued, and the gun galled my shoulder in spite of the double pads. The sun sank lower and lower, shining level across yellow gorse and the moorland pools.

As I walked, my own gigantic shadow led me on, seeming to lengthen at every step. The gorse scraped against my leggings, crackled beneath my feet, showering the brown earth with blossoms, and the brake bowed and billowed along my path. From tufts of heath rabbits scurried away through the bracken, and among the swamp grass I heard the wild duck's drowsy quack. Once a fox stole across my path, and again, as I stooped to drink at a hurrying rill, a heron flapped heavily from the reeds beside me. I turned to look at the sun. It seemed to touch the edges of the plain. When at last I decided that it was useless to go on, and that I must make up my mind to spend at least one night on the moors, I threw myself down, thoroughly fagged out. The evening sunlight slanted warm across my body, but the sea-winds began to rise, and I felt a chill strike through me from my wet shooting-boots. High overhead gulls were wheeling and tossing like bits of white paper; from some distant marsh a solitary curlew called. Little by little the sun sank into the plain, and the zenith flushed with the after-glow. I watched the sky change from palest gold to pink and then to smouldering fire. Clouds of midges danced above me, and high in the calm air a bat dipped and soared. My eyelids began to droop. Then as I shook off the drowsiness a sudden crash among the bracken roused me. I raised my eyes. A great bird hung quivering in the air above my face. For an instant I stared, incapable of motion; then something leaped past me in the ferns and the bird rose, wheeled, and pitched headlong into the brake.

I was on my feet in an instant, peering through the gorse. There came the sound of a struggle from a bunch of heather close by, and then all was quiet. I stepped forward, my gun poised, but when I came to the heather, the gun fell under my arm again, and I stood motionless in silent astonishment. A dead hare lay on the ground, and on the hare stood a magnificent falcon, one talon buried in the creature's neck, the other planted firmly on its limp flank. But what astonished me was not the mere sight of a falcon sitting upon its prey. I had seen that more than once. It was that the falcon was fitted with a sort of leash about both talons, and from the leash hung a round bit of metal like a sleigh-bell. The bird turned its fierce yellow eyes on me, and then stooped and struck its curved beak into the quarry. At the same instant hurried steps sounded among the heather, and a girl sprang into the covert in front. Without a glance at me she walked up to the falcon, and passing her gloved hand under its breast, raised it from the quarry. Then she deftly slipped a small hood over the bird's head, and holding it out on her gauntlet, stooped and picked up the hare.

She passed a cord about the animal's legs and fastened the end of the thong to her girdle. Then she started to retrace her steps through the covert. As she passed me I raised my cap and she acknowledged my presence with a scarcely perceptible inclination. I had been so astonished, so lost in admiration of the scene before my eyes, that it had not occurred to me that here was my salvation. But as she moved away I recollected that unless I wanted to sleep on a windy moor that night I had better recover my speech without delay. At my first word she hesitated, and as I stepped before her I thought a look of fear came into her beautiful eyes. But as I humbly explained my unpleasant plight, her face flushed and she looked at me in wonder.

"Surely you did not come from Kerselec!" she repeated.

Her sweet voice had no trace of the Breton accent nor of any accent which I knew, and yet there was something in it I seemed to have heard before, something quaint and indefinable, like the theme of an old song.

I explained that I was an American, unacquainted with Finistère, shooting there for my own amusement.

"An American," she repeated in the same quaint musical tones. "I have never before seen an American."

For a moment she stood silent, then looking at me she said: "If you should walk all night you could not reach Kerselec now, even if you had a guide."

This was pleasant news.

"But," I began, "if I could only find a peasant's hut where I might get something to eat, and shelter."

The falcon on her wrist fluttered and shook its head. The girl smoothed its glossy back and glanced at me.

"Look around," she said gently. "Can you see the end of these moors? Look, north, south, east, west. Can you see anything but moorland and bracken?"

"No," I said.

"The moor is wild and desolate. It is easy to enter, but sometimes they who enter never leave it. There are no peasants' huts here."

"Well," I said, "if you will tell me in which direction Kerselec lies, to-morrow it will take me no longer to go back than it has to come."

She looked at me again with an expression almost like pity.

"Ah," she said, "to come is easy and takes hours; to go is different—and may take centuries."

I stared at her in amazement, but decided that I had misunderstood her. Then before I had time to speak she drew a whistle from her belt and sounded it.

"Sit down and rest," she said to me; "you have come a long distance and are tired."

She gathered up her pleated skirts, and, motioning me to follow, picked her dainty way through the gorse to a flat rock among the ferns.

"They will be here directly," she said, and taking a seat at one end of the rock, invited me to sit down on the other edge. The afterglow was beginning to fade in the sky and a single star twinkled faintly through the rosy haze. A long, wavering triangle of water-fowl drifted southward over our heads, and from the swamps around plover were calling.

"They are very beautiful—these moors," she said quietly.

"Beautiful, but cruel to strangers," I answered.

"Beautiful and cruel," she repeated dreamily, "beautiful and cruel."

"Like a woman," I said stupidly.

"Oh," she cried with a little catch in her breath and looked at me. Her dark eyes met mine and I thought she seemed angry or frightened.

"Like a woman," she repeated under her breath, "how cruel to say so!" Then after a pause, as though speaking aloud to herself, "how cruel for him to say that."

I don't know what sort of an apology I offered for my inane, though harmless speech, but I know that she seemed so troubled about it that I began to think I had said something very dreadful without knowing it, and remembered with horror the pitfalls and snares which the French language sets for foreigners. While I was trying to imagine what I might have said, a sound of voices came across the moor and the girl rose to her feet.

"No," she said, with a trace of a smile on her pale face, "I will not accept your apologies, Monsieur, but I must prove you wrong, and that shall be my revenge. Look. Here come Hastur and Raoul."

Two men loomed up in the twilight. One had a sack across his shoulders and the other carried a hoop before him as a waiter carries a tray. The hoop was fastened with straps to his shoulders and around the edge of the circlet sat three hooded falcons fitted with tinkling bells. The girl stepped up to the falconer, and with a quick turn of her wrist transferred her falcon to the hoop, where it quickly sidled off and nestled among its mates, who shook their hooded heads and ruffled their feathers till the belled jesses tinkled again. The other man stepped forward and bowing respectfully took up the hare and dropped it into the game-sack.

"These are my piqueurs," said the girl turning to me with a gentle dignity. "Raoul is a good fauconnier, and I shall some day make him grand veneur. Hastur is incomparable."

The two silent men saluted me respectfully.

"Did I not tell you, Monsieur, that I should prove you wrong?" she continued. "This, then, is my revenge, that you do me the courtesy of accepting food and shelter at my own house."

Before I could answer she spoke to the falconers, who started instantly across the heath, and with a gracious gesture to me she followed. I don't know whether I made her understand how profoundly grateful I felt, but she seemed pleased to listen, as we walked over the dewy heather.

"Are you not very tired?" she asked.

I had clean forgotten my fatigue in her presence, and I told her so.

"Don't you think your gallantry is a little old-fashioned?" she said; and when I looked confused and humbled, she added quietly, "oh, I like it, I like everything old-fashioned and it is delightful to hear you say such pretty things."

The moorland around us was very still now under its ghostly sheet of mist. The plover had ceased their calling; the crickets and all the little creatures of the fields were silent as we passed, yet it seemed to me as if I could hear them beginning again far behind us. Well in advance the two tall falconers strode across the heather, and the faint jingling of the hawk's bells came to our ears in distant murmuring chimes.

Suddenly a splendid hound dashed out of the mist in front, followed by another and another until half a dozen or more were bounding and leaping around the girl beside me. She caressed and quieted them with her gloved hand, speaking to them in quaint terms which I remembered to have seen in old French manuscripts.

Then the falcons on the circlet borne by the falconer ahead began to beat their wings and scream, and from somewhere out of sight the notes of a hunting-horn floated across the moor. The hounds sprang away before us and vanished in the twilight, the falcons flapped and squealed upon their perch, and the girl taking up the song of the horn began to hum. Clear and mellow her voice sounded in the night air.

"Chasseur, chasseur, chassez encore,
Quittez Rosette et Jeanneton,
Tonton, tonton, tontaine, tonton,
Ou, pour rabattre, dès l'aurore,
Que les Amours soient de planton,
Tonton, tontaine, tonton."

As I listened to her lovely voice a gray mass which rapidly grew more distinct loomed up in front, and the horn rang out joyously through the tumult of the hounds and falcons. A torch glimmered at a gate, a light streamed through an opening door, and we stepped upon a wooden bridge which trembled under our feet and rose creaking and straining behind us as we passed over the moat and into a small stone court, walled on every side. From an open doorway a man came and bending in salutation presented a cup to the girl beside me. She took the cup and touched it with her lips, then lowering it turned to me and said in a low voice, "I bid you welcome."

At that moment one of the falconers came with another cup, but before handing it to me, presented it to the girl, who tasted it. The falconer made a gesture to receive it, but she hesitated a moment and then stepping forward offered me the cup with her own hands. I felt this to be an act of extraordinary graciousness, but hardly knew what was expected of me, and did not raise it to my lips at once. The girl flushed crimson. I saw that I must act quickly.

"Mademoiselle," I faltered, "a stranger whom you have saved from dangers he may never realize, empties this cup to the gentlest and loveliest hostess of France."

"In His name," she murmured, crossing herself as I drained the cup. Then stepping into the doorway she turned to me with a pretty gesture, and taking my hand in hers, led me into the house, saying again and again: "You are very welcome, indeed you are welcome to the Château d'Ys."

II

I AWOKE next morning with the music of the horn in my ears, and leaping out of the ancient bed, went to a curtained window where the sunlight filtered through little deep-set panes. The horn ceased as I looked into the court below.

A man who might have been brother to the two falconers of the night before stood in the midst of a pack of hounds. A curved horn was strapped over his back, and in his hand he held a long-lashed whip. The dogs whined and yelped, dancing around him in anticipation; there was the stamp of horses too in the walled yard.

"Mount!" cried a voice in Breton, and with a clatter of hoofs the two falconers, with falcons upon their wrists, rode into the courtyard among the hounds. Then I heard another voice which sent the blood throbbing through my heart: "Piriou Louis, hunt the hounds well and spare neither spur nor whip. Thou Raoul and thou Gaston, see that the *épervier* does not prove himself *niais*, and if it be best in your judgment, *faites courtoisie à l'oiseau. Jardiner un oiseau* like the *mue* there on Hastur's wrist is not difficult, but thou, Raoul, mayest not find it so simple to govern that *hagard*. Twice last week he foamed *au vif* and lost the *beccade*, although he is used to the *leurre*. The bird acts like a stupid *branchier*. *Paître un hagard n'est pas si facile.*"

Was I dreaming? The old language of falconry which I had read in yellow manuscripts—the old forgotten French of the middle ages was sounding in my ears while the hounds bayed and the hawks' bells tinkled accompaniment to the stamping horses. She spoke again in the sweet forgotten language:

"If you would rather attach the *longe* and leave thy *hagard au bloc*, Raoul, I shall say nothing; for it were a pity to spoil so fair a day's sport with an ill-trained *sors*. *Essimer abaisser*—it is possibly the best way. *Ça lui donnera des reins*. I was, perhaps, hasty with the bird. It takes time to pass *à la filière* and the exercises *d'escap*."

Then the falconer Raoul bowed in his stirrups and replied: "If it be the pleasure of Mademoiselle, I shall keep the hawk."

"It is my wish," she answered. "Falconry I know, but you have yet to give me many a lesson in *autourserie*, my poor Raoul. Sieur Piriou Louis, mount!"

The huntsman sprang into an archway and in an instant returned, mounted upon a strong black horse, followed by a *piqueur* also mounted.

"Ah!" she cried joyously, "speed Glemarec René! speed! speed all! Sound thy horn, Sieur Piriou!"

The silvery music of the hunting-horn filled the courtyard, the hounds sprang through the gateway, and galloping hoofbeats plunged out of the paved court; loud on the drawbridge, suddenly muffled, then lost in the heather and bracken of the moors. Distant and more distant sounded the horn, until it became so faint that the sudden carol of a soaring lark drowned it in my ears. I heard the voice below responding to some call from within the house.

"I do not regret the chase; I will go another time. Courtesy to the stranger, Pélagie, remember!"

And a feeble voice came quavering from within the house, "*Courtoisie.*"

I stripped, and rubbed myself from head to foot in the huge earthen basin of icy water which stood upon the stone floor at the foot of my bed. Then I looked about for my clothes. They were gone, but on a settle near the door lay a heap of garments which I inspected with astonishment. As my clothes had vanished I was compelled to attire myself in the costume which had evidently been placed there for me to wear while my own clothes dried. Everything was there, cap, shoes, and hunting doublet of silvery gray homespun; but the close-fitting costume and seamless shoes belonged to another century, and I remembered the strange costumes of the three falconers in the courtyard. I was sure that it was not the modern dress of any portion of France or Brittany; but not until I was dressed and stood before a mirror between the windows did I realize that I was clothed much more like a young huntsman of the middle ages than like a Breton of that day.

I hesitated and picked up the cap. Should I go down and present myself in that strange guise? There seemed to be no help for it; my own clothes were gone and there was no bell in the ancient chamber to call a servant, so I contented myself with removing a short hawk's feather from the cap, and, opening the door, went downstairs.

By the fireplace in the large room at the foot of the stairs an old Breton woman sat spinning with a distaff. She looked up at me when I appeared, and, smiling frankly, wished me health in the Breton language, to which I laughingly replied in French. At the same moment my hostess appeared and returned my salutation with a grace and dignity that sent a thrill to my heart. Her lovely head with its dark curly hair was crowned with a head-dress which set all doubts as to the epoch of my own costume at rest. Her slender figure was exquisitely set off in the homespun hunting-gown edged with silver, and on her gauntlet-covered wrist she bore one of her petted hawks. With perfect simplicity she took my hand and led me into the garden in the court, and seating herself before a table invited me very sweetly to sit beside her. Then she asked me in her soft quaint accent how I had passed the night and whether I was very much inconvenienced by wearing the clothes which old Pélagie had put there for me while I slept. I looked at my own clothes and shoes, drying in the sun by the garden-wall, and hated them. What horrors they were compared with the graceful costume which I now wore! I told her this laughing, but she agreed with me very seriously.

"We will throw them away," she said in a quiet voice. In my astonishment I attempted to explain that I not only could not think of accepting clothes from anybody, although for all I knew it might be the custom of hospitality in that part of the country, but that I should cut an impossible figure if I returned to France clothed as I was then.

She laughed and tossed her pretty head, saying something in old French which I did not understand, and then Pélagie trotted out with a tray on which stood two bowls of milk, a loaf of white bread, fruit, a platter of honeycomb, and a flagon of deep red wine. "You see I have not yet broken my fast because I wished you to eat with me. But I am very hungry," she smiled.

"I would rather die than forget one word of what you have said!" I blurted out while my cheeks burned. "She will think me mad," I added to myself, but she turned to me with sparkling eyes.

"Ah!" she murmured. "Then Monsieur knows all that there is of chivalry——"

She crossed herself and broke bread—I sat and watched her white hands, not daring to raise my eyes to hers.

"Will you not eat?" she asked; "why do you look so troubled?"

Ah, why? I knew it now. I knew I would give my life to touch with my lips those rosy palms—I understood now that from the moment when I looked into her dark eyes there on the moor last night I had loved her. My great and sudden passion held me speechless.

"Are you ill at ease?" she asked again.

Then like a man who pronounces his own doom, I answered in a low voice: "Yes, I am ill at ease for love of you." And as she did not stir nor answer, the same power moved my lips in spite of me and I said, "I, who am unworthy of the lightest of your thoughts, I who abuse hospitality and repay your gentle courtesy with bold presumption, I love you."

She leaned her head upon her hands, and answered softly, "I love you. Your words are very dear to me. I love you."

"Then I shall win you."

"Win me," she replied.

But all the time I had been sitting silent, my face turned toward her. She also silent, her sweet face resting on her upturned palm, sat facing me, and as her eyes looked into mine, I knew that neither she nor I had spoken human speech; but I knew that her soul had answered mine, and I drew myself up feeling youth and joyous love coursing through every vein. She, with a bright colour in her lovely face, seemed as one awakened from a dream, and her eyes sought mine with a questioning glance which made me tremble with delight. We broke our fast, speaking of ourselves. I told her my name and she told me hers, the Demoiselle Jeanne d'Ys.

She spoke of her father and mother's death, and how the nineteen of her years had been passed in the little fortified farm alone with her nurse Pélagie, Glemarec René the piqueur, and the four falconers, Raoul, Gaston, Hastur, and the Sieur Piriou Louis, who had served her father. She had never been outside the moorland—never even had seen a human soul before, except the falconers and Pélagie. She did not know how she had heard of Kerselec; perhaps the falconers had spoken of it. She knew the legends of Loup Garou and

Jeanne la Flamme from her nurse Pélagie. She embroidered and spun flax. Her hawks and hounds were her only distraction. When she had met me there on the moor she had been so frightened that she almost dropped at the sound of my voice. She had, it was true, seen ships at sea from the cliffs, but as far as the eye could reach the moors over which she galloped were destitute of any sign of human life. There was a legend which old Pélagie told, how anybody once lost in the unexplored moorland might never return, because the moors were enchanted. She did not know whether it was true; she never had thought about it until she met me. She did not know whether the falconers had ever been outside or whether they could go if they would. The books in the house which Pélagie the nurse had taught her to read were hundreds of years old.

All this she told me with a sweet seriousness seldom seen in any one but children. My own name she found easy to pronounce, and insisted, because my first name was Philip, I must have French blood in me. She did not seem curious to learn anything about the outside world, and I thought perhaps she considered it had forfeited her interest and respect from the stories of her nurse.

We were still sitting at the table and she was throwing grapes to the small field birds which came fearlessly to our very feet.

I began to speak in a vague way of going, but she would not hear of it, and before I knew it I had promised to stay a week and hunt with hawk and hound in their company. I also obtained permission to come again from Kerselec and visit her after my return.

"Why," she said innocently, "I do not know what I should do if you never came back"; and I, knowing that I had no right to awaken her with the sudden shock which the avowal in words of my own love would bring to her, sat silent, hardly daring to breathe.

"You will come very often?" she asked.

"Very often," I said.

"Every day?"

"Every day."

"Oh," she sighed, "I am very happy—come and see my hawks."

She rose and took my hand again with a childlike innocence of possession, and we walked through the garden and fruit-trees to a grassy lawn which was bordered by a brook. Over the lawn were scattered fifteen or twenty stumps of trees—partially imbedded in the grass—and upon all of these except two sat falcons. They were attached to the stumps by thongs which were in turn fastened with steel rivets to their legs just above the talons. A little stream of pure spring water flowed in a winding course within easy distance of each perch.

The birds set up a clamour when the girl appeared, but she went from one to another, caressing some, taking others for an instant upon her wrist, or stooping to adjust their jesses.

"Are they not pretty?" she said. "See, here is a falcon-gentil. We call it 'ignoble,' because it takes the quarry in direct chase. This is a blue falcon. In falconry we call it 'noble' because it rises over the quarry, and wheeling, drops upon it from above. This white bird is a gerfalcon from the north. It is also 'noble'! Here is a merlin, and this tiercelet is a falcon-heroner."

I asked her how she had learned the old language of falconry. She did not remember, but thought her father must have taught it to her when she was very young.

Then she led me away and showed me the young falcons still in the nest. "They are termed *niais* in falconry," she explained. "A *branchier* is the young bird which is just able to leave the nest and hop from branch to branch. A young bird which has not yet moulted is called a *sors*, and a *mue* is a hawk which has moulted in captivity. When we catch a wild falcon which has changed its plumage we term it a *hagard*. Raoul first taught me to dress a falcon. Shall I teach you how it is done?"

She seated herself on the bank of the stream among the falcons and I threw myself at her feet to listen.

Then the Demoiselle d'Ys held up one rosy-tipped finger and began very gravely:

"First one must catch the falcon."

"I am caught," I answered.

She laughed very prettily and told me my *dressage* would, perhaps, be difficult as I was noble.

"I am already tamed," I replied; "jessed and belled."

She laughed, delighted. "Oh, my brave falcon; then you will return at my call?"

"I am yours," I answered gravely.

She sat silent for a moment. Then the colour heightened in her cheeks and she held up her finger again, saying, "Listen; I wish to speak of falconry——"

"I listen, Countess Jeanne d'Ys."

But again she fell into the reverie, and her eyes seemed fixed on something beyond the summer clouds.

"Philip," she said at last.

"Jeanne," I whispered.

"That is all—that is what I wished," she sighed—"Philip and Jeanne."

She held her hand toward me and I touched it with my lips.

"Win me," she said, but this time it was the body and soul which spoke in unison.

After a while she began again: "Let us speak of falconry."

"Begin," I replied; "we have caught the falcon."

Then Jeanne d'Ys took my hand in both of hers and told me how with infinite patience the young falcon was taught to perch upon the wrist, how little by little it became used to the belled jesses and the *chaperon à cornette*.

"They must first have a good appetite," she said; "then little by little I reduce their nourishment which in falconry we call *pât*. When after many nights passed *au bloc* as these birds are now, I prevail upon the *hagard* to stay quietly on the wrist, then the bird is ready to be taught to come for its food. I fix the *pât* to the end of a thong or *leurre*, and teach the bird to come to me as soon as I begin to whirl the cord in circles about my head. At first I drop the *pât* when the falcon comes, and he eats the food on the ground. After a little he will learn to seize the *leurre* in motion as I whirl it around my head, or drag it over the ground. After this it is easy to teach the falcon to strike at game, always remembering to '*faire courtoisie à l'oiseau*,' that is, to allow the bird to taste the quarry."

A squeal from one of the falcons interrupted her, and she arose to adjust the *longe* which had become whipped about the *bloc*, but the bird still flapped its wings and screamed.

"What *is* the matter?" she said; "Philip, can you see?"

I looked around and at first saw nothing to cause the commotion which was now heightened by the screams and flapping of all the birds. Then my eye fell upon the flat rock beside the stream from which the girl had risen. A gray serpent was moving slowly across the surface of the bowlder, and the eyes in its flat triangular head sparkled like jet.

"A couleuvre," she said quietly.

"It is harmless, is it not?" I asked.

She pointed to the black V-shaped figure on the neck.

"It is certain death," she said; "it is a viper."

We watched the reptile moving slowly over the smooth rock to where the sunlight fell in a broad warm patch.

I started forward to examine it, but she clung to my arm crying, "Don't, Philip, I am afraid."

"For me?"

"For you, Philip—I love you."

Then I took her in my arms and kissed her on the lips, but all I could say was: "Jeanne, Jeanne, Jeanne." And as she lay trembling on my breast, something struck my foot in the grass below, but I did not heed it. Then again something struck my ankle, and a sharp pain shot through me. I looked into the sweet face of Jeanne d'Ys and kissed her, and with all my strength lifted her in my arms and flung her from me. Then bending, I tore the viper from my ankle and set my heel upon its head. I remember feeling weak and numb—I remember falling to the ground. Through my slowly glazing eyes I saw Jeanne's white face bending close to mine, and when the light in my eyes went out I still felt her arms about my neck, and her soft cheek against my drawn lips.

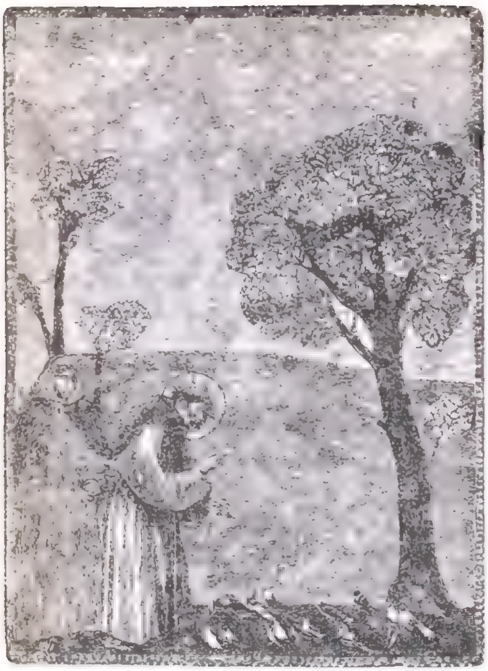
When I opened my eyes, I looked around in terror. Jeanne was gone. I saw the stream and the flat rock; I saw the crushed viper in the grass beside me, but the hawks and *blocs* had disappeared.

I sprang to my feet. The garden, the fruit-trees, the drawbridge and the walled court were gone. I stared stupidly at a heap of crumbling ruins, ivy-covered and gray, through which great trees had pushed their way. I crept forward, dragging my numbed foot, and as I moved, a falcon sailed from the tree-tops among the ruins, and soaring, mounting in narrowing circles, faded and vanished in the clouds above.

"Jeanne, Jeanne," I cried, but my voice died on my lips, and I fell on my knees among the weeds. And as God willed it, I, not knowing, had fallen kneeling before a crumbling shrine carved in stone for our Mother of Sorrows. I saw the sad face of the Virgin wrought in the cold stone. I saw the cross and thorns at her feet, and beneath it I read:

"PRAY FOR THE SOUL OF THE
DEMOISELLE JEANNE D'YS,
WHO DIED
IN HER YOUTH FOR LOVE OF
PHILIP, A STRANGER.
A. D. 1573."

But upon the icy slab lay a woman's glove still warm and fragrant.



After the Painting by Giotto

How Saint Francis Preached to the Birds

THAT humble servant of Jesus Christ, Saint Francis, shortly after his conversion, having already gathered together many companions and received them into the Order, fell into deep thought and into grave doubt as to what he should do—whether he should devote himself wholly to prayer, or whether, indeed, he should sometimes preach; and on this subject he greatly desired to know the will of God. And forasmuch as the Saintly Humility which was in him would not let him trust to himself or to his own prayers alone, he strove to seek out the Divine will through the prayers of others; hence he called Brother Maximus, and spake to him thus: "Go to Sister Clara and tell her from me that she, with certain of her most spiritual companions, shall pray devoutly to God that it may please Him to reveal to me whether it is better that I should devote myself to preaching, or merely to prayer. And then go to Brother Sylvester and say the same words." This was that same Master Sylvester who had seen a golden cross come forth from the mouth of Saint Francis, which was as high as the heavens and as broad as the confines of the globe. And such were the devotion and the sanctity of this same Brother Sylvester, that whatsoever he asked of God, ever that same he obtained, and his prayer was granted, and many times he spake with God; and yet Saint Francis also had great piety.

Brother Maximus went forth, and according to the command of Saint Francis he fulfilled his errand first to Saint Clara and then to Brother Sylvester; who, when he had received it, incontinently fell to praying, and praying he heard the Divine voice, and turning to Brother Maximus he said: "Thus saith the Lord, which you shall repeat to Brother Francis—that God did not call him unto this state for himself alone, but that he might reap a harvest of souls, and many through him shall be saved." Having this answer, Brother Maximus returned to Saint Clara to know that which she had obtained of God. And she made answer that she and her Companions had had from God the selfsame answer which Brother Sylvester had had.

With this Brother Maximus returned to Saint Francis; and Saint Francis received him with the utmost Affection, washing his feet and laying the cloth for him to dine. And after eating, Saint Francis called Brother Maximus into the thick wood; and there he knelt before him, and drawing down his Cowl over his face, he crossed his arms and asked him, saying, "What does my Lord and Master Jesus Christ command me to do?" Brother Maximus made answer: "Both to Brother Sylvester and to Sister Clara, with her Sisters, Christ has replied and made manifest that it is His will that you shall go forth into the world to preach; forasmuch as He did not call you for yourself alone, but even also for the salvation of others." And then Saint Francis, when that he had heard this answer and learned therefrom the will of Jesus Christ, rose up with the greatest fervour, saying, "Let us go forth in the name of God."

And he took for his Companions Brother Maximus and Brother Andrew, holy men both; and going forth filled with the things of the Spirit, without considering their road or their way, they came to a Castle, which is called Savurniano, and Saint Francis began to preach; and he first commanded the Swallows, which were singing, to keep silence so long as until he should have preached; and the Swallows obeyed him; and he preached in this place with such fervour that all the men and the women in that Castle, from devotion, would have followed after him and forsaken the Castle; but Saint Francis forbade them, saying, "Be not in haste, and depart not, and I will order all things which you are to do for the salvation of your soul." And then he created the Third Order, for the Universal Salvation of all men; and thus leaving many consoled and well disposed to penitence, he departed from thence and came to Cannajo and Bevagno.

And passing on his way with the selfsame fervour, he raised his eyes and saw certain trees by the roadside in which were an infinite multitude of birds; at which Saint Francis marveled greatly, and said to his Companions, "Await me here in the road, and I will go and preach to my Sisters the birds." And he entered the field and began to preach to the birds which were on the ground; and suddenly those which were in the trees came down to him, and as many as there were they all stood quietly until Saint Francis had done preaching; and even then they did not depart until such time as he had given them his blessing; and according to the later recital of Brother Maximus to Brother James of Massa, Saint Francis, moving among them, touched them with his cape, but not one moved.

The substance of Saint Francis' sermon was this: "My Sisters the birds, ye are greatly beholden unto God your Creator, and always and in every place it is your duty to praise Him, forasmuch as He hath given you freedom to fly in every place; also hath He given you raiment twofold and threefold almost, because He preserved your Seed in the ark of Noah, that your race might never be less. Again, ye are bounden to Him for the element of the air, which He has deputed unto you; moreover, you sow not, neither do you reap, and God feeds you, and gives you the streams and fountains for your thirst; He gives you mountains and valleys for your refuge; tall trees wherein to make your nests; and inasmuch as you neither spin nor weave, God clothes you, you and your children; hence ye should love your Creator greatly, Who gives you such great benefits, and therefore beware, my Sisters, of the sin of ingratitude, and ever strive to praise God."

Saint Francis, saying these words to them, all those birds, as many as there were, began to ope their beaks and stretch forth their necks and spread their wings and reverently to bow their heads even to the earth, and by their acts and their songs to set forth that the Holy Father gave them the utmost delight; and Saint Francis rejoiced with them, pleased and marveling much to see so vast a multitude of birds, and their most beautiful variety, their attention and familiarity; for the which things in them he devoutly praised the Creator.

Finally, his preaching ended, Saint Francis made them the sign of the Cross and gave them leave to depart; and then all those birds rose into the air with wondrous songs; and then, according to the Cross which Saint Francis had made them, they divided into four parts; and the one part flew towards the east, and the other towards the west, and the one part towards the south, and the other towards the north, and each band went away singing marvelous songs; signifying by this how that Saint Francis, the Ensign of the Cross of Christ, had come to preach to them, and had made the sign of the Cross over them, according to which they had scattered to the four quarters of the globe.

Thus the preaching of the Cross of Christ renewed by Saint Francis was by him and his Brethren borne throughout the whole world; which Brethren, even as the birds, possessed nothing of this world's goods, but committed their life to the sole and only providence of God.

The Torture by Hope

By VILLIERS DE L'ISLE ADAM

"Oh, for a voice, a voice to cry."
Edgar Allan Poe.

BELOW the vaults of the prison of Saragossa, at nightfall, the venerable Pedro Arbuez of Espila, Third Grand Inquisitor of Spain, with six Dominican monks of Segovia, followed by a Redeeming Brother and preceded by two followers of the Holy office who bore lanterns, went down to a distant cell. The lock in a massive door creaked. They penetrated into a gloomy dungeon. The dim light from above showed between the chains sealed to the walls, a wooden horse blackened with blood, a stove and a pitcher. On a pile of rubbish, held by shackles, with an iron collar around his neck, was seated a haggard man of a nondescript age, clad in rags.

This person was none other than the Rabbi Asher Abarabnel, an Aragonese Jew who, convicted of usury and of unbending disdain toward the poor, had for over a year submitted to torture each day. However, his perspicacity was as thick as his skin, and he had refused to abjure. Proud of connections which made him several times a millionaire; proud of his ancestors—for all Jews worthy of their name are jealous of their blood—he was descended, according to the Talmud, from Othoniel and consequently from Ipsiboe, wife of the last Judge of Israel; a circumstance which had sustained his courage during the hardest of the incessant tortures. So with tears in his eyes at the idea that this strong soul refused salvation, the venerable Pedro Arbuez of Espila approached the trembling Rabbi and pronounced the following words: "Brother, rejoice. Your troubles are about to end. If in the face of so much obstinacy I had to sanction against my will many hardships, my task of fraternal correction has its limits. You are the stubborn fig tree which, found so often without fruit, is in danger of drying up. But God alone has the right to judge your soul. Perhaps His infinite mercy will forgive you at the Judgment Day. We hope so, and there are such examples. So be it. Rest in peace to-night. To-morrow you will take part in the *auto da fé*. This means you will be exposed to the quemadera, the premonitory furnace of the eternal flame. It burns only from a distance you know, brother, and death takes at least two hours, sometimes three, because of the wet cold bandages in which we are careful to swathe the foreheads and the hearts of the sufferers. You will be only number forty-three, so you realize that, placed in the last row, you will have the necessary time to invoke God and to offer Him the baptism of fire which belongs to the Holy Ghost. Therefore hope in the Light, and sleep."

Finishing this discourse, Pedro Arbuez had the unfortunate man unchained and embraced him tenderly. Then it was the turn of the Brother Redemptor, who in a whisper begged the Jew to pardon him for the tortures he had made him undergo in order to redeem him. Next the two priests embraced him, and their kisses through their monks' cowls were silent. When this ceremony was over the captive was left alone and astonished in the shadows of his cell.

Rabbi Asher Abarabnel, his mouth parched, his face dulled with suffering, looked with no real attention at first at the closed door. Closed? This word within him wakened a dream in his confused mind, for he had seen for a minute the light cast by the lanterns outside gleam through the cracks at the sides of the door. A morbid idea of hope, due to the weakness of his brain, revolved in his head. He dragged himself toward the unheard-of thing which appeared, and very quietly sliding a finger, after great precautions, into the crack, he drew the door toward him. Oh, marvel! Through some extraordinary chance the jailer who had closed him in had turned the large key a little before the lock met the stone wall so that the rusted bolt had not entered into the slot. The door rolled back into the recess.

The Rabbi looked out. Through a sort of livid obscurity he distinguished first a semicircle of walls pierced by a spiral staircase; and opposite him five or six stone steps leading to a black portico that gave access to a vast corridor, the end of which he was unable to see from below. Continuing, he crept to the threshold. Yes, indeed, it was a corridor, but of unmeasured length.

A dim light was shining. Lamps hanging from the vaults lighted the dull colour at intervals. The distant part was stone and shadow. Not a door on either side of this vast room. On the left some air holes with crossed grills set deep in the walls let enter a dim light which must have been night light because of the red rays falling on the ground from space to space. How terrifying! However, down there in the midst of this obscurity, there might be some issue to liberty. The vacillating hope of the Rabbi was tenacious, for it was his last; so, without hesitating, he continued along, passing by the air vents and trying to blend into the shadows of the long hall. He advanced slowly, dragging along on the ground, and suppressing a cry when some one of his many wounds was reopened and hurt. Suddenly, the noise of an approaching footstep reached him in the echo of this stone abyss. Trembling shook him. Anxiety stifled him. His sight grew dim. Oh, it was the end, without a doubt. He sank back, crouching, into an embrasure, and, half dead, waited. It was a jailer who was passing rapidly along with a muscle tearer in his hand, his cowl lowered—a terrible sight, but he disappeared. The attack which the Rabbi felt had practically suspended the functions of life, and he remained for almost an hour unable to move. Fearing a resumption of torture if he should be retaken, he thought of returning to his cell. But the old hope whispered in his soul, the divine "perhaps" which comforts so many sufferers. A miracle had happened. He should not have doubted it. So he began to crawl toward a possible escape. Tired from pain and hunger, trembling with anguish, he advanced, and this sepulchral corridor seemed to get mysteriously longer and longer. Keeping on, he looked continually into the shadows beyond which there must be some saving egress.

Oh, oh, now steps resounded again, but slower and heavier this time. Black and white figures, with long heads, cowls rolled back. Two inquisitors appeared, emerging from the darkness in the distance. They were speaking in low voices and were arguing some important point whilst their hands were gesticulating. At this sight, Rabbi Asher Abarabne closed his eyes. His heart beat until it almost burst; his rags were soaked with the cold sweat of fear. He remained motionless, stretched out along the wall under the rays of a lamp, motionless, imploring the God of David. When they were opposite him, the two inquisitors stopped beneath the light of the lamp, probably accidently because of their argument. One of them, listening to his questioner, happened to look at the Rabbi. Under this look, the distraction of which he did not understand at first, the unfortunate man thought he could feel the hot pincers burning his poor flesh again. So he was going to become once again an object of pity, one large wound. Stifling from terror, his eyes fluttering, he shuddered at the touch of the monk's robe. But strangely, though perhaps naturally, the eyes of the inquisitor were probably those of a man so busied with his argument, so absorbed by what he was hearing, that they were set, and seemed to look at the Jew without seeing him. Indeed, some minutes later the two sinister figures, speaking in low voices, slowly continued on their way toward the dungeon whence the captive had emerged. He had not been seen! It was so wonderful that within the horrible tension of his sensations, the idea crossed his brain, "Could I be already dead, that they did not see me?" A hideous impression drew him from his lethargy. Looking at the wall opposite him he thought he saw opposite his own eyes two ferocious eyes which were looking at him. He threw his head back in a harrowed and hopeless horror, his hair on end; but no, no, his hand had just understood, touching the stone. It was the reflection of the eyes of the inquisitor which he still had in his own eyes and which his imagination had projected on two spots on the wall. Forward. He had to hurry toward the end which he thought, unreasonably, no doubt, would be his salvation, toward those shadows which were only about thirty steps away now. So, on his hands and knees and on his belly, he continued this painful path more quickly.

Soon he came to the dark portion of the terrible corridor. Suddenly the unfortunate man felt some cold on his hands as he slid them along the floor. This came from a violent gust of air blown under a little door at the end of the two walls. Oh, if this door should open outdoors. The whole being of this lamentable escaping man hoped. He looked at the door from top to bottom, being unable to distinguish because of the darkness surrounding him. He felt it over. No lock, no key, but a latch. He rose: the latch gave way at his touch. The silent door rolled open before him. "Hallelujah," murmured the Rabbi with a great sigh, now free on the threshold, at the sight of what appeared before him. The door opened out on some gardens beneath a starry night, on spring, on liberty, on life. It opened on the fields that stretched toward the Sierras whose blue lines were profiled on the horizon. Through them salvation. Oh, flight! He would run all night in the lemon groves, the perfume of which reached him on the wind. Once in the mountains he would be saved. He inhaled the wonderful air. The wind revived him. His lungs dilated, he heard in his exultant heart the "veni foras" of Lazarus. To bless once more this God who was giving him salvation, he stretched out his arms, raising his eyes to the heavens in ecstasy. Then he seemed to see the shadows of his arms on himself. He thought he felt these shadowy arms surround him and embrace him, that he was tenderly pressed against a breast. Indeed, a large figure was before him. Confidently he cast his glance on this face and remained breathless, maddened, his eyes dimmed, trembling, his cheeks puffed, gibbering with horror.

Horror! He was in the arms of the Grand Inquisitor himself! In the arms of the venerable Pedro Arbuez of Espila, who was looking at him with eyes full of tears, like a good shepherd finding his wandering flock. The sombre priest pressed the reeling Rabbi to his heart with an outburst so fervent that the unhappy Jew felt the sackcloth of the Dominican cutting into his breast. And whilst Rabbi Asher Abarabnel, his eyes turned back under the eyelids, was groaning with anguish in the arms of the ascetic Pedro Arbuez, he understood confusedly that all the phases of this fatal evening had only been a pre-arranged torture—that of hope. The Grand Inquisitor with an accent of poignant reproach and a look of consternation, murmured in his ear with an ardent and an ascetic-breath, "How, my child, you wanted to leave us the day before you might find your salvation?"

Books Everyone Would Like to Read

By DAVID E. SNODGRASS

[*For years Mr. Snodgrass has used a list similar to this as a sort of test of his friends' wideness of reading. After hundreds of experiments, he found, I believe, only one man who maintained he had read all of them; but a great many confessed with shame that they were unfamiliar with a single volume on the list.*

After perusing dozens of selections of "The Hundred Best Books," "Books You Would Take to a Desert Island," and such cataloguings, it is safe to say that this contains a larger proportion of books one would like to read than any one hitherto presented. H. W. L.]

1. Aesop—Fables.
2. Tasso—Orlando Furioso.
3. Demaistre—Triumph of the Jacobins.
4. Browning—The Lost Tales of Miletus.
5. Elbert Hubbard—Degeneration: an Autobiography.
6. Shakespeare—Absalom and Acitophel.
7. Wilde—Darkness and Dawn.
8. J. F. Cooper—The Voyage of the Beagle.
9. Bernhardi—Italia Irredenta.
10. Petty—The Luddite Movement.
11. Ibsen—Oedipus Complex.
12. Fichte—Bergson, the Neoplatonist.
13. Boswell—Travels with a Donkey.
14. George Sand—Moll Flanders.
15. W. S. Gilbert—The Way of All Pragmatists.
16. Alfred Noyes—Sara Crewe; or What Happened at Miss Minchin's.
17. De Maupassant—Genealogy of Morals.
18. Strindberg—He Fell in Love with his Wife.
19. Casanova—Ten Thousand a Year.
20. Maeterlinck—How to Tell the Wild Flowers.
21. Tennyson—Northanger Abbey.
22. Chesterton—God's Good Man.
23. Dumas—The Castle of Otranto.
24. Samuel Johnson—The Mudfog Papers.
25. Ruskin—Venice Preserved.
26. Henry James—The Romantic Story of Me.
27. Fielding—Clarissa's Progress.
28. Theodore Dreiser—A Passionate Pilgrim.
29. Nietzsche—Whispers About Women.
30. Harold Bell Wright—The Beautiful Soul.

A Barmecide Feast

THE SECOND COURSE

GARGANTUAN

Then he sat down at table; and because he was naturally phlegmatic he began his meal with some dozens of hams, dried neats' tongues, mullet's roe, chitterlings, and such other forerunners of wine. In the meantime four of his folks did cast into his mouth, one after another continually, mustard by whole shovelfuls. Immediately after that he drank a horrific draught of white wine. As for his drinking, he had neither end nor rule. For he was wont to say, that the limits and bounds of drinking were when the cork of the shoes of him that drinketh swelleth up half a foot high. RABELAIS.

THE ARTISTIC APPROACH

He took the old, dusty bottle, with cobwebs clinging about it, from the waiter's hands, drew the cork very carefully, and then poured the amber wine, as clear as topaz, into the delicate Venetian glasses held out for it by the duke and his companion, with a hand as steady as if it had been of bronze. In taking upon himself this office, Maître Bilot affected an almost religious solemnity, as though he were a priest of Bacchus, officiating at his altar, and about to celebrate the mysterious rites of the ancient worshippers of that merry god. GAUTIER.

THE REV. MR. M'DOW'S SLIGHT REFRESHMENT

"This is just about the time I ordered a slight refreshment to be ready," pulling out his watch: "you'll do me the honour to partake of it I hope?" . . .

A grace was hurried over; and the company seated themselves at table, which was literally covered with dishes, all closely huddled together. In the middle was a tureen of leek soup, alias cocky leeky, with prunes; at one end, a large dish of innumerable small, clammy, fresh-water trouts; at the other, two enormous fat ducks, stuffed to the throat with onions, and decorated with onion rings round their legs and pinions. At the corners were minced collops and tripe, confronted with a dish of large pease drowned in butter; next, a mess of mashed potatoes scored and rescored with the marks of the kitchen knife. . . . Saucers filled with ill-coloured pickles filled up the interstices. SUSAN FERRIER.

NO WONDER THE CHINESE DISCOVERER BECAME A HOUSE-BURNER!

There is no flavour comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted, *crackling*, as it is well called—the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance—with the adhesive oleaginous—O call it not fat! but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it—the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud—taken in the shoot—in the first innocence—the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food—the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna—or, rather, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other that both together make but one ambrosian result or common substance.

His sauce should be considered. Decidedly, a few bread crumbs, done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shalots, stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic; you cannot make them stronger than they are—but consider, he is a weakling—a flower. CHARLES LAMB.

A RECIPE FOR SALAD

To make this condiment your poet begs
The pounded yellow of two hard-boiled eggs;
Two boiled potatoes, passed through kitchen sieve,
Softness and smoothness to the salad give;
Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
And half suspected, animate the whole;
Of mordant mustard add a single spoon,
Distrust the condiment that bites so soon;
But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault
To add a double quantity of salt;
Four times the spoon with oil from Lucca crown,
And twice with vinegar procured from town;
And lastly o'er the flavoured compound toss
A magic *soupçon* of anchovy sauce.
O green and glorious! O herbaceous treat!
'Twould tempt the dying anchorite to eat;
Back to the world he'd turn his fleeting soul,
And plunge his fingers in the salad-bowl;
Serenely full, the epicure would say,
"Fate cannot harm me,—I have dined to-day."

N. B. As this salad is the result of great experience and reflection, it is hoped young salad-makers will not attempt to make any improvements on it. SYDNEY SMITH.

THE WASSAIL BOWL

When the cloth was removed, the butler brought in a huge silver vessel, of rare and curious workmanship, which he placed before the squire. Its appearance was hailed with acclamation, being the Wassail Bowl so renowned in Christmas festivity. The contents had been prepared by the squire himself; for it was a beverage, in the skillful mixture of which he particularly prided himself. . . . It was a potation, indeed, that might well make the heart of a toper leap within him; being composed of the richest and raciest wines, highly spiced and sweetened, with roasted apples bobbing about the surface.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE GOURMET'S GUIDE TO EUROPE

Kastanato, roasted chestnuts stewed in honey, and quinces treated in the same manner; vermicelli stewed in honey; and preserves of rose leaves, orange flowers, and jessamine—all are to be found in the Turkish cuisine. . . . .

Fried or poached eggs, *à salso di pomodoro*, (with tomato sauce) are distinctly tasty. Then there is every variety of stuffed egg (*nove ripiene*), those with a basis of anchovy and parsley being the most savoury. *Nove in canape*, eggs in a deep encasement of fried bread, are satisfying enough to form a *pièce de résistance;* while eggs powdered with white truffles are a veritable delicacy. NEWNHAM DAVIS.

EVEN AT THE COURT OF KUBLA KHAN THEY DID IT

And when the Emperor is going to drink, all the musical instruments, of which he has vast store of every kind, begin to play. *The Adventures of Marco Polo.*

LENTEN THAUMATURGY

"Oh, of course not; meat on a Friday in Lent!" And going to the larder, he drew out a fine capon. . . . "You see I am taking this carp."

"Carp!" cried Gorenflot.

"Yes, a carp," said Chicot, showing him the tempting bird. . . . "M. Boutromet, what is the name of this animal?"

The innkeeper looked astonished. "A capon," said he.

"A capon!" cried Chicot, with an air of consternation. . . . "Well it seems I was wrong, but as I wish to eat this capon, and yet not sin, be so kind, brother, as to throw a few drops of water on it and christen it a carp. . . ."

"So be it," cried Gorenflot, "but there is no water."

"Oh, the intention is all; baptize it with wine, my brother; the animal will be less Catholic, but quite as good. . . ."

"In the name of Bacchus, Momus, and Comus, trinity of the great saint Pantagruel, I baptize thee, Carp," said Gorenflot. DUMAS.

THE CRATCHITS' CHRISTMAS PUDDING

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastry-cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed, but smiling proudly—with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half-a-quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. CHARLES DICKENS.

THE OLD VIKING SPEAKS

The flighty and skittish wife of Ingild longs to observe the fashions of the Teutons; she prepares the orgy and makes ready the artificial dainties.

For she tickles the palate with a new-fangled feast, she pursues the zest of an unknown flavour, raging to load all the tables with dishes yet more richly than before.

She gives her lord wine to drink in bowls, pondering all things with zealous preparation; she bids the cooked meats be roasted, and intends them for a second fire.

Wantonly she feeds her husband like a hog——

With craving stomach she desires turnip strained in a smooth pan, cakes with thin juice, and shell fish in rows. . . .

The food of valiant men is raw; no need, methinks, of sumptuous tables for those whose stubborn souls are bent on warfare. . . .

No one who honoured past ages put the smooth wine-jars beside the tankards, and of old no bedizened lackey heaped the platter with dainties. SAXO GRAMMATICUS.

THE ERUDITE GASTRONOMER

He would not have failed to hold forth to you about a fancy bread with golden edges, crusty all round, daintily crackling under your teeth; about a wine, strong-bodied and deep-coloured, with a tartness which does not predominate; about a loin of mutton garnished with parsley; about a loin of Norman veal, as long as this, white, delicate and which tastes, under the teeth, like real almond paste; about partridges of a surprising flavour; and, for his master-piece, about a jelly-broth followed by a young fat turkey with young pigeons at the four corners, and crowned with bleached onions and chicory. MOLIÈRE.

ONE OF ST. ANTHONY'S TEMPTATIONS

The byssus cloth, striated like the bandelets of the sphinx, produces of itself luminous undulations. Upon it are enormous quarters of red meats; huge fish; birds cooked in their plumage, and quadrupeds in their skins; fruits with colours and skins almost human in appearance; while fragments of cooling ice and flagons of violet crystal reflect each others' glittering. Anthony notices in the middle of the table a bear smoking at every pore—with legs doubled up under its belly, and eyes half closed—and the idea of being able to eat so formidable an animal greatly delights him. Then many things appear which he never saw before—black hashes, jellies, the colour of gold, ragoûts in which mushrooms float like nenuphars upon ponds, dishes of whipt cream light as clouds.

As he gazes with widely-opened eyes at all these viands, others appear; they accumulate, forming a pyramid crumbling at all its angles. The wines begin to flow over—the fish palpitate—the blood seethes in the dishes—the pulp of the fruit protrudes like amorous lips. . . . GUSTAVE FLAUBERT.

THE SCORNERS OF THE BODY

It was a common saying among the Puritans, "Brown bread and the Gospel is good fare." MATTHEW HENRY.

LADY BERTHA'S HONEY BROTH

Now you must know that in old times an invitation to eat a "Honey Broth" was not a thing to be despised: for it was the same as inviting you to a very nice dinner. At that period people used to say, Come to-morrow and take your honey broth with me, as people now say, Come to-morrow and take potluck with us; in both cases a good dinner being understood. DUMAS.

A GREEK MOMENT OF THE PURITAN POET

As with new wine intoxicated both,
They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel
Divinity within them breeding wings
Wherewith to scorn the earth. JOHN MILTON.

KICKSHAWS

The desert was brought up at last, which in truth was as extraordinary as anything that had come before it. The whole, when ranged in its proper order, looked like a very beautiful winter piece. There were several pyramids of candied sweetmeats, that hung like icicles, with fruit scattered up and down and hid in an artificial kind of frost. At the same time there were great quantities of cream beaten up into a snow, and near them little plates of sugar-plums, disposed like so many heaps of hailstones, with a multitude of congelations in jellies of various colours. ADDISON.

AN HISTORICAL ELEGY

You, the first parents of the human race, who ruined yourselves for an apple, what would you have done for a turkey done with truffles? But in Eden there were neither cooks nor confectioners.—How I pity you!

Ye mighty kings who brought haughty Troy to ruins, your prowess will be handed down from age to age, but your table was scanty. With nothing but a joint of beef or a chine of pork, you knew not the charms of a *matelote*, or the delights of a chicken *fricassée*.—How I pity you!

You, Aspasia, Chloe, and others whose forms the Grecian chisel has immortalized to the despair of modern belles, never did your charming mouths inhale the sweetness of a scented *méringue;* your ideas scarcely rose above gingerbread.—How I pity you!

You, gentle priestesses of Vesta, burdened at once with so many honours and with the dread of such dreadful punishments, if only you had tasted those delightful sirups, preserved fruits, and ice creams of various flavour, the marvels of our age!—How I pity you!

You, invincible Paladins, renowned by the minstrels, never—after vanquishing giants, delivering fair ladies, or exterminating armies—never did a black-eyed captive offer you the foaming champagne or a goblet of Madeira: you had to content yourselves with ale and some poor, herb-flavoured wine.—How I pity you!

You, abbots and bishops, who dispensed the favours of heaven, and you, the dreaded Templars, who armed yourselves for the extermination of the Saracens, you knew nothing of the sweet, restoring influence of our modern chocolate, nor of the thought-inspiring bean of Arabia.—How I pity you!

You, too, gastronomes of the present day, who dream of some new dish to flatter your palled appetite, even you I pity, because you cannot enjoy the discoveries which science has in store for the year 1900, such as contributions drawn from the mineral kingdom, and liqueurs produced by the pressure of a hundred atmospheres; nor will you ever see the

importations to be brought by voyagers yet unborn from distant lands still unknown or unexplored! Brillat-Savarin.

THE ART OF EATING CRABS

He is the only man in Sweden who knows how to eat a crab, and whenever he sees anybody else engaged in the same pursuit, he tells him that he has no idea how to do it. He makes an incision all around the head, and a hole against which he presses his lips and begins to suck.

"This," he says, "is the best part of the whole animal."

He severs the thorax from the lower part, puts his teeth to the body and drinks deep draughts; he sucks the little legs as if they were asparagus, eats a pinch of dill, and takes a drink of beer and a mouthful of rye-bread. When he has carefully taken the shell off the claws and sucked even the tiniest tubes, he eats the flesh; last of all he attacks the lower part of the body. When he has eaten three crabs, he drinks half a glass of liqueur and reads the promotions in the *Post.* August Strindberg.

THE BACHELOR HOUSEKEEPER OF WALDEN

Bread I first made of pure Indian meal and salt, genuine hoe-cakes, which I baked before my fire out of doors on a shingle or the end of a stick of timber sawed off in building my house; but it was wont to get smoked and to have a piny flavour. . . . In cold weather it was no little amusement to bake several small loaves of this in succession, tending and turning them as carefully as an Egyptian his hatching eggs. They were a real cereal fruit which I ripened, and they had to my senses a fragrance like that of other noble fruits, which I kept in as long as possible by wrapping them in cloths. I made a study of the ancient and indispensable art of bread-making, consulting such authorities as offered, going back to the primitive days and first inventions of the unleavened kind, when from the wildness of nuts and meats men first reached the mildness and refinement of this diet; and traveling gradually down in my studies through that actual souring of the dough which, it is supposed, taught the leavening process, and through the various fermentations thereafter, till I came to "good, sweet, wholesome bread," the staff of life. Thoreau.

YOUTH IS SERVED

Then, when Carol and Uncle Jack perceived that more turkey was a physical impossibility, the meats were taken off and the dessert was brought in—a dessert that would have frightened a strong man after such a dinner as had preceded it. Not so the Ruggleses—they kindled to the dessert as if the turkey had been a dream and the six vegetables an optical delusion. There were plum pudding, mince pie and ice cream; and there were nuts and raisins and oranges. Kitty chose ice cream, explaining that she knew it "by sight, though she hadn't never tasted none"; but all the rest took the entire variety, without any regard to consequences. Kate Douglas Wiggin.

THE FRUITERER'S WINDOW

Just off State Street there is a fruiterer and importer who ought to be arrested for cruelty. His window is the most fascinating and the most heartless in Chicago. A line of open-mouthed, wide-eyed gazers is always to be found before it. Despair, wonder, envy, and rebellion smoulder in the eyes of these gazers. . . . It is a work of art, that window; a breeder of anarchism, a destroyer of contentment, a second feast of Tantalus. It boasts peaches, dewy and golden, when peaches have no right to be; plethoric, purple bunches of English hothouse grapes are there to taunt the ten-dollar-a-week clerk whose sick wife should be in the hospital; strawberries glow therein when shortcake is a last summer's memory, and forced cucumbers remind us that we are taking ours in the form of dill pickles. There is, perhaps, a choice head of cauliflower, so exquisite in its ivory and green perfection as to be fit for a bride's bouquet; there are apples so flawless that if the garden of Eden grew any so perfect it is small wonder that Eve fell for them. There are fresh mushrooms and jumbo cocoanuts, and green almonds; costly things in beds of cotton nestle next to strange and marvelous things in tissue wrappings. Oh, that window is no place for the hungry, the dissatisfied, or the man out of a job. When the air is filled with snow, there is that in the sight of a muskmelon which incites crime. **Edna Ferber.**

AN IMPOSING DINNER THAT THE CAPTAIN FOUND "NOT JOLLY"

The city gave them (the Emperor Napoleon and Maria Louisa) a reception and a splendid banquet at the Hôtel de Ville. I was put on duty in command of a squad of twenty men inside the building, in front of the beautiful horseshoe-shaped table, and my twenty grenadiers, with arms grounded, in sight of this banquet of cold meats, served in dishes of solid gold . . .

Then the master of ceremonies announced, "The Emperor!" and he entered, followed by his wife and five other crowned heads. The table was cleared; every dish was taken up and carried off. The carvers did their work in a side room. Behind each king and queen there were three footmen about a step from one another. There were others who held communication with the carvers, and passed the plates, without turning more than half-way round to get them. When a plate came within reach of a sovereign, the head footman presented it to him, and if the sovereign shook his head, the plate disappeared; another plate was brought immediately. If the head did not move, the footman placed the plate in front of his master. How well those meats were carved!

Every one took his piece of bread, broke it, and bit it in the same manner, making no use whatever of his knife, and, after each mouthful, wiped his mouth with a napkin; the napkin then disappeared, and the footman slipped in another. Consequently, in this way, there was a pile of napkins behind each chair which had only been used once.

Not a word was spoken. Each person had a flagon of wine and water, and no one poured out wine for his neighbour. They ate their bread, and poured out something to drink to suit themselves. They either accepted or refused by a shake of the head. No one was permitted to speak except when addressed by the sovereign master. That may be imposing, but it is not at all jolly.

Narrative of Captain Coignet (TRANSLATED BY MRS. M. CAREY).

A MODERN EPICURE'S REPAST

Dinner began in silence: the women facing one another, and the men.

In silence the soup was finished—excellent, if a little thick; and fish was brought. In silence it was handed.

Bosinney ventured: "It's the first spring day."

Irene echoed softly: "Yes—the first spring day."

"Spring," said June: "There isn't a breath of air!" No one replied.

The fish was taken away, a fine fresh sole from Dover. And Bilson brought champagne, a bottle swathed around the neck with white.

Soames said: "You'll find it dry."

Cutlets were handed, each pink-frilled about the legs. They were refused by June, and silence fell.

". . . Salad, sir?" Spring chicken was removed.

But Soames was speaking: "The asparagus is very poor. Bosinney, glass of sherry with your sweet?" . . .

An apple charlotte came upon a silver dish. And smilingly Irene said: "The azaleas are so wonderful this year!"

To this Bosinney murmured: "Wonderful! The smell's extraordinary."

June said: "How *can* you like the scent? Sugar, please, Bilson."

Sugar was handed her, and Soames remarked: "This charlotte's good."

Olives from France, with Russian caviare, were placed on little plates. . . . A silver tray was brought with German plums. There was a lengthy pause. . . .

Egyptian cigarettes were handed in a silver box. Soames, taking one, remarked: "What time's your play begin?"

No one replied. and Turkish coffee followed in enameled cups.

John Galsworthy.

Bric-a-Brac and Destinies

By GABRIELE REUTER

Translated by Grace Isabel Colbron

THE temptation to wait over a train and visit my old friend in his new home was very strong. I decided to do it.

I found his name on the door of a pretty little villa in an attractive street.

"Would you wait a little? The doctor is expected home at any moment," the servant told me, as she ushered me into the drawing-room.

"Will you give my card to Mrs. Hartens?" I said. I was rather curious to see the woman he had chosen, this dear, queer old chap, this enthusiast for Hellenic ideals and the cult of free natural beauty.

When the servant had left me alone I looked curiously around the room. I saw curtains of expensive plush, carved mahogany furniture, a clean-washed palm, heavy bronze lamps—the usual sort of things that are given for wedding presents among well-to-do people. There was nothing that could be called ugly—and yet—and this was where he lived now? This was the result of all his dreams?

But why didn't she come?

Probably the young wife could not make up her mind whether she ought to receive her husband's old friend in his absence.

I yawned a little. Time was flying, and I did not know when I might ever pass through this town again. I looked absent-mindedly over the table beside which I sat. On it there stood a majolica plate holding visiting cards, surrounded by large, handsomely bound books. To the right of the plate there stood a vase with fresh flowers. To the left, slightly to one side, there was a little mother-of-pearl bowl, in which lay an amulet with an engraved stone and a tiny smelling bottle of Venetian glass, the sort of thing that looks expensive and probably costs but a few soldi.

I heard a noise in the room adjoining, listened impatiently, and then took the amulet in my hand and examined the stone. It bore a finely worked head of Apollo.

A carriage stopped before the house. A carriage? Then Philip must have a good practice. Strange— I could imagine that he would be more apt to explain to his patients that all medical theory was a swindle anyhow——

A shout of rejoicing came from the corridor: "Oh, but that's great! But, dearest, why didn't you——"

"I did not think it was right—without you."

"Little goosie! Dearest little goosie!"

Then followed a storm of kisses, interrupted by a reproach: "Oh, Philip, she can hear everything."

"Of course she can! Let her!" he cried happily, tore the door open, and pushed a pretty little blonde, doll-like creature before him into the room.

"There—there you are! You must love each other, you two!"

His delicate, scholarly face shone in purest joy. The young wife held out her hand to me and told me that she was very happy to make my acquaintance, Philip had told her so much about me.

And yet she kept me waiting for half an hour!

When she left us to order another plate for the dinner-table, Philip's eyes followed her, shining with love. And then he explained to me that his choice had been dictated mainly by common sense, because he believed it necessary for his restless experimenting nature to have some one at his side whose character was calm and decided. And his little wife was very firm and decided.

Four years had passed before I again found an opportunity to hear anything from the young couple.

Philip never wrote letters, on principle. I therefore should hardly have felt that I had the right to call him my friend. And yet I made a détour that I might visit him and his wife.

The silence in the house was noticeable. And the undisturbed order everywhere was almost distressing. It was as if the furniture were never used. A door opened cautiously and was shut again equally carefully. A carefully deadened step approached the room, and Philip entered, alone.

"This *is* nice! It's awfully good of you," he said cordially, giving me both his hands.

But after the first greeting I noticed an embarrassment in his manner, a something which had never been part of his character before. With a certain formal politeness, he explained to me that his wife was ill, but that he would go and see if she would not feel equal to a word with me.

After some time he returned, alone, as before. "Theresa asks that you will do us the pleasure of dining with us to-morrow."

Then he suggested that he and I should spend the evening in a concert garden.

Several hours passed happily under the green trees, cheered with the sound of pleasantly distant music, and enlivened by one of our old-time conversations. Philip became quite himself again. He had the nature of a poet, who can form anew for himself the ancient dreams of all mankind. And he was something of a reformer also. As he described to me what his ideal of life would be, an existence without family ties, without exacting sentimentality and excitement, a life of pure calm beauty, I could not avoid the question: "But what in the world can you do with all this part of your nature in your present existence?" A second later I was sorry for what I had said: his smile was like an expression of pain.

Toward noon the following day Philip called on me at the hotel.

His eyes were dull, his spiritual, mobile features were dead and set in heavy lines.

"I must ask your pardon," he murmured. "Theresa does not feel well enough yet to see anybody. I thought as much yesterday."

I inquired sympathetically as to the trouble.

"She could pull herself together perfectly well. But she won't. She won't do it, just because it would please me," he murmured in suppressed anger, throwing back his head impatiently, with a moan as of pain. "And I—I need joy and merriment—and brightness— And—you saw what it was yesterday. That's the way it always is now—always."

"But you are a physician," I exclaimed. "Can you not give orders? This shutting herself up is all wrong for a young woman like that."

He burst out into a loud, bitter laugh. "A physician?— Why, she thinks I'm ill and she is well— And that isn't all— She never can forgive me for our child's death—" He stared out ahead of him as if he were looking into a world of misery.

"But how dare she?" I whispered. "A thing like that—is fate."

He shrugged his shoulders. "I am a physician—I should have helped."

And then he told me the story in a dull and weary tone. An epidemic of scarlet fever had broken out in the city. His wife had demanded that he should refuse to treat severe cases, in consideration for herself and the child. He would not comply with her wish and brought the infection into the house. "From her point of view, Theresa is quite right in hating me," he said thoughtfully. "But she acts and talks as if it were only her child—it was *my* son also."

We set out for a restaurant that he had recommended. He was quiet and absent-minded. Suddenly he looked at his watch and said: "You're an independent woman. You don't mind going there alone, do you? I have a patient to visit and will meet you there later. Will this suit you?"

I assented, understanding that he had already repented of his confession and wished to be alone. I waited the rest of the afternoon, but without the hope of seeing him again. He did not come, and I left the town that evening.

It was in quite another city, in another corner of Germany, where I was visiting relatives, when one day some one asked me: "Aren't you a friend of Dr. Philip Hartens? According to the directory he lives here now, quite near us. Would you want to look him up?"

"Of course I would."

An hour later I might have believed that the six years which had passed between that day and my first visit to the young couple had been a dream only. For I sat beside the very same table at which I had waited before. The friendly spring sunshine shone on the gold lettering of the large books that surrounded the majolica plate, mirrored itself in the vase with fresh flowers, and awoke a delicate play of colour from the little mother-of-pearl bowl. There were also the amulet with the head of Apollo and the little glass bottle. The sight of these old friends caused me to smile, just as Theresa entered. The delicate outlines of her figure had not changed, she had become frozen into them, as it were. There was something of the old maid about her, and the stubborness, which had been a piquant touch in her soft young face, was now hardened into the chief quality of its expression. She took my hand.

"I'm very sorry to hear that Philip is away."

"My husband has left me," was her short, sharp answer.

I looked at her, dazed. "Why——?"

"Yes. I suppose you did not imagine that he would forget himself to that extent?" She smoothed her little black silk apron and looked at me with an expression that was almost scorn.

"No—I certainly should not have believed that," I answered candidly. "How could it have happened?"

Naturally, I did not expect an explanation. But Theresa began of herself to tell me the story of her unhappy marriage; began to tell it with a self-possession which showed that she felt assured of a tribute of sympathy from every one. She told me of her fruitless attempts to make of her husband a sensible, useful, practical husband and citizen. For a time everything seemed to go right—until the child died. But from then on his guilty conscience had drawn him more and more away from her and from her influence. He neglected his practise more and more, he spoke quite openly in terms of scorn about his profession, he fell into bad company, began to go about with people who let their hair grow and didn't wear shoes—and with them he appeared to have entirely lost all sense of what was decent and sensible.

I listened in silence, shocked in my inmost heart to see how her hatred seemed to have robbed this woman of all sense of shame.

"But Philip is a noble and true character," I said finally. "He goes his own way perhaps— But believe, me, he will come to himself again in solitude."

"In solitude?" she queried, with a scornful dropping of the corners of her mouth. "Philip is utterly ruined, I tell you. Because I refused to become a pupil to his immoral theories of life, he sought and found a more credulous companion. He is with her now, in Greece, I believe, or God knows where——"

The faded eyes in the embittered little face gazed angrily into the distance, as if her spirit followed her husband and the other woman.

Then her glance fell slowly back to the table, and she noticed that during her narrative I had mechanically taken the amulet from the little pearl bowl and had let it fall upon one of the books.

Crushing her moistened handkerchief in her left hand, with the right she took up the amulet, laid it back in its place beside the little glass bottle, and pushed the little bowl until it stood just as it had before, to the left side of the majolica plate.

Then I understood my poor friend, and my heart forgave him.

The Lover

By O. CERNA SANDOVAL

Translated by Muna Lee

YOU make me desperate! What forces shall I bring
To bear that you at last may come to see
How your soul will have everything in me:
Torment and joy, life, love, and suffering!

How would you be loved? Name your desire!
With a sweetness as of Christian light on all,
Or with the delectable bitterness of gall,
Or with a vanished pagan grace and fire?

Of all love's stairs, the ascent I divine.
And for your love, if yours shall equal mine,
My every energy to the one aim bending,
How easily shall I do your behest:
Baring my talons, or my wings extending,
To love you as a dove or a wild beast!

The Rendezvous

By IVAN TURGENEV

Ив. Тургенев

I WAS sitting in a birch grove in autumn, near the middle of September. It had been drizzling ever since morning; occasionally the sun shone warmly—the weather was changeable. Now the sky was overcast with watery white clouds, now it suddenly cleared up for an instant, and then the bright, soft azure, like a beautiful eye, appeared from beyond the dispersed clouds. I was sitting looking about me and listening. The leaves were slightly rustling over my head; and by their very rustle one could tell what season of the year it was. It was not the gay, laughing palpitation of spring; not a soft whispering, nor the lingering chatter of summer, nor the timid and cold lisping of late autumn, but a barely audible, drowsy prattle. A faint breeze was whisking over the tree-tops. The interior of the grove, moist from the rain, was forever changing, as the sun shone or hid beyond the clouds; now the grove was all illuminated as if everything in it had burst into a smile; the trunks of the birch trees suddenly assumed the soft reflection of white silk; the small leaves which lay scattered on the ground all at once became variegated and flashed up like red gold; and the pretty stalks of the tall, branchy ferns, already tinted in their autumn hue, resembling the colour of overripe grapes, appeared here and there tangling and crossing one another. Now again everything suddenly turned blue; the bright colours died out instantaneously, the birch trees stood all white, lusterless, like snow which had not yet been touched by the coldly playing rays of the winter sun—and stealthily, slyly, a drizzling rain began to sprinkle and whisper over the forest. The leaves on the birches were almost all green yet, though they had turned somewhat pale; only here and there stood a solitary young little birch, all red or all golden, and one should have seen how brightly these birches flushed in the sun when its rays suddenly appeared gliding and flashing through the dense net of the thin branches which had just been washed around by the sparkling rain. Not a single bird was heard; all had found shelter, and were silent; only rarely the mocking voice of the bluebird sang out like a little steel bell. Before stopping in this birch forest I passed with my dog through a poplar grove. I confess I am not very fond of the poplar tree with its pale lilac-coloured trunk and its grayish-green, metallic leaves, which it lifts high and spreads in the air like a trembling fan—I do not like the constant shaking of its round, untidy leaves, which are so awkwardly attached to long stems. The poplar is pretty only on certain summer evenings when, rising high amid the low shrubbery, it stands against the red rays of the setting sun, shining and trembling, bathed from root to top in uniform yellowish purple—or when, on a clear windy day, it rocks noisily, lisping against the blue sky, and each leaf seems as if eager to tear itself away, to fly and hurry off into the distance. But in general I do not like this tree, and, therefore, not stopping to rest in the poplar grove, I made my way to the birch forest, and seated myself under a tree whose branches started near the ground, and thus could protect me from the rain. Having admired the surrounding view, I fell asleep—I slept that tranquil, sweet sleep which is familiar to hunters only.

I can not say how long I slept, but when I opened my eyes the entire interior of the forest was filled with sunshine, and everywhere the bright blue sky was flashing through the cheerfully droning leaves; the clouds disappeared, driven asunder by the wind which had begun to play; the weather was clear now, and one felt in the air that peculiar, dry freshness which, filling the heart with a certain vigorous sensation, almost always predicts a quiet, clear night after a rainy day. I was about to rise and try my luck at hunting again, when my eyes suddenly fell on a motionless human figure. I gazed at it fixedly; it was a young peasant girl. She was sitting some twenty feet away from me, her head bowed pensively and her hands dropped on her knees; in one hand, which was half open, lay a heavy bunch of field flowers, and every time she breathed the flowers were softly gliding over her checkered skirt. A clear white shirt, buttoned at the neck and the wrists, fell in short, soft folds about her waist; large yellow beads were hanging down from her neck on her bosom in two rows. She was not at all bad-looking. Her heavy fair hair, of a beautiful ash colour, parted in two neatly combed half-circles from under a narrow, dark-red head-band which was pulled down almost to her ivory-white forehead; the rest of her face was slightly tanned with the golden sunburn peculiar to a tender skin. I could not see her eyes—she did not lift them; but I saw her thin, high eyebrows, her long lashes; these were moist, and on her cheek gleamed a dried-up teardrop, which had stopped near her somewhat pale lips. Her entire small head was very charming; even her somewhat thick and round nose did not spoil it. I liked especially the expression of her face; it was so simple and gentle, so sad and so full of childish perplexity before her own sadness. She was apparently waiting for some one. Something cracked faintly in the forest. Immediately she raised her head and looked around; her eyes flashed quickly before me in the transparent shade—they were large, bright, and shy like a deer's. She listened for a few seconds, not moving her wide-open eyes from the spot whence the faint sound had come; she heaved a sigh, turned her head slowly, bent down still lower and began to examine the flowers. Her eyelids turned red, her lips quivered bitterly and a new teardrop rolled down from under her heavy eyelashes, stopping and sparkling on her cheek. Thus quite a long while passed; the poor girl did not stir—only occasionally she moved her hands and listened—listened all the time. Something cracked once more in the forest—she started. This time the noise did not stop, it was becoming more distinct, it was nearing—at last firm footsteps were heard. She straightened herself, and it seemed as if she lost her courage, for her eyes began to quiver. The figure of a man appeared through the jungle. She looked fixedly, suddenly flushed, and, smiling joyously and happily, seemed about to rise, but she immediately cast down her head again, turned pale, confused—only then she lifted her quivering, almost prayerful, eyes to the man as he paused beside her.

I looked at him from my hiding-place with curiosity. I confess he did not produce a pleasant impression upon me. He was, by all appearances, a spoiled valet of some rich young man. His clothes betokened a claim to taste and smart carelessness. He wore a short top-coat of bronze colour, which evidently belonged to his master, and which was buttoned up to the very top; he had on a pink necktie with lilac-colored edges; and his black velvet cap, trimmed with gold stripes, was pulled over his very eyebrows. The round collar of his white shirt propped his ears up and cut his cheeks mercilessly, and the starched cuffs covered his hands up to his red, crooked fingers, which were ornamented with silver and gold rings, set with forget-me-nots of turquoise. His red, fresh, impudent face belonged to those countenances which, as far as I have observed, are almost always repulsive to men, but, unfortunately, are often admired by women. Apparently trying to give an expression of contempt and of weariness to his rough features, he was forever closing his small, milky-gray eyes, knitting his brows, lowering the corners of his lips, yawning forcedly, and, with careless, although not too clever, ease, now adjusting his reddish, smartly twisted temple-curls, now fingering the yellow hair which bristled upon his thick upper lip—in a word, he was making an insufferable display of himself. He started to do this as soon as he noticed the young peasant girl who was awaiting him. He advanced to her slowly, with large strides, then stood for a while, twitched his shoulders, thrust both hands into the pockets of his coat, and, casting a quick and indifferent glance at the poor girl, sank down on the ground.

"Well?" he began, continuing to look aside, shaking his foot and yawning. "Have you waited long?"

The girl could not answer him at once.

"Long, Victor Alexandrich," she said at last, in a scarcely audible voice.

"Ah!" He removed his cap, majestically passed his hand over his thick, curly hair whose roots started almost at his eyebrows, and, looking around with dignity, covered his precious head again cautiously. "And

I almost forgot all about it. Besides, you see, it's raining." He yawned again. "I have a lot of work to do; you can't look after everything, and he is yet scolding. We are leaving tomorrow——"

"Tomorrow?" uttered the girl, and fixed a frightened look upon him.

"Tomorrow—Come, come, come, please," he replied quickly, vexed, noticing that she quivered, and bowed her head in silence. "Please, Akulina, don't cry. You know I can't bear it" (and he twitched his flat nose). "If you don't stop, I'll leave you right away. What nonsense—to whimper!"

"Well, I shan't, I shan't," said Akulina hastily, swallowing the tears with an effort. "So you're going away tomorrow?" she added, after a brief silence. "When will it please God to have me meet you again, Victor Alexandrich?"

"We'll meet, we'll meet again. If it isn't next year, it'll be later. My master, it seems, wants to enter the service in St. Petersburg," he went on, pronouncing the words carelessly and somewhat indistinctly. "And it may be that we'll go abroad."

"You will forget me, Victor Alexandrich," said Akulina sadly.

"No—why should I? I'll not forget you, only you ought to be sensible; don't make a fool of yourself; obey your father—And I'll not forget you— Oh, no; oh, no." And he stretched himself calmly and yawned again.

"Do not forget me, Victor Alexandrich," she resumed in a beseeching voice. "I have loved you so much, it seems—all, it seems, for you—You tell me to obey father, Victor Alexandrich—How am I to obey my father——?"

"How's that?" He pronounced these words as if from the stomach, lying on his back and holding his hands under his head.

"Why, Victor Alexandrich—you know it yourself——"

She fell silent. Victor fingered his steel watch-chain.

"Akulina, you are not a foolish girl," he said at last, "therefore don't talk nonsense. It's for your own good, do you understand me? Of course, you are not foolish, you're not altogether a peasant, so to say, and your mother wasn't always a peasant either. Still, you are without education—therefore you must obey when you are told to."

"But it's terrible, Victor Alexandrich."

"Oh, what nonsense, my dear—what is she afraid of! What is that you have there," he added, moving closer to her, "flowers?"

"Flowers," replied Akulina sadly. "I have picked some field tansies," she went on, with some animation. "They're good for the calves. And here I have some marigolds—for scrofula. Here, look, what a pretty flower! I haven't seen such a pretty flower in all my life. Here are forget-me-nots, and—and these I have picked for you," she added, taking from under the tansies a small bunch of cornflowers, tied around with a thin blade of grass; "do you want them?"

Victor held out his hand lazily, took the flowers, smelt them carelessly, and began to turn them around in his fingers, looking up with thoughtful importance. Akulina gazed at him. There was so much tender devotion, reverent obedience, and love in her pensive eyes. She at once feared him, and yet she dared not cry, and inwardly she bade him farewell, and admired him for the last time; and he lay there, stretched out like a sultan, and endured her admiration with magnanimous patience and condescension. I confess I was filled with indignation as I looked at his red face which betrayed satisfied selfishness through his feigned contempt and indifference. Akulina was so beautiful at this moment. All her soul opened before him trustingly and passionately—it reached out to him, caressed him, and he— He dropped the corn flowers on the grass, took out from the side-pocket of his coat a round glass in a bronze frame and began to force it into his eye; but no matter how hard he tried to hold it with his knitted brow, his raised cheek, and even with his nose, the glass dropped out and fell into his hands.

"What's this?" asked Akulina at last, with surprise.

"A lorgnette," he replied importantly.

"What is it for?"

"To see better."

"Let me see it."

Victor frowned, but gave her the glass.

"Look out; don't break it."

"Don't be afraid, I'll not break it." She lifted it timidly to her eye.

"I can't see anything," she said naïvely.

"Shut your eye," he retorted in the tone of a dissatisfied teacher. She closed the eye before which she held the glass.

"Not that eye, not that one, you fool! The other one!" exclaimed Victor, and, not allowing her to correct her mistake, he took the lorgnette away from her.

Akulina blushed, laughed slightly, and turned away.

"It seems it's not for us."

"Of course not!"

The poor girl maintained silence, and heaved a deep sigh.

"Oh, Victor Alexandrich, how will I get along without you?" she said suddenly.

Victor wiped the lorgnette and put it back into his pocket.

"Yes, yes," he said at last. "At first it will really be hard for you." He tapped her on the shoulder condescendingly; she quietly took his hand from her shoulder and kissed it. "Well, yes, yes, you are indeed a good girl," he went on, with a self-satisfied smile; "but it can't be helped! Consider it yourself! My master and I can't stay here, can we? Winter is near, and to pass the winter in the country is simply nasty—you know it yourself. It's a different thing in St. Petersburg! There are such wonders over there that you could not imagine even in your dreams, you silly— What houses, what streets, and society, education—it's something wonderful!—" Akulina listened to him with close attention, slightly opening her lips like a child. "However," he added, wriggling on the ground, "why do I say all this to you? You can't understand it, anyway!"

"Why not, Victor Alexandrich? I understood, I understood everything."

"Just think of her!"

Akulina cast down her eyes.

"You did not speak to me like this before, Victor Alexandrich," she said, without lifting her eyes.

"Before?— Before! Just think of her! —Before!" he remarked, indignantly.

Both grew silent.

"However, it's time for me to go," said Victor, and leaned on his elbow, about to rise.

"Wait a little," said Akulina in an imploring voice.

"What for? I have already said to you, Good-by!"

"Wait," repeated Akulina.

Victor again stretched himself on the ground and began to whistle. Akulina kept looking at him steadfastly. I could see that she was growing agitated by degrees—her lips twitched, her pale cheeks were reddening.

"Victor Alexandrich," she said at last in a broken voice, "it's a sin for you, it's a sin, Victor Alexandrich, in God's sight!"

"What's a sin?" he asked, knitting his brows. He raised his head and turned to her.

"It's a sin, Victor Alexandrich. If you would only say a good word to me before leaving—if you would only say one word to me, miserable little orphan that I am——"

"But what shall I say to you?"

"I don't know. You know better than I do, Victor Alexandrich. Here you are going away—if you would only say one word— What have I done to deserve this?"

"How strange you are! What can I say?"

"If only one word——"

"There she's firing away one and the same thing," he muttered with vexation, and got up.

"Don't be angry, Victor Alexandrich," she added hastily, unable to repress her tears.

"I'm not angry—only you are foolish— What do you want? I can't marry you! I can't, can I? Well, then, what do you want? What?" He stared at her, as if awaiting an answer, and opened his fingers wide.

"I want nothing—nothing," she replied, stammering, not daring to outstretch her trembling hands to him, "but simply so, at least one word, at parting——"

And the tears began to stream from her eyes.

"Well, there you are, she's started crying," said Victor indifferently, pulling the cap over his eyes.

"I don't want anything," she went on, sobbing and covering her face with her hands; "but how will I feel now at home, how will I feel? And what will become of me, what will become of me, wretched one that I am? They'll marry the poor little orphan off to a man she does not like. My poor little head!"

"Keep on singing, keep on singing," muttered Victor in a low voice, stirring restlessly.

"If you only said one word, just one: 'Akulina—I——' "

Sudden heartrending sobs interrupted her. She fell with her face upon the grass and cried bitterly, bitterly— All her body shook convulsively, the back of her neck seemed to rise— The long-suppressed sorrow at last burst forth in a stream of tears. Victor stood a while near her, then he shrugged his shoulders, turned around and walked off with large steps.

A few moments went by. She grew silent, lifted her head, looked around and clasped her hands; she was about to run after him, but her feet failed her—she fell down on her knees. I could not endure it any longer and rushed over to her; but before she had time to look at me, she suddenly seemed to have regained her strength—and with a faint cry she rose and disappeared behind the trees, leaving the scattered flowers on the ground.

I stood a while, picked up the bunch of cornflowers, and walked out of the grove to the field. The sun was low in the pale, clear sky; its rays seemed to have faded and turned cold; they did not shine now, they spread in an even, almost watery, light. There was only a half-hour left until evening, and twilight was setting in. A violent wind was blowing fast toward me across the yellow, dried-up stubble-field; the small withered leaves were carried quickly past me across the road; the side of the grove which stood like a wall by the field trembled and flashed clearly. but not brightly; everywhere on the reddish grass, on the blades, and the straw, innumerable autumn cobwebs flashed and trembled. I stopped. I began to feel sad; it seemed a dismal fear of approaching winter was stealing through the gay, though fresh, smile of fading nature. High above me, a cautious raven flew by, heavily and sharply cutting the air with his wings; then he turned his head, looked at me sidewise, and croaking abruptly, disappeared beyond the forest; a large flock of pigeons rushed past me from a barn, and, suddenly whirling about in a column, they came down and stationed themselves bustlingly upon the field—a sign of coming autumn! Somebody rode by beyond the bare hillock, making much noise with an empty wagon.

I returned home, but the image of poor Akulina did not leave my mind for a long time, and the cornflowers, long withered, are in my possession to this day.

Ghazal

By PIR MOHAMMED

Translated by Achmed Abdullah

I

THERE came, came there to me today the hour of separation, of separation came the hour.

My beloved plunged into my heart the red-hot iron of separation, of separation the red-hot iron.

II

Come not, come not to me, O doctor. There are no drugs for mortal wound, for mortal wound no drugs.

You cannot heal the red wound of separation, of separation the red wound.

III

There is none, none there is to whom I can tell the tale of separation, of separation the tale.

Black and caked are the cinders of separation, of separation the cinders black and caked.

IV

She was a branch of the sandal-wood tree, of the sandal-wood tree a branch. She left me, and winter came, came winter.

Came the bleak, bleak storm of separation, of separation the bleak, bleak storm.

V

Fly away, O Pir Mohammed, from the tumult of the world, from the world's tumult fly away.

For your little queen has put upon your brow the foot of separation, of separation the foot upon your brow.

Roads of Destiny

By O. HENRY

I go to seek on many roads
    What is to be.
True heart and strong, with love to light—
Will they not bear me in the fight
To order, shun or wield or mould
    My Destiny?
Unpublished Poems of David Mignot.

THE song was over. The words were David's; the air, one of the countryside. The company about the inn table applauded heartily, for the young poet paid for the wine. Only the notary, M. Papineau, shook his head a little at the lines, for he was a man of books, and he had not drunk with the rest.

David went out into the village street, where the night air drove the wine vapour from his head. And then he remembered that he and Yvonne had quarreled that day, and that he had resolved to leave his home that night to seek fame and honour in the great world outside.

"When my poems are on every man's tongue," he told himself, in a fine exhilaration, "she will, perhaps, think of the hard words she spoke this day."

Except the roysterers in the tavern, the village folk were abed. David crept softly into his room in the shed of his father's cottage and made a bundle of his small store of clothing. With this upon a staff, he set his face outward upon the road that ran from Vernoy.

He passed his father's herd of sheep huddled in their nightly pen—the sheep he herded daily, leaving them to scatter while he wrote verses on scraps of paper. He saw a light yet shining in Yvonne's window, and a weakness shook his purpose of a sudden. Perhaps that light meant that she rued, sleepless, her anger, and that morning might— But, no! His decision was made. Vernoy was no place for him. Not one soul there could share his thoughts. Out along that road lay his fate and his future.

Three leagues across the dim, moonlit champaign ran the road, straight as a plowman's furrow. It was believed in the village that the road ran to Paris, at least; and this name the poet whispered often to himself as he walked. Never so far from Vernoy had David traveled before.

The Left Branch

Three leagues, then, the road ran, and turned into a puzzle. It joined with another and a larger road at right angles. David stood, uncertain, for a while, and then took the road to the left.

Upon this more important highway were, imprinted in the dust, wheel tracks left by the recent passage of some vehicle. Some half an hour later these traces were verified by the sight of a ponderous carriage mired in a little brook at the bottom of a steep hill. The driver and postilions were shouting and tugging at the horses' bridles. On the road at one side stood a huge, black-clothed man and a slender lady wrapped in a long, light cloak.

David saw the lack of skill in the efforts of the servants. He quietly assumed control of the work. He directed the outriders to cease their clamour at the horses and to exercise their strength upon the wheels. The driver alone urged the animals with his familiar voice; David himself heaved a powerful shoulder at the rear of the carriage, and with one harmonious tug the great vehicle rolled up on solid ground. The outriders climbed to their places.

David stood for a moment upon one foot. The huge gentleman waved a hand. "You will enter the carriage," he said, in a voice large, like himself, but smoothed by art and habit. Obedience belonged in the path of such a voice. Brief as was the young poet's hesitation, it was cut shorter still by a renewal of the command. David's foot went to the step. In the darkness he perceived dimly the form of the lady upon the rear seat. He was about to seat himself opposite, when the voice again swayed him to its will. "You will sit at the lady's side."

The gentleman swung his great weight to the forward seat. The carriage proceeded up the hill. The lady was shrunk, silent, into her corner. David could not estimate whether she was old or young, but a delicate, mild perfume from her clothes stirred his poet's fancy to the belief that there was loveliness beneath the mystery. Here was an adventure such as he had often imagined. But as yet he held no key to it, for no word was spoken while he sat with his impenetrable companions.

In an hour's time David perceived through the window that the vehicle traversed the street of some town. Then it stopped in front of a closed and darkened house, and a postilion alighted to hammer impatiently upon the door. A latticed window above flew wide and a nightcapped head popped out.

"Who are ye that disturb honest folk at this time of night? My house is closed. 'Tis too late for profitable travelers to be abroad. Cease knocking at my door, and be off."

"Open!" spluttered the postilion, loudly; "open for Monseigneur the Marquis de Beaupertuys."

"Ah!" cried the voice above. "Ten thousand pardons, my lord. I did not know—the hour is so late—at once shall the door be opened, and the house placed at my lord's disposal."

Inside was heard the clink of chain and bar, and the door was flung open. Shivering with chill and apprehension, the landlord of the Silver Flagon stood, half clad, candle in hand, upon the threshold.

David followed the marquis out of the carriage. "Assist the lady," he was ordered. The poet obeyed. He felt her small hand tremble as he guided her descent. "Into the house," was the next command.

The room was the long dining-hall of the tavern. A great oak table ran down its length. The huge gentleman seated himself in a chair at the nearer end. The lady sank into another against the wall, with an air of great weariness. David stood, considering how best he might now take his leave and continue upon his way.

"My lord," said the landlord, bowing to the floor, "h-had I ex-expected this honour, entertainment would have been ready. T-t-there is wine and cold fowl and m-m-maybe——"

"Candles," said the marquis, spreading the fingers of one plump white hand in a gesture he had.

"Y-yes, my lord." He fetched half a dozen candles, lighted them, and set them upon the table.

"If monsieur would, perhaps, deign to taste a certain Burgundy—there is a cask——"

"Candles," said monsieur, spreading his fingers.

"Assuredly—quickly—I fly, my lord."

A dozen more lighted candles shone in the hall. The great bulk of the marquis overflowed his chair. He was dressed in fine black from head to foot save for the snowy ruffles at his wrist and throat. Even the hilt and scabbard of his sword were black. His expression was one of sneering pride. The ends of an upturned moustache reached nearly to his mocking eyes.

The lady sat motionless, and now David perceived that she was young, and possessed of pathetic and appealing beauty. He was startled from the contemplation of her forlorn loveliness by the booming voice of the marquis.

"What is your name and pursuit?"

"David Mignot. I am a poet."

The moustache of the marquis curled nearer to his eyes.

"How do you live?"

"I am also a shepherd; I guarded my father's flock," David answered, with his head high, but a flush upon his cheek.

"Then listen, master shepherd and poet, to the fortune you have blundered upon to-night. This lady is my niece, Mademoiselle Lucie de Varennes. She is of noble descent and is possessed of ten thousand francs a year in her own right. As to her charms, you have but to observe for yourself. If the inventory pleases your shepherd's heart, she becomes your wife at a word. Do not interrupt me. To-night I conveyed her to the *château* of the Comte de Villemaur, to whom her hand had been promised. Guests were present; the priest was waiting; her marriage to one eligible in rank and fortune was ready to be accomplished. At the altar this demoiselle, so meek and dutiful, turned upon me like a leopardess, charged me with cruelty and crimes, and broke, before the gaping priest, the troth I had plighted for her. I swore there and then, by ten thousand devils, that she should marry the first man we met after leaving the *château*, be he prince, charcoal-burner, or thief. You, shepherd, are the first. Mademoiselle must be wed this night. If not you, then another. You have ten minutes in which to make your decision. Do not vex me with words or questions. Ten minutes, shepherd; and they are speeding."

The Marquis drummed loudly with his white fingers upon the table. He sank into a veiled attitude of waiting. It was as if some great house had shut its doors and windows against approach. David would have spoken, but the huge man's bearing stopped his tongue. Instead, he stood by the lady's chair and bowed.

"Mademoiselle," he said, and he marveled to find his words flowing easily before so much elegance and beauty. "You have heard me say I was a shepherd. I have also had the fancy, at times, that I am a poet. If it be the test of a poet to adore and cherish the beautiful, that fancy is now strengthened. Can I serve you in any way, mademoiselle?"

The young woman looked up at him with eyes dry and mournful. His frank, glowing face, made serious by the gravity of the adventure, his strong, straight figure and the liquid sympathy in his blue eyes, perhaps, also, her imminent need of long-denied help and kindness, thawed her to sudden tears.

"Monsieur," she said, in low tones, "you look to be true and kind. He is my uncle, the brother of my father, and my only relative. He loved my mother, and he hates me because I am like her. He has made my life one long terror. I am afraid of his very looks, and never before dared to disobey him. But to-night he would have married me to a man three times my age. You will forgive me for bringing this vexation upon you, monsieur. You will, of course, decline this mad act he tries to force upon you. But let me thank you for your generous words, at least. I have had none spoken to me in so long."

There was now something more than generosity in the poet's eyes. Poet he must have been, for Yvonne was forgotten; this fine, new loveliness held him with its freshness and grace. The subtle perfume from her filled him with strange emotions. His tender look fell warmly upon her. She leaned to it, thirstily.

"Ten minutes," said David, "is given me in which to do what I would devote years to achieve. I will not say I pity you, mademoiselle; it would not be true—I love you. I cannot ask love from you yet, but let me rescue you from this cruel man, and, in time, love may come. I think I have a future; I will not always be a shepherd. For the present I will cherish you with all my heart and make your life less sad. Will you trust your fate to me, mademoiselle?"

"Ah, you would sacrifice yourself from pity!"

"From love. The time is almost up, mademoiselle."

"You will regret it, and despise me."

"I will live only to make you happy, and myself worthy of you."

Her fine small hand crept into his from beneath her cloak.

"I will trust you," she breathed, "with my life. And—and love—may not be so far off as you think. Tell him. Once away from the power of his eyes I may forget."

David went and stood before the marquis. The black figure stirred, and the mocking eyes glanced at the great hall clock.

"Two minutes to spare. A shepherd requires eight minutes to decide whether he will accept a bride of beauty and income! Speak up, shepherd, do you consent to become mademoiselle's husband?"

"Mademoiselle," said David, standing proudly, "has done me the honour to yield to my request that she become my wife."

"Well said!" said the marquis. "You have yet the making of a courtier in you, master shepherd. Mademoiselle could have drawn a worse prize, after all. And now to be done with the affair as quick as the Church and the devil will allow!"

He struck the table soundly with his sword hilt. The landlord came, knee-shaking, bringing more candles in the hope of anticipating the great lord's whims. "Fetch a priest," said the marquis, "a priest; do you understand? In ten minutes have a priest here, or——"

The landlord dropped his candles and flew.

The priest came, heavy-eyed and ruffled. He made David Mignot and Lucie de Varennes man and wife, pocketed a gold piece that the marquis tossed him, and shuffled out again into the night.

"Wine," ordered the marquis, spreading his ominous fingers at the host.

"Fill glasses," he said, when it was brought. He stood up at the head of the table in the candlelight, a black mountain of venom and conceit, with something like the memory of an old love turned to poison in his eye, as it fell upon his niece.

"Monsieur Mignot," he said, raising his wineglass, "drink after I say this to you: You have taken to be your wife one who will make your life a foul and wretched thing. The blood in her is an inheritance running black lies and red ruin. She will bring you shame and anxiety. The devil that descended to her is there in her eyes and skin and mouth that stoop even to beguile a peasant. There is your promise, monsieur poet, for a happy life. Drink your wine. At last, mademoiselle, I am rid of you."

The marquis drank. A little grievous cry, as if from a sudden wound, came from the girl's lips. David, with his glass in his hand, stepped forward three paces and faced the marquis. There was little of a shepherd in his bearing.

"Just now," he said, calmly, "you did me the honour to call me 'monsieur.' May I hope, therefore, that my marriage to mademoiselle has placed me somewhat nearer to you in—let us say, reflected rank—has given me the right to stand more as an equal to monseigneur in a certain little piece of business I have in my mind?"

"You may hope, shepherd," sneered the marquis.

"Then," said David, dashing his glass of wine into the contemptuous eyes that mocked him, "perhaps you will condescend to fight me."

The fury of the great lord outbroke in one sudden curse like a blast from a horn. He tore his sword from its black sheath; he called to the hovering landlord: "A sword there, for this lout!" He turned to the lady, with a laugh that chilled her heart, and said: "You put much labour upon me, madame. It seems I must find you a husband and make you a widow in the same night."

"I know not sword-play," said David. He flushed to make the confession before his lady.

"'I know not sword-play,'" mimicked the marquis, "Shall we fight like peasants with oaken cudgels? *Hola!* François, my pistols!"

A postilion brought two shining great pistols ornamented with carven silver, from the carriage holsters. The marquis tossed one upon the table near David's hand. "To the other end of the table," he cried; "even a shepherd may pull a trigger. Few of them attain the honour to die by the weapon of a de Beaupertuys."

The shepherd and the marquis faced each other from the ends of the long table. The landlord, in an ague of terror, clutched the air and stammered: "M-M-Monseigneur, for the love of Christ! not in my house!—do not spill blood—it will ruin my custom—" The look of the marquis, threatening him, paralyzed his tongue.

"Coward," cried the lord of Beaupertuys, "cease chattering your teeth long enough to give the word for us, if you can."

Mine host's knees smote the floor. He was without a vocabulary. Even sounds were beyond him. Still, by gestures, he seemed to beseech peace in the name of his house and custom.

"I will give the word," said the lady, in a clear voice. She went up to David and kissed him sweetly. Her eyes were sparkling bright, and colour had come to her cheek. She stood against the wall, and the two men leveled their pistols for her count.

"*Un—deux—trois!*"

The two reports came so nearly together that the candles flickered but once. The marquis stood, smiling, the fingers of his left hand resting, outspread, upon the end of the table. David remained erect, and turned his head very slowly, searching for his wife with his eyes. Then, as a garment falls from where it is hung, he sank, crumpled, upon the floor.

With a little cry of terror and despair, the widowed maid ran and stooped above him. She found his wound, and then looked up with her old look of pale melancholy. "Through his heart," she whispered. "Oh, his heart!"

"Come," boomed the great voice of the marquis, "out with you to the carriage! Daybreak shall not find you on my hands. Wed you shall be again, and to a living husband, this night. The next we come upon, my lady, highwayman or peasant. If the road yields no other, then the churl that opens my gates. Out with you to the carriage!"

The marquis, implacable and huge, the lady wrapped again in the mystery of her cloak, the postilion bearing the weapons—all moved out to the waiting carriage. The sound of its ponderous wheels rolling away echoed through the slumbering village. In the hall of the Silver Flagon the distracted landlord wrung his hands above the slain poet's body, while the flames of the four-and-twenty candles danced and flickered on the table.

THE RIGHT BRANCH

Three leagues, then, the road ran, and turned into a puzzle. It joined with another and a larger road at right angles. David stood, uncertain, for a while, and then took the road to the right.

Whither it led he knew not, but he was resolved to leave Vernoy far behind that night. He traveled a league and then passed a large château which showed testimony of recent entertainment. Lights shone from every window; from the great stone gateway ran a tracery of wheel tracks drawn in the dust by the vehicles of the guests.

Three leagues farther and David was weary. He rested and slept for a while on a bed of pine boughs at the roadside. Then up and on again along the unknown way.

Thus for five days he traveled the great road, sleeping upon Nature's balsamic beds or in peasants' ricks, eating of their black, hospitable bread, drinking from streams or the willing cup of the goatherd.

At length he crossed a great bridge and set his foot within the smiling city that has crushed or crowned more poets than all the rest of the world. His breath came quickly as Paris sang to him in a little undertone her vital chant of greeting—the hum of voice and foot and wheel.

High up under the eaves of an old house in the Rue Conti, David paid for lodging, and set himself, in a wooden chair, to his poems. The street, once sheltering citizens of import and consequence, was now given over to those who ever follow in the wake of decline.

The houses were tall and still possessed of a ruined dignity, but many of them were empty save for dust and the spider. By night there was the clash of steel and the cries of brawlers straying restlessly from inn to inn. Where once gentility abode was now but a rancid and rude incontinence. But here David found housing commensurate to his scant purse. Daylight and candlelight found him at pen and paper.

One afternoon he was returning from a foraging trip to the lower world, with bread and curds and a bottle of thin wine. Halfway up his dark stairway he met—or rather came upon, for she rested on the stair—a young woman of a beauty that should balk even the justice of a poet's imagination. A loose, dark cloak, flung open, showed a rich gown beneath. Her eyes changed swiftly with every little shade of thought. Within one moment they would be round and artless like a child's, and long and cozening like a gypsy's. One hand raised her gown, undraping a little shoe, high-heeled, with its ribbons dangling, untied. So heavenly she was, so unfitted to stoop, so qualified to charm and command! Perhaps she had seen David coming, and had waited for his help there.

Ah, would monsieur pardon that she occupied the stairway, but the shoe!—the naughty shoe! Alas! it would not remain tied. Ah! if monsieur *would* be so gracious!

The poet's fingers trembled as he tied the contrary ribbons. Then he would have fled from the danger of her presence, but the eyes grew long and cozening, like a gypsy's, and held him. He leaned against the balustrade, clutching his bottle of sour wine.

"You have been so good," she said, smiling. "Does monsieur, perhaps, live in the house?"

"Yes, madame. I—I think so, madame."

"Perhaps in the third story, then?"

"No, madame; higher up."

The lady fluttered her fingers with the least possible gesture of impatience.

"Pardon. Certainly I am not discreet in asking. Monsieur will forgive me? It is surely not becoming that I should inquire where he lodges."

"Madame, do not say so. I live in the—"

"No, no, no; do not tell me. Now I see that I erred. But I can not lose the interest I feel in this house and all that is in it. Once it was my home. Often I come here but to dream of those happy days again. Will you let that be my excuse?"

"Let me tell you, then, for you need no excuse," stammered the poet. "I live on the top floor—the small room where the stairs turn."

"In the front room?" asked the lady, turning her head sidewise.

"The rear, madame."

The lady sighed, as if with relief.

"I will detain you no longer, then, monsieur," she said, employing the round and artless eye. "Take good care of my house. Alas! only the memories of it are mine now. Adieu, and accept my thanks for your courtesy."

She was gone, leaving but a smile and a trace of sweet perfume. David climbed the stairs as one in slumber. But he awoke from it, and the smile and the perfume lingered with him and never afterward did either seem quite to leave him. This lady of whom he knew nothing drove him to lyrics of eyes, chansons of swiftly conceived love, odes to curling hair, and sonnets to slippers on slender feet.

Poet he must have been, for Yvonne was forgotten; this fine, new loveliness held him with its freshness and grace. The subtle perfume about her filled him with strange emotions.

On a certain night three persons were gathered about a table in a room on the third floor of the same house. Three chairs and the table and a lighted candle upon it was all the furniture. One of the persons was a huge man, dressed in black. His expression was one of sneering pride. The ends of his upturned mustache reached nearly to his mocking eyes. Another was a lady, young and beautiful, with eyes that could be round and artless, like a child's, or long and cozening, like a gypsy's, but were now keen and ambitious, like any other conspirator's. The third was a man of action, a combatant, a bold and impatient executive, breathing fire and steel. He was addressed by the others as Captain Desrolles.

This man struck the table with his fist, and said, with controlled violence:

"To-night. To-night as he goes to midnight mass. I am tired of the plotting that gets nowhere. I am sick of signals and ciphers and secret meetings and such *baragouin.* Let us be honest traitors. If France is to be rid of him, let us kill in the open, and not hunt with snares and traps. To-night, I say. I back my words. My hand will do the deed. To-night, as he goes to mass."

The lady turned upon him a cordial look. Woman, however wedded to plots, must ever thus bow to rash courage. The big man stroked his upturned mustache.

"Dear captain," he said, in a great voice, softened by habit, "this time I agree with you. Nothing is to be gained by waiting. Enough of the palace guards belong to us to make the endeavour a safe one."

"To-night," repeated Captain Desrolles, again striking the table. "You have heard me, marquis; my hand will do the deed."

"But now," said the huge man, softly, "comes a question. Word must be sent to our partizans in the palace, and a signal agreed upon. Our staunchest men must accompany the royal carriage. At this hour what messenger can penetrate so far as the south doorway? Ribout is stationed there; once a message is placed in his hands, all will go well."

"I will send the message," said the lady.

"You, countess?" said the marquis, raising his eyebrows. "Your devotion is great, we know, but——"

"Listen!" exclaimed the lady, rising and resting her hands upon the table; "in a garret of this house lives a youth from the provinces as guileless and tender as the lambs he tended there. I have met him twice and thrice upon the stairs. I questioned him, fearing that he might dwell too near the room in which we are accustomed to meet. He is mine, if I will. He writes poems in his garret, and I think he dreams of me. He will do what I say. He shall take the message to the palace."

The marquis rose from his chair and bowed. "You did not permit me to finish my sentence, countess," he said. "I would have said: 'Your devotion is great, but your wit and charm are infinitely greater.'"

While the conspirators were thus engaged, David was polishing some lines addressed to his *amourette d'escalier.* He heard a timorous knock at his door, and opened it, with a great throb, to behold her there, panting as one in straits, with eyes wide open and artless, like a child's.

"Monsieur," she breathed, "I come to you in distress. I believe you to be good and true, and I know of no other help. How I flew through the streets among the swaggering men! Monsieur, my mother is dying. My uncle is a captain of guards in the palace of the king. Some one must fly to bring him. May I hope——"

"Mademoiselle," interrupted David, his eyes shining with the desire to do her service, "your hopes shall be my wings. Tell me how I may reach him."

The lady thrust a sealed paper into his hand.

"Go to the south gate—the south gate, mind—and say to the guards there, 'The falcon has left his nest.' They will pass you, and you will go to the south entrance to the palace. Repeat the words, and give this letter to the man who will reply, 'Let him strike when he will.' This is the password, monsieur, entrusted to me by my uncle, for now when the country is disturbed and men plot against the king's life, no one without it can gain entrance to the palace grounds after nightfall. If you will, monsieur, take him this letter so that my mother may see him before she closes her eyes."

"Give it me," said David, eagerly. "But shall I let you return home through the streets alone so late? I——"

"No, no—fly. Each moment is like a precious jewel. Some time," said the lady, with eyes long and cozening, like a gypsy's, "I will try to thank you for your goodness."

The poet thrust the letter into his breast, and bounded down the stairway. The lady, when he was gone, returned to the room below.

The eloquent eyebrows of the marquis interrogated her.

"He is gone," she said, "as fleet and stupid as one of his own sheep, to deliver it."

The table shook again from the batter of Captain Desrolles's fist.

"Sacred name!" he cried; "I have left my pistols behind! I can trust no others."

"Take this," said the marquis, drawing from beneath his cloak a shining, great weapon, ornamented with carven silver. "There are none truer. But guard it closely, for it bears my arms and crest, and already I am suspected. Me, I must put many leagues between myself and Paris this night. To-morrow must find me in my *château*. After you, dear countess."

The marquis puffed out the candle. The lady, well cloaked, and the two gentlemen softly descended the stairway and flowed into the crowd that roamed along the narrow pavements of the Rue Conti.

David sped. At the south gate of the king's residence a halberd was laid to his breast, but he turned its point with the words: "The falcon has left his nest."

"Pass, brother," said the guard, "and go quickly."

On the south steps of the palace they moved to seize him, but again the *mot de passe* charmed the watchers. One among them stepped forward and began: "Let him strike—" but a flurry among the guards told of a surprise. A man of keen look and soldierly stride suddenly pressed through them and seized the letter which David held in his hand. "Come with me," he said, and led him inside the great hall. Then he tore open the letter and read it. He beckoned to a man uniformed as an officer of musketeers, who was passing. "Captain Tetreau, you will have the guards at the south entrance and the south gate arrested and confined. Place men known to be loyal in their places." To David he said: "Come with me."

He conducted him through a corridor and an anteroom into a spacious chamber, where a melancholy man, somberly dressed, sat brooding in a great, leather-covered chair. To that man he said:

"Sire, I have told you that the palace is as full of traitors and spies as a sewer is of rats. You have thought, sire, that it was my fancy. This man penetrated to your very door by their connivance. He bore a letter which I have intercepted. I have brought him here that your majesty may no longer think my zeal excessive."

"I will question him," said the king, stirring in his chair. He looked at David with heavy eyes dulled by an opaque film. The poet bent his knee.

"From where do you come?" asked the king.

"From the village of Vernoy, in the province of Eure-et-Loir, sire."

"What do you follow in Paris?"

"I—I would be a poet, sire."

"What did you in Vernoy?"

"I minded my father's flock of sheep."

The king stirred again, and the film lifted from his eyes.

"Ah! in the fields!"

"Yes, sire."

"You lived in the fields; you went out in the cool of the morning and lay among the hedges in the grass. The flock distributed itself upon the hillside; you drank of the living stream; you ate your sweet, brown bread in the shade, and you listened, doubtless, to blackbirds piping in the grove. Is not that so, shepherd?"

"It is, sire," answered David, with a sigh; "and to the bees at the flowers, and, maybe, to the grape gatherers singing on the hill."

"Yes, yes," said the king, impatiently; "maybe to them; but surely to the blackbirds. They whistled often, in the grove, did they not?"

"Nowhere, sire, so sweetly as in Eure-et-Loir. I have endeavoured to express their song in some verses that I have written."

"Can you repeat those verses?" asked the king, eagerly. "A long time ago I listened to the blackbirds. It would be something better than a kingdom if one could rightly construe their song. And at night you drove the sheep to the fold and then sat, in peace and tranquillity, to your pleasant bread. Can you repeat those verses, shepherd?"

"They run this way, sire," said David, with respectful ardour:

"'Lazy shepherd, see your lambkins
  Skip, ecstatic, on the mead;
See the firs dance in the breezes,
  Hear Pan blowing at his reed.

Hear us calling from the tree-tops,
  See us swoop upon your flock;
Yield us wool to make our nests warm
  In the branches of the——'"

"If it pleases your majesty," interrupted a harsh voice, "I will ask a question or two of this rhymster. There is little time to spare. I crave pardon, sire, if my anxiety for your safety offends."

"The loyalty," said the king, "of the Duke d'Aumale is too well proven to give offense." He sank into his chair, and the film came again over his eyes.

"First," said the duke, "I will read you the letter he brought:

"'To-night is the anniversary of the dauphin's death. If he goes, as is his custom, to midnight mass to pray for the soul of his son, the falcon will strike, at the corner of the Rue Esplanade. If this be his intention, set a red light in the upper room at the southwest corner of the palace, that the falcon may take heed.'

"Peasant," said the duke, sternly, "you have heard these words. Who gave you this message to bring?"

"My lord duke," said David, sincerely, "I will tell you. A lady gave it me. She said her mother was ill, and that this writing would fetch her uncle to her bedside. I do not know the meaning of the letter, but I will swear that she is beautiful and good."

"Describe the woman," commanded the duke, "and how you came to be her dupe."

"Describe her!" said David with a tender smile. "You would command words to perform miracles. Well, she is made of sunshine and deep shade. She is slender, like the alders, and moves with their grace. Her eyes change while you gaze into them; now round, and then half shut as the sun peeps between two clouds. When she comes, heaven is all about her; when she leaves, there is chaos and a scent of hawthorn blossoms. She came to me in the Rue Conti, number twenty-nine."

"It is the house," said the duke, turning to the king, "that we have been watching. Thanks to the poet's tongue, we have a picture of the infamous Countess Quebedaux."

"Sire and my lord duke," said David, earnestly, "I hope my poor words have done no injustice. I have looked into that lady's eyes. I will stake my life that she is an angel, letter or no letter."

The duke looked at him steadily. "I will put you to the proof," he said, slowly. "Dressed as the king, you shall, yourself, attend mass in his carriage at midnight. Do you accept the test?"

David smiled. "I have looked into her eyes," he said. "I had my proof there. Take yours how you will."

Half an hour before twelve the Duke d'Aumale, with his own hands, set a red lamp in a southwest window of the palace. At ten minutes to the hour, David, leaning on his arm, dressed as the king, from top to toe, with his head bowed in his cloak, walked slowly from the royal apartments to the waiting carriage. The duke assisted him inside and closed the door. The carriage whirled away along its route to the cathedral.

On the *qui vive* in a house at the corner of the Rue Esplanade was Captain Tetreau with twenty men, ready to pounce upon the conspirators when they should appear.

But it seemed that, for some reason, the plotters had slightly altered their plans. When the royal carriage had reached the Rue Christopher, one square nearer than the Rue Esplanade, forth from it burst Captain Desrolles, with his band of would-be regicides, and assailed the equipage. The guards upon the carriage, though surprised at the premature attack, descended and fought valiantly. The noise of conflict attracted the force of Captain Tetreau, and they came pelting down the street to the rescue. But, in the meantime, the desperate Desrolles had torn open the door of the King's carriage, thrust his weapon against the body of the dark figure inside, and fired.

Now, with loyal reinforcements at hand, the street rang with cries and the rasp of steel, but the frightened horses had dashed away. Upon the cushions lay the dead body of the poor mock king and poet, slain by a ball from the pistol of Monseigneur, the Marquis de Beaupertuys.

THE MAIN ROAD

Three leagues, then, the road ran, and turned into a puzzle. It joined with another and a larger road at right-angles. David stood, uncertain, for a while, and then sat himself to rest upon its side.

Whither those roads led, he knew not. Either way there seemed to lie a great world full of chance and peril. And then, sitting there, his eye fell upon a bright star, one that he and Yvonne had named for theirs. That set him thinking of Yvonne, and he wondered if he had not been too hasty. Why should he leave her and his home because a few hot words had come between them? Was love so brittle a thing that jealousy, the very proof of it, could break it? Mornings always brought a cure for the little heartaches of evening. There was yet time for him to return home without any one in the sweetly sleeping village of Vernoy being the wiser. His heart was Yvonne's; there where he had lived always he could write his poems and find his happiness.

David rose, and shook off his unrest and the wild mood that had tempted him. He set his face steadfastly back along the road he had come. By the time he had re-traveled the road to Vernoy, his desire to rove was gone. He passed the sheepfold, and the sheep scurried, with a drumming flutter at his late footsteps, warming his heart by the homely sound. He crept without noise into his little room and lay there, thankful that his feet had escaped the distress of new roads that night.

How well he knew woman's heart! The next evening Yvonne was at the well in the road where the young congregated in order that the *curé* might have business. The corner of her eye was engaged in a search for David, albeit her set mouth seemed unrelenting. He saw the look; braved the mouth, drew from it a recantation and, later, a kiss as they walked homeward together.

Three months afterward they were married. David's father was shrewd and prosperous. He gave them a wedding that was heard of three leagues away. Both the young people were favourites in the village. There was a procession in the streets, a dance on the green; they had the marionettes and a tumbler out from Dreux to delight the guests.

Then a year, and David's father died. The sheep and the cottage descended to him. He already had the seemliest wife in the village. Yvonne's milk pails and her brass kettles were bright—*ouf!* they blinded you in the sun when you passed that way. But you must keep your eyes upon her yard, for her flower beds were so neat and gay they restored to you your sight. And you might hear her sing, aye, as far as the double chestnut tree above Père Gruneau's blacksmith forge.

But a day came when David drew out paper from a long-shut drawer, and began to bite the end of a pencil. Spring had come again and touched his heart. Poet he must have been, for now Yvonne was well-nigh forgotten. This fine new loveliness of earth held him with its witchery and grace. The perfume from her woods and meadows stirred him strangely. Daily had he gone forth with his flock, and brought it safe at night. But now he stretched himself under the hedge and pieced words together on his bits of paper. The sheep strayed, and the wolves, perceiving that difficult poems make easy mutton, ventured from the woods and stole his lambs.

David's stock of poems grew larger and his flock smaller. Yvonne's nose and temper waxed sharp and her talk blunt. Her pans and kettles grew dull, but her eyes had caught their flash. She pointed out to the poet that his neglect was reducing the flock and bringing woe upon the household. David hired a boy to guard the sheep, locked himself in the little room in the top of the cottage, and wrote more poems. The boy, being a poet by nature, but not furnished with an outlet in the way of writing, spent his time in slumber. The wolves lost no time in discovering that poetry and sleep are practically the same; so the flock steadily grew smaller. Yvonne's ill temper increased at an equal rate. Sometimes she would stand in the yard and rail at David through his high window. Then you could hear her as far as the double chestnut tree above Père Gruneau's blacksmith forge.

M. Papineau, the kind, wise, meddling old notary, saw this, as he saw everything at which his nose pointed. He went to David, fortified himself with a great pinch of snuff, and said:

"Friend Mignot, I affixed the seal upon the marriage certificate of your father. It would distress me to be obliged to attest a paper signifying the bankruptcy of his son. But that is what you are coming to. I speak as an old friend. Now, listen to what I have to say. You have your heart set, I perceive, upon poetry. At Dreux, I have a friend, one Monsieur Bril—Georges Bril. He lives in a little cleared space in a houseful of books. He is a learned man; he visits Paris each year; he himself has written books. He will tell you when the catacombs were made, how they found out the names of the stars, and why the plover has a long bill. The meaning and the form of poetry is to him as intelligent as the baa of a sheep is to you. I will give you a letter to him, and you shall take him your poems and let him read them. Then you will know if you shall write more, or give your attention to your wife and business."

"Write the letter," said David. "I am sorry you did not speak of this sooner."

At sunrise the next morning he was on the road to Dreux with the precious roll of poems under his arm. At noon he wiped the dust from his feet at the door of Monsieur Bril. That learned man broke the seal of M. Papineau's letter, and sucked up its contents through his gleaming spectacles as the sun draws water. He took David inside to his study and sat him down upon a little island beat upon by a sea of books.

Monsieur Bril had a conscience. He flinched not even at a mass of manuscript the thickness of a finger length and rolled to an incorrigible curve. He broke the back of the roll against his knee and began to read. He slighted nothing; he bored into the lump as a worm into a nut, seeking for a kernel.

Meanwhile, David sat, marooned, trembling in the spray of so much literature. It roared in his ears. He held no chart or compass for voyaging in that sea. Half the world, he thought, must be writing books.

Monsieur Bril bored to the last page of the poems. Then he took off his spectacles and wiped them with his handkerchief.

"My old friend, Papineau, is well?" he asked.

"In the best of health," said David.

"How many sheep have you, Monsieur Mignot?"

"Three hundred and nine, when I counted them yesterday. The flock has had ill fortune. To that number it has decreased from eight hundred and fifty."

"You have a wife and a home, and lived in comfort. The sheep brought you plenty. You went into the fields with them and lived in the keen air and ate the sweet bread of contentment. You had but to be vigilant and recline there upon nature's breast, listening to the whistle of the blackbirds in the grove. Am I right thus far?"

"It was so," said David.

"I have read all your verses," continued Monsieur Bril, his eyes wandering about his sea of books as if he conned the horizon for a sail. "Look yonder, through that window, Monsieur Mignot; tell me what you see in that tree."

"I see a crow," said David, looking.

"There is a bird," said Monsieur Bril, "that shall assist me where I am disposed to shirk a duty. You know that bird, Monsieur Mignot; he is the philosopher of the air. He is happy through submission to his lot. None so merry or full-crawed as he with his whimsical eye and rollicking step. The fields yield him what he desires. He never grieves that his plumage is not gay, like the oriole's. And you have heard, Monsieur Mignot, the notes that nature has given him? Is the nightingale any happier, do you think?"

David rose to his feet. The crow cawed harshly from his tree.

"I thank you, Monsieur Bril," he said, slowly. "There was not, then, one nightingale note among all those croaks?"

"I could not have missed it," said Monsieur Bril, with a sigh. "I read every word. Live your poetry, man; do not try to write it any more."

"I thank you," said David, again. "And now I will be going back to my sheep."

"If you would dine with me," said the man of books, "and overlook the smart of it, I will give you reasons at length."

"No," said the poet, "I must be back in the fields cawing at my sheep."

Back along the road to Vernoy he trudged with his poems under his arm. When he reached his village he turned into the shop of one Zeigler, a Jew out of Armenia, who sold anything that came to his hand.

"Friend," said David, "wolves from the forest harass my sheep on the hills. I must purchase firearms to protect them. What have you?"

"A bad day, this, for me, friend Mignot," said Zeigler, spreading his hands, "for I perceive that I must sell you a weapon that will not fetch a tenth of its value. Only last week I bought from a peddler a wagon full of goods that he procured at a sale by a *commissionaire* of the crown. The sale was of the *château* and belongings of a great lord—I know not his title—who has been banished for conspiracy against the king. There are some choice firearms in the lot. This pistol—oh, a weapon fit for a prince!—it shall be only forty francs to you, friend Mignot—if I lost ten by the sale. But perhaps an arquebuse——"

"This will do," said David, throwing the money on the counter. "Is it charged?"

"I will charge it," said Zeigler. "And, for ten francs more, add a store of powder and ball."

David laid his pistol under his coat and walked to his cottage. Yvonne was not there. Of late she had taken to gadding much among the neighbours. But a fire was glowing in the kitchen stove. David opened the door of it and thrust his poems in upon the coals. As they blazed up they made a singing, harsh sound in the flue.

"The song of the crow:" said the poet.

He went up to his attic room and closed the door. So quiet was the village that a score of people heard the roar of the great pistol. They flocked thither, and up the stairs where the smoke, issuing, drew their notice.

The men laid the body of the poet upon his bed, awkwardly arranging it to conceal the torn plumage of the poor black crow. The women chattered in a luxury of zealous pity. Some of them ran to tell Yvonne.

M. Papineau, whose nose had brought him there among the first, picked up the weapon and ran his eye over its silver mountings with a mingled air of connoisseurship and grief.

"The arms," he explained, aside, to the *curé*, "and crest of Monseigneur, the Marquis de Beaupertuys."

The Tale of Chloe

By GEORGE MEREDITH

George Meredith

(Conclusion)

CHAPTER VII

THE total disappearance of the pair of heroes who had been the latest in the conspiracy to vex his delicate charge, gave Mr. Beamish a high opinion of Caseldy as an assistant in such an office as he held. They had gone, and nothing more was heard of them. Caseldy confined his observations on the subject to the remark, that he had employed the best means to be rid of that kind of worthies; and whether their souls had fled, or only their bodies, was unknown. But the duchess had quiet promenades with Caseldy to guard her, while Mr. Beamish counted the remaining days of her visit with the impatience of a man having cause to cast eye on a clock. For Duchess Susan was not very manageable now; she had fits of insurgency, and plainly said that her time was short, and she meant to do as she liked, go where she liked, play when she liked, and be an independent woman—if she was so soon to be taken away and boxed in a castle that was only a bigger sedan.

Caseldy protested he was as helpless as the beau. He described the annoyance of his incessant running about at her heels in all directions amusingly, and suggested that she must be beating the district to recover her "strange cavalier," of whom, or of one that had ridden beside her carriage half a day on her journey to the Wells, he said she had dropped a sort of hint. He complained of the impossibility of his getting an hour in privacy with his Chloe.

"And I, accustomed to consult with her, see too little of her," said Mr. Beamish. "I shall presently be seeing nothing, and already I am sensible of my loss."

He represented his case to Duchess Susan:—that she was for ever driving out long distances and taking Chloe from him, when his occupation precluded his accompanying them; and as Chloe soon was to be lost to him for good, he deeply felt her absence.

The duchess flung him enigmatical rejoinders: "You can change all that, Mr. Beamish, if you like, and you know you can. Oh, yes, you can. But you like being a butterfly, and when you've made ladies pale you're happy: and there they're to stick and wither for you. Never!—I've that pride. I may be worried, but I'll never sink to green and melancholy for a man."

She bridled at herself in a mirror, wherein not a sign of paleness was reflected.

Mr. Beamish meditated, and he thought it prudent to speak to Caseldy manfully of her childish suspicions, lest she should perchance in like manner perturb the lover's mind.

"Oh, make your mind easy, my dear sir, as far as I am concerned," said Caseldy. "But, to tell you the truth, I think I can interpret her creamy ladyship's innuendos a little differently and quite as clearly. For my part, I prefer the pale to the blowsy, and I stake my right hand on Chloe's fidelity. Whatever harm I may have the senseless cruelty—misfortune, I may rather call it—to do that heavenly-minded woman in our days to come, none shall say of me that I was ever for an instant guilty of the baseness of doubting her purity and constancy. And, sir, I will add that I could perfectly rely also on your honour."

Mr. Beamish bowed. "You do but do me justice. But, say, what interpretation?"

"She began by fearing you," said Caseldy, creating a stare that was followed by a frown. "She fancies you neglect her. Perhaps she has a woman's suspicion that you do it to try her."

Mr. Beamish frenetically cited his many occupations. "How can I be ever dancing attendance on her?" Then he said, "Pooh," and tenderly fingered the ruffles of his wrist. "Tush, tush," said he, "no, no: though if it came to a struggle between us, I might in the interests of my old friend, her lord, whom I have reasons for esteeming, interpose an influence that would make the exercise of my authority agreeable. Hitherto I have seen no actual need of it, and I watch keenly. Her eye has been on Colonel Poltermore once or twice—his on her. The woman is a rose in June, sir, and I forgive the whole world for looking—and for longing, too. But I have observed nothing serious."

"He is of our party to the beacon-head to-morrow," said Caseldy. "She insisted that she would have him; and at least it will grant me furlough for an hour."

"Do me the service to report to me," said Mr. Beamish.

In this fashion he engaged Caseldy to supply him with inventions, and prepared himself to swallow them. It was Poltermore and Poltermore, the Colonel here, the Colonel there, until the chase grew so hot that Mr. Beamish could no longer listen to young Mr. Camwell's fatiguing drone upon his one theme of the double-dealing of Chloe's betrothed. He became of her way of thinking, and treated the young gentleman almost as coldly as she. In time he was ready to guess of his own acuteness that the "strange cavalier" could have been no other than Colonel Poltermore. When Caseldy hinted it, Mr. Beamish said, "I have marked him." He added, in highly self-satisfied style, "With all your foreign training, my friend, you will learn that we English are not so far behind you in the art of unravelling an intrigue in the dark." To which Caseldy replied, that the Continental world had little to teach Mr. Beamish.

Poor Colonel Poltermore, as he came to be called, was clearly a victim of the sudden affability of Duchess Susan. The transformation of a stiff military officer into a nimble Puck, a runner of errands and a sprightly attendant, could not pass without notice. The first effect of her discriminating condescension on this unfortunate gentleman was to make him the champion of her claims to breeding. She had it by nature, she was Nature's great lady, he would protest to the noble dames of the circle he moved in; and they admitted that she was different in every way from a bourgeoise elevated by marriage to lofty rank: she was not vulgar. But they remained doubtful of the perfect simplicity of a young woman who worked such changes in men as to render one of the famous conquerors of the day her agitated humble servant. By rapid degrees the Colonel had fallen to that. When not by her side, he was ever marching with sharp strides, hurrying through rooms and down alleys and groves until he had discovered and attached himself to her skirts. And, curiously, the object of his jealousy was the devoted Alonzo! Mr. Beamish laughed when he heard of it. The lady's excitement and giddy mien, however, accused Poltermore of a stage of success requiring to be combated immediately. There was mention of Duchess Susan's mighty wish to pay a visit to the popular fortune-teller of the hut on the heath, and Mr. Beamish put his veto on the expedition. She had obeyed him by abstaining from play of late, so he fully expected that his interdict would be obeyed; and besides the fortune-teller was a rogue of a sham astrologer known to have foretold to certain tender ladies things they were only too desirous to imagine predestined by an extraordinary indication of the course of planets through the zodiac, thus causing them to sin by the example of celestial conjunctions—a piece of wanton impiety. The beau took high ground in his objections to the adventure. Nevertheless, Duchess Susan did go. She drove to the heath at an early hour of the morning, attended by Chloe, Colonel Poltermore, and Caseldy. They subsequently breakfasted at an inn where gypsy repasts were occasionally served to the fashion, and they were back at the Wells as soon as the world was abroad. Their surprise then was prodigious when Mr. Beamish, accosting them in full assembly, inquired whether they were satisfied with the report of their fortunes, and yet more when he positively proved himself acquainted with the fortunes which had been recounted to each of them in privacy.

"You, Colonel Poltermore, are to be in luck's way up to the tenth milestone—where your chariot will overset and you will be lamed for life."

"Not quite so bad," said the Colonel cheerfully, he having been informed of much better.

"And you, Count Caseldy, are to have it all your own way with good luck, after committing a deed of slaughter, with the solitary penalty of undergoing a visit every night from the corpse."

"Ghost," Caseldy smilingly corrected him.

"And Chloe would not have her fortune told, because she knew it!" Mr. Beamish cast a paternal glance at her. "And you, madam," he bent his brows on the duchess, "received the communication that 'All for Love' will sink you as it raised you, put you down as it took you up, furnish the feast to the raven gentleman which belongs of right to the golden eagle—ha?"

"Nothing of the sort! And I don't believe in any of their stories," cried the duchess, with a burning face.

"You deny it, madam?"

"I do. There was never a word of a raven or an eagle, that I'll swear, now."

"You deny that there was ever a word of 'All for Love'? Speak, madam."

"Their conjuror's rigmarole!" she murmured, huffing. "As if I listened to their nonsense!"

"Does the Duchess of Dewlap dare to give me the lie?" said Mr. Beamish.

"That's not my title, and you know it," she retorted.

"What's this?" the angry beau sang out. "What stuff is this you wear?" He towered and laid hand on a border of lace of her morning dress, tore it furiously and swung a length of it round him: and while the duchess panted and trembled at an outrage that won for her the sympathy of every lady present as well as the championship of the gentlemen, he tossed the lace to the floor and trampled on it, making his big voice intelligible over the uproar: "Hear what she does! 'Tis a felony! She wears the stuff with Betty Worcester's yellow starch on it for mock antique! And let who else wears it strip it off before the town shall say we are disgraced—when I tell you that Betty Worcester was hanged at Tyburn yesterday morning for murder!"

There were shrieks.

Hardly had he finished speaking before the assembly began to melt; he stood in the center like a pole unwinding streamers, amid a confusion of hurrying dresses, the sound and whirl and drift whereof was as that of the autumnal strewn leaves on a wind rising in November. The troops of ladies were off to bereave themselves of their fashionable imitation old lace adornment, which denounced them in some sort abettors and associates of the sanguinary loathed wretch, Mrs. Elizabeth Worcester, their benefactress of the previous day, now hanged and dangling on the gallows-tree.

Those ladies who wore not imitation lace or any lace in the morning, were scarcely displeased with the beau for his exposure of them that did. The gentlemen were confounded by his exhibition of audacious power. The two gentlemen nighest upon violently resenting his brutality to Duchess Susan, led her from the room in company with Chloe.

"The woman shall fear me to good purpose," Mr. Beamish said to himself.

CHAPTER VIII

Mr. Camwell was in the anteroom as Chloe passed out behind the two incensed supporters of Duchess Susan.

"I shall be by the fir-trees on the Mount at eight this evening," she said.

"I will be there," he replied.

"Drive Mr. Beamish into the country, that these gentlemen may have time to cool."

He promised her it should be done.

Close on the hour of her appointment, he stood under the fir-trees, admiring the sunset along the western line of hills, and when Chloe joined him he spoke of the beauty of the scene.

"Though nothing seems more eloquently to say farewell," he added, with a sinking voice.

"We could say it now, and be friends," she answered.

"Later than now, you think it unlikely that you could forgive me, Chloe."

"In truth, sir, you are making it hard for me."

"I have stayed here to keep watch; for no pleasure of my own," said he.

"Mr. Beamish is an excellent protector of the duchess."

"Excellent; and he is cleverly taught to suppose she fears him greatly; and when she offends him, he makes a display of his Jupiter's awfulness, with the effect on a woman of natural spirit which you have seen, and others had foreseen, that she is exasperated and grows reckless. Tie another knot in your string, Chloe."

She looked away, saying, "Were you not the cause? You were in collusion with that charlatan of the heath, who told them their fortunes this morning. I see far, both in the dark and in the light."

"But not through a curtain. I was present."

"Hateful, hateful business of the spy! You have worked a great mischief, Mr. Camwell. And how can you reconcile it to your conscience that you should play so base a part?"

"I have but performed my duty, dear madam."

"You pretend that it is your devotion to me! I might be flattered if I saw not so abject a figure in my service. Now have I but four days of my month of happiness remaining, and my request to you is, leave me to enjoy them. I beseech you to go. Very humbly, most earnestly, I beg your departure. Grant it to me, and do not stay to poison my last days here. Leave us to-morrow. I will admit your good intentions. I give you my hand in gratitude. Adieu, Mr. Camwell."

He took her hand. "Adieu. I foresee an early separation, and this dear hand is mine while I have it in mine. Adieu. It is a word to be repeated at a parting like ours. We do not blow out our light with one breath; we let it fade gradually, like yonder sunset."

"Speak so," said she.

"Ah, Chloe, to give one's life! And it is your happiness I have sought more than your favour."

"I believe it; but I have not liked the means. You leave us to-morrow?"

"It seems to me that to-morrow is the term."

Her face clouded. "That tells me a very uncertain promise."

"You looked forth to a month of happiness—meaning a month of delusion. The delusion expires to-night. You will awaken to see your end of it in the morning. You have never looked beyond the month since the day of his arrival."

"Let him not be named, I supplicate you."

"Then you consent that another shall be sacrificed for you to enjoy your state of deception an hour longer?"

"I am not deceived, sir. I wish for peace, and crave it, and that is all I would have."

"And you make her your peace-offering, whom you have engaged to serve! Too surely your eyes have been open as well as mine. Knot by knot—I have watched you—where is it?—you have marked the points in that silken string where the confirmation of a just suspicion was too strong for you."

"I did it, and still I continued merry?" She subsided from her scornfulness on an involuntary "Ah!" that was a shudder.

"You acted Light Heart, madam, and too well to hoodwink me. Meanwhile you allowed that mischief to proceed, rather than have your crazy lullaby disturbed."

"Indeed, Mr. Camwell, you presume."

"The time, and my knowledge of what it is fraught with, demand it and excuse it. You and I, my dear and one only love on earth, stand outside of ordinary rules. We are between life and death."

"We are so always."

"Listen further to the preacher: We have them close on us, with the question, Which it shall be to-morrow. You are for sleeping on, but I say no; nor shall that iniquity of double treachery be committed because of your desire to be rocked in a cradle. Hear me out. The drug you have swallowed to cheat yourself will not bear the shock awaiting you to-morrow with the first light. Hear these birds! When next they sing, you will be broad awake, and—of me, and the worship and service I would have dedicated to you, I do not . . . it is a spectral sunset of a day that was never to be!—awake, and looking on what? Back from a monstrous villany to the forlorn wretch who winked at it with knots in a string. Count them then, and where will be your answer to heaven? I begged it of you, to save you from those blows of remorse; yes, terrible!"

"Oh, no!"

"Terrible, I say!"

"You are mistaken, Mr. Camwell. It is my soother. I tell my beads on it."

"See how a persistent residence in this place has made a Pagan of the purest soul among us! Had you . . . but that day was not to lighten me! More adorable in your errors that you are than others by their virtues, you have sinned through excess of the qualities men prize. Oh, you have a boundless generosity, unhappily enwound with a pride as great. There is your fault, that is the cause of your misery. Too generous! too proud! You have trusted, and you will not cease to trust; you have vowed yourself to love, never to remonstrate, never to seem to doubt; it is too much your religion, rare verily. But bethink you of that inexperienced and most silly good creature who is on the rapids to her destruction. Is she not—you will cry it aloud to-morrow—your victim? You hear it within you now."

"Friend, my dear, true friend," Chloe said in her deeper voice of melody, "set your mind at ease about to-morrow and her. Her safety is assured. I stake my life on it. She shall not be a victim. At the worst she will but have learnt a lesson. So, then, adieu! The West hangs like a garland of unwatered flowers, neglected by the mistress they adorned. Remember the scene, and that here we parted, and that Chloe wished you the happiness it was out of her power to bestow, because she was of another world, with her history written out to the last red streak before ever you knew her. Adieu; this time adieu for good!"

Mr. Camwell stood in her path. "Blind eyes, if you like," he said, "but you shall not hear blind language. I forfeit the poor consideration for me that I have treasured; hate me; better hated by you than shun my duty! Your duchess is away at the first dawn this next morning; it has come to that. I speak with full knowledge. Question her."

Chloe threw a faltering scorn of him into her voice, as much as her heart's sharp throbs would allow. "I question you, sir, how you came to this full knowledge you boast of?"

"I have it; let that suffice. Nay, I will be particular; his coach is ordered for the time I name to you; her maid is already at a station on the road of the flight."

"You have their servants in your pay?"

"For the mine—the countermine. We must grub dirt to match deceivers. You, madam, have chosen to be delicate to excess, and have thrown it upon me to be gross, and, if you please, abominable, in my means of defending you. It is not too late for you to save the lady, nor too late to bring him to the sense of honour."

"I cannot think Colonel Poltermore so dishonourable."

"Poor Colonel Poltermore! the office he is made to fill is an old one. Are you not ashamed, Chloe?"

"I have listened too long," she replied.

"Then, if it is your pleasure, depart."

He made way for her. She passed him. Taking two hurried steps in the gloom of the twilight, she stopped, held at her heart, and, painfully turning to him, threw her arms out, and let herself be seized and kissed.

On his asking pardon of her, which his long habit of respect forced him to do in the thick of rapture and repetitions, she said, "You rob no one."

"Oh," he cried, "there is a reward, then for faithful love. But am I the man I was a minute back? I have you; I embrace you; and I doubt that I am I. Or is it Chloe's ghost?"

"She has died and visits you."

"And will again?"

Chloe could not speak for languor.

The intensity of the happiness she gave by resting mutely where she was, charmed her senses. But so long had the frost been on them that their awakening to warmth was haunted by speculations on the sweet taste of this reward of faithfulness to him, and the strange taste of her own unfaithfulness to her. And reflecting on the cold act of speculation while strong arm and glowing mouth were pressing her, she thought her senses might really be dead, and she a ghost visiting the good youth for his comfort. So feel ghosts, she thought, and what we call happiness in love is a match between ecstasy and compliance. Another thought flew through her like a mortal shot: "Not so with those two! with them it will be ecstasy meeting ecstasy; *they* will take and give happiness in equal portions." A pang of jealousy traversed her frame. She made the shrewdness of it help to nerve her fervour in a last strain of him to her bosom, and gently releasing herself, she said, "No one is robbed. And now, dear friend, promise me that you will not disturb Mr. Beamish."

"Chloe," said he, "have you bribed me?"

"I do not wish him to be troubled."

"The duchess, I have told you——"

"I know. But you have Chloe's word that she will watch over the duchess and die to save her. It is an oath. You have heard of some arrangements. I say they shall lead to nothing: it shall not take place. Indeed, my friend, I am awake; I see as much as you see. And those . . . after being where I have been, can you suppose I have a regret? But she is my dear and peculiar charge, and if she runs a risk, trust to me that there shall be no catastrophe; I swear it; so, now, adieu. We sup in company to-night. They will be expecting some of Chloe's verses, and she must sing to herself for a few minutes to stir the bed her songs take wing from; therefore, we will part, and for her sake avoid her; do not be present at our table, or in the room, or anywhere there. Yes, you rob no one," she said, in a voice that curled through him deliciously by wavering; "but I think I may blush at recollections, and I would rather have you absent. Adieu! I will not ask for obedience from you beyond to-night. Your word?"

He gave it in a stupor of felicity, and she fled.

CHAPTER IX

CHLOE drew the silken string from her bosom, as she descended the dim pathway through the furzes, and set her fingers traveling along it for the number of the knots. "I have no right to be living," she said. Seven was the number; seven years and completed it in sevens. Fatalism had sustained her during her lover's absence; it had fast hold of her now. Thereby had she been enabled to say, "He will come"; and saying, "He has come," her touch rested on the first knot in the string. She had no power to displace her fingers, and the cause of the tying of the knot stood across her brain marked in dull red characters, legible neither to her eye nor to her understanding, but a reviving of the hour that brought it on her spirit with human distinctness, except of the light of day: she had a sense of having forfeited light, and of seeing perhaps more clearly. Everything assured her that she saw more clearly than others; she saw too when it was good to cease to live.

Hers was the unhappy lot of one gifted with poetic imagination to throb with the woman supplanting her, and share the fascination of the man who deceived. At their first meeting, in her presence, she had seen that they were not strangers; she pitied them for speaking falsely, and when she vowed to thwart this course of evil it was to save a younger creature of her sex, not in rivalry. She treated them both with a proud generosity surpassing gentleness. All that there was of selfishness in her bosom resolved to the enjoyment of her one month of strongly willed delusion.

The kiss she had sunk to robbed no one, not even her body's purity, for when this knot was tied she consigned herself to her end, and had become a bag of dust. The other knots in the string pointed to verifications; this first one was a suspicion, and it was the more precious, she felt it to be more a certainty; it had come from the dark world beyond us, where all is known. Her belief that it had come thence was nourished by testimony of the space of blackness wherein she had lived since, exhausting her last vitality in a simulation of infantile happiness, which was nothing other than the carrying on of her emotion of the moment of sharp sour sweet—such as, it may be, the doomed below attain for their knowledge of joy—when, at the first meeting with her lover, the perception of his treachery to the soul confiding in him, told her she had lived, and opened out the cherishable kingdom of insensibility to her for her heritage.

She made her tragic humility speak thankfully to the wound that slew her. "Had it not been so, I should not have seen him," she said:—Her lover would not have come to her but for his pursuit of another woman.

She pardoned him for being attracted by that beautiful transplant of the fields: pardoned her likewise. "He, when I saw him first, was as beautiful to me. For him I might have done as much."

Far away in a lighted hall of the West, her family raised hands of reproach. They were minute objects, keenly discerned as diminished figures cut in steel. Feeling could not be very warm for them, they were so small, and a sea that had drowned her ran between; and looking that way she had scarce any warmth of feeling save for a white *rhaiadr* leaping out of broken cloud through branched rocks, where she had climbed and dreamed when a child. The dream was then of the coloured days to come; now she was more infant in her mind, and she watched the scattered water broaden, and tasted the spray, sat there drinking the scene, untroubled by hopes as a lamb, different only from an infant in knowing that she had thrown off life to travel back to her home and be refreshed. She heard her people talk; they were unending babblers in the waterfall. Truth was with them, and wisdom. How, then, could she pretend to any right to live? Already she had no name; she was less living than a tombstone. For who was Chloe? Her family might pass the grave of Chloe without weeping, without moralizing. They had foreseen her ruin, they had foretold it, they noised it in the waters, and on they sped to the plains, telling the world of their prophecy, and making what was untold as yet a lighter thing to do.

The lamps in an irregularly dotted line underneath the hill beckoned her to her task of appearing as the gayest of them that draw their breath for the day and have pulses for the morrow.

CHAPTER X

At midnight the great supper party to celebrate the reconciliation of Mr. Beamish and Duchess Susan broke up, and beneath a soft fair sky the ladies, with their silvery chatter of gratitude for amusement, caught Chloe in their arms to kiss her, rendering it natural for their cavaliers to exclaim that Chloe was blest above mortals. The duchess preferred to walk. Her spirits were excited, and her language smelt of her origin, but the superb fleshly beauty of the woman was aglow, and crying, "I declare I should burst in one of those boxes—just as if you'd stalled me!" she fanned a wind on her face, and sumptuously spread her spherical skirts, attended by the vanquished and captive Colonel Poltermore, a gentleman manifestly bent on insinuating sly slips of speech to serve for here a pinch of powder, there a match. "Am I?" she was heard to say. She blew prodigious deep-chested sighs of a coquette that has taken to roaring.

Presently her voice tossed out: "As if I would!" These vivid illuminations of the Colonel's proceedings were a pasture to the rearward groups, composed of two very grand ladies, Caseldy, Mr. Beamish, a lord, and Chloe.

"You man! Oh!" sprang from the duchess. "What do I hear? I won't listen; I can't, I mustn't, I oughtn't."

So she said, but her head careened, she gave him her coy reluctant ear, with total abandonment to the seductions of his whispers, and the lord let fly a peal of laughter. It had been a supper of copious wine, and the songs which rise from wine. Nature was excused by our midnight naturalists.

The two great dames, admonished by the violence of the nobleman's laughter, laid claim on Mr. Beamish to accompany them at their parting with Chloe and Duchess Susan.

In the momentary shuffling of couples incident to adieux among a company, the duchess murmured to Caseldy: "Have I done it well?"

He praised her for perfection in her acting. "I am at your door at three, remember."

"My heart's in my mouth," said she.

Colonel Poltermore still had the privilege of conducting her the few farther steps to her lodgings.

Caseldy walked beside Chloe, and silently, until he said, "If I have not yet mentioned the subject——"

"If it is an allusion to money let me not hear it to-night," she replied.

"I can only say that my lawyers have instructions. But my lawyers cannot pay you in gratitude. Do not think me in your hardest review of my misconduct ungrateful. I have ever esteemed you above all women; I do, and I shall; you are too much above me. I am afraid I am a composition of bad stuff; I did not win a very particularly good name on the Continent; I begin to know myself, and in comparison with you, dear Catherine——"

"You speak to Chloe," she said. "Catherine is a buried person. She died without pain. She is by this time dust."

The man heaved his breast. "Women have not an idea of our temptations."

"You are excused by me for all your errors, Caseldy. Always remember that."

He sighed profoundly. "Ay, you have a Christian's heart."

She answered, "I have come to the conclusion that it is a Pagan's."

"As for me," he rejoined, "I am a fatalist. Through life I have seen my destiny. What is to be, will be; we can do nothing."

"I have heard of one who expired of a surfeit that he anticipated, nay proclaimed, when indulging in the last desired morsel," said Chloe.

"He was driven to it."

"From within."

Caseldy acquiesced; his wits were clouded, and an illustration even coarser and more grotesque would have won a serious nod and a sigh from him. "Yes, we are moved by other hands!"

"It is pleasant to think so: and think it of me to-morrow. Will you?" said Chloe.

He promised it heartily, to induce her to think the same of him.

Their separation was in no way remarkable. The pretty formalities were executed at the door, and the pair of gentlemen departed.

"It's quite dark still," Duchess Susan said, looking up at the sky, and she ran upstairs, and sank, complaining of the weakness of her legs, in a chair of the antechamber of her bedroom, where Chloe slept. Then she asked the time of the night. She could not suppress her hushed "Oh!" of heavy throbbing from minute to minute. Suddenly she started off at a quick stride to her own room, saying that it must be sleepiness which affected her so.

Her bedroom had a door to the sitting-room, and thence, as also from Chloe's room, the landing on the stairs was reached, for the room ran parallel with both bedchambers. She walked in it and threw the window open, but closed it immediately; opened and shut the door, and returned and called for Chloe. She wanted to be read to. Chloe named certain composing books. The duchess chose a book of sermons. "But we're all such dreadful sinners, it's better not to bother ourselves late at night." She dismissed that suggestion. Chloe proposed books of poetry. "Only I don't understand them except about larks, and buttercups, and hayfields, and that's no comfort to a woman burning," was the answer.

"Are you feverish, madam?" said Chloe. And the duchess was sharp on her: "Yes, madam, I am."

She reproved herself in a change of tone: "No, Chloe, not feverish, only this air of yours here is such an exciting air, as the doctor says; and they made me drink wine, and I played before supper—Oh! my money; I used to say I could get more, but now!" she sighed—"but there's better in the world than money. You know that, don't you, you dear? Tell me. And I want you to be happy; that you'll find. I do wish we could all be!" She wept, and spoke of requiring a little music to compose her.

Chloe stretched a hand for her guitar. Duchess Susan listened to some notes, and cried that it went to her heart and hurt her. "Everything we like a lot has a fence and a board against trespassers, because of such a lot of people in the world," she moaned. "Don't play, put down that thing, please, dear. You're the cleverest creature anybody has ever met; they all say so. I wish I— Lovely women catch men, and clever women keep them: I've heard that said in this wretched place, and it's a nice prospect for me, next door to a fool! I know I am."

"The duke adores you, madam."

"Poor duke! Do let him be—sleeping so woe-begone with his mouth *so*, and that chin of a baby, like as if he dreamed of a penny whistle. He shouldn't have let me come here. Talk of Mr. Beamish. How he will miss you, Chloe!"

"He will," Chloe said sadly.

"If you go, dear."

"I am going."

"Why should you leave him, Chloe?"

"I must."

"And there, the thought of it makes you miserable!"

"It does."

"You needn't, I'm sure."

Chloe looked at her.

The duchess turned her head. "Why can't you be gay, as you were at the supper-table, Chloe? You're out to him like a flower when the sun jumps over the hill; you're up like a lark in the dews; as I used to be when I thought of nothing. Oh, the early morning; and I'm sleepy. What a beast I feel, with my grandeur, and the time in an hour or two for the birds to sing, and me ready to drop. I must go and undress."

She rushed on Chloe, kissed her hastily, declaring that she was quite dead of fatigue, and dismissed her. "I don't want help, I can undress myself. As if Susan Barley couldn't do that for herself! and you may shut your door—I sha'n't have any frights to-night, I'm so tired out."

"Another kiss," Chloe said tenderly.

"Yes, take it"—the duchess leaned her cheek—"but I'm so tired I don't know what I'm doing."

"It will not be on your conscience," Chloe answered, kissing her warmly.

With those words she withdrew, and the duchess closed the door. She ran a bolt in it immediately.

"I'm too tired to know anything I'm doing," she said to herself, and stood with shut eyes to hug certain thoughts which set her bosom heaving.

There was the bed, there was the clock. She had the option of lying down and floating quietly into the day, all peril past. It seemed sweet for a minute. But it soon seemed an old, a worn, an end-of-autumn life, chill, without aim, like a something that was hungry and toothless. The bed proposing innocent sleep repelled her and drove her to the clock. The clock was awful: the hand at the hour, the finger following the minute, commanded her to stir actively, and drove her to gentle meditations on the bed. She lay down dressed, after setting her light beside the clock, that she might see it at will, and considering it necessary for the bed to appear to have been lain on. Considering also that she ought to be heard moving about in the process of undressing, she rose from the bed to make sure of her reading of the guilty clock. An hour and twenty minutes! she had no more time than that: and it was not enough for her various preparations, though it was true that her maid had packed and taken a box of the things chiefly needful; but the duchess had to change her shoes and her dress, and run at bo-peep with the changes of her mind, a sedative preface to any fatal step among women of her complexion, for so they invite indecision to exhaust their scruples, and they let the blood have its way. Having so short a space of time, she thought the matter decided, and with some relief she flung despairing on the bed, and lay down for good with her duke. In a little while her head was at work reviewing him sternly, estimating him not less accurately than the male moralist charitable to her sex would do. She quitted the bed, with a spring to escape her imagined lord; and as if she had felt him to be there, she lay down no more. A quiet life like that was flatter to her idea than a handsomely bound big book without any print on the pages, and without a picture. Her contemplation of it, contrasted with the life waved to her view by the timepiece, set her whole system raging; she burned to fly. Providently, nevertheless, she thumped a pillow, and threw the bedclothes into proper disorder, to inform the world that her limbs had warmed them, and that all had been impulse with her. She then proceeded to disrobe, murmuring to herself that she could stop now, and could stop now, at each stage of the advance to a fresh dressing of her person, and moralizing on her singular fate, in the mouth of an observer. "She was shot up suddenly over everybody's head, and suddenly down she went." Susan whispered to herself: "But it was for love!" Possessed by the rosiness of love, she finished her business, with an attention to everything needed that was equal to perfect serenity of mind. After which there was nothing to do, save to sit humped in a chair, cover her face and count the clock-tickings, that said, Yes—no; do—don't; fly—stay; fly—fly! It seemed to her she heard a moving. Well she might with that dreadful heart of hers!

Chloe was asleep, at peace by this time, she thought; and how she envied Chloe! She might be as happy, if she pleased. Why not? But what kind of happiness was it? She likened it to that of the corpse underground, and shrank distastefully.

Susan stood at her glass to have a look at the creature about whom there was all this disturbance, and she threw up her arms high for a languid, not unlovely yawn, that closed in blissful shuddering with the sensation of her lover's arms having wormed round her waist and taken her while she was defenseless. For surely they would. She took a jeweled ring, his gift, from her purse, and kissed it, and drew it on and off her finger, leaving it on. Now she might wear it without fear of inquiries and virtuous eyebrows. O heavenly now—if only it were an hour hence, and going behind galloping horses!

The clock was at the terrible moment. She hesitated internally and hastened; once her feet stuck fast, and firmly she said, "No"; but the clock was her lord. The clock was her lover and her lord; and, obeying it, she managed to get into the sitting-room, on the pretext that she merely wished to see through the front window whether daylight was coming.

How well she knew that half-light of the ebb of the wave of darkness.

Strange enough it was to see it showing houses regaining their solidity of the foregone day, instead of still fields, black hedges, familiar shapes of trees. The houses had no wakefulness, they were but seen to stand, and the light was a revelation of emptiness. Susan's heart was cunning to reproach her duke for the difference of the scene she beheld from that of the innocent open-breasted land. Yes, it was dawn in a wicked place that she never should have been allowed to visit. But where was he whom she looked for? There! The cloaked figure of a man was at the corner of the street. It was he. Her heart froze; but her limbs were strung to throw off the house, and reach air, breathe, and (as her thoughts ran) swoon, well-protected. To her senses the house was a house on fire, and crying to her to escape.

Yet she stepped deliberately, to be surefooted in a dusky room; she touched along the wall and came to the door, where a footstool nearly tripped her. Here her touch was at fault, for though she knew she must be close by the door, she was met by an obstruction unlike wood, and the door seemed neither shut nor open. She could not find the handle; something hung over it. Thinking coolly, she fancied the thing must be a gown or dressing-gown; it hung heavily. Her fingers were sensible of the touch of silk; she distinguished a depending bulk, and she felt at it very carefully and mechanically, saying within herself, in her anxiety to pass it without noise, "If I should awake poor Chloe, of all people!" Her alarm was that the door might creak. Before any other alarm had struck her brain, the hand she felt with was in a palsy, her mouth gaped, her throat thickened, the dust-ball rose in her throat, and the effort to swallow it down and get breath kept her from acute speculation while she felt again, pinched, plucked at the thing, ready to laugh, ready to shriek. Above her head, all on one side, the thing had a round white top. Could it be a hand that her touch had slid across? An arm too! this was an arm! She clutched it, imagining that it clung to her. She pulled it to release herself from it, desperately she pulled, and a lump descended, and a flash of all the torn nerves of her body told her that a dead human body was upon her.

At a quarter to four o'clock of a midsummer morning, as Mr. Beamish relates of his last share in the Tale of Chloe, a woman's voice, in piercing notes of anguish, rang out three shrieks consecutively, which were heard by him at the instant of his quitting his front doorstep, in obedience to the summons of young Mr. Camwell, delivered ten minutes previously, with great urgency, by that gentleman's lacquey. On his reaching the street of the house inhabited by Duchess Susan, he perceived many nightcapped heads at windows, and one window of the house in question lifted but vacant. His first impression accused the pair of gentlemen, whom he saw bearing drawn swords in no friendly attitude, of an ugly brawl that had probably affrighted her Grace, or her personal attendant, a woman capable of screaming, for he was well assured that it could not have been Chloe, the least likely of her sex to abandon herself to the use of their weapons either in terror or in jeopardy. The antagonists were Mr. Camwell and Count Caseldy. On his approaching them, Mr. Camwell sheathed his sword, saying that his work was done. Caseldy was convulsed with wrath, to such a degree as to make the part of an intermediary perilous. There had been passes between them, and Caseldy cried aloud that he would have his enemy's blood. The night-watch was nowhere. Soon, however, certain shopmen and their apprentices assisted Mr. Beamish to preserve the peace, despite the fury of Caseldy and the provocations—"not easy to withstand," says the chronicler—offered by him to young Camwell. The latter said to Mr. Beamish: "I knew I should be no match, so I sent for you," causing his friend astonishment, inasmuch as he was assured of the youth's natural valour.

Mr. Beamish was about to deliver an allocution of reproof to them in equal shares, being entirely unsuspicious of any other reason for the alarum than this palpable outbreak of a rivalry that he would have inclined to attribute to the charms of Chloe, when the house-door swung wide for them to enter, and the landlady of the house, holding clasped hands at full stretch, implored them to run up to the poor lady: "Oh, she's dead; she's dead, dead!"

Caseldy rushed past her.

"How, dead! good woman?" Mr. Beamish questioned her most incredulously, half-smiling.

She answered among her moans: "Dead by the neck; off the door—Oh!"

Young Camwell pressed his forehead, with a call on his Maker's name. As they reached the landing upstairs, Caseldy came out of the sitting-room.

"Which?" said Camwell to the speaking of his face.

"She!" said the other.

"The duchess?" Mr. Beamish exclaimed.

But Camwell walked into the room. He had nothing to ask after that reply.

The figure stretched along the floor was covered with a sheet. The young man fell at his length beside it, and his face was downward.

Mr. Beamish relates: "To this day, when I write at an interval of fifteen years, I have the tragic ague of that hour in my blood, and I behold the shrouded form of the most admirable of women, whose heart was broken by a faithless man ere she devoted her wreck of life to arrest one weaker than herself on the descent to perdition. Therein it was beneficently granted her to be of the service she prayed to be through her death. She died to save. In a last letter, found upon her pin-cushion, addressed to me under seal of secrecy toward the parties principally concerned, she anticipates the whole confession of the unhappy duchess. Nay, she prophesies: 'The duchess will tell you truly she has had enough of love!' Those actual words were reiterated to me by the poor lady daily until her lord arrived to head the funeral procession, and assist in nursing back the shattered health of his wife to a state that should fit her for traveling. To me, at least, she was constant in repeating, 'No more of love!' By her behaviour to her duke, I can judge her to have been sincere. She spoke of feeling Chloe's eyes go through her with every word of hers that she recollected. Nor was the end of Chloe less effective upon the traitor. He was in the procession to her grave. He spoke to none. There is a line of the verse bearing the superscription, 'My Reasons for Dying,' that shows her to have been apprehensive to secure the safety of Mr. Camwell:

I die because my heart is dead:
To warn a soul from sin I die:
I die that blood may not be shed, etc.

She feared he would be somewhere on the road to mar the fugitives, and she knew him, as indeed he knew himself, no match for one trained in the foreign tricks of steel, ready though he was to dispute the traitor's way. She remembers Mr. Camwell's petition for the knotted silken string in her request that it shall be cut from her throat and given to him."

Mr. Beamish indulges in verses above the grave of Chloe. They are of a character to cool emotion. But when we find a man, who is commonly of the quickest susceptibility to ridicule as well as to what is befitting, careless of exposure, we may reflect on the truthfulness of feeling by which he is drawn to pass his own guard and come forth in his nakedness; something of the poet's tongue may breathe to us through his mortal stammering, even if we have to acknowledge that a quotation would scatter pathos.

In Absence

By JOHN DONNE

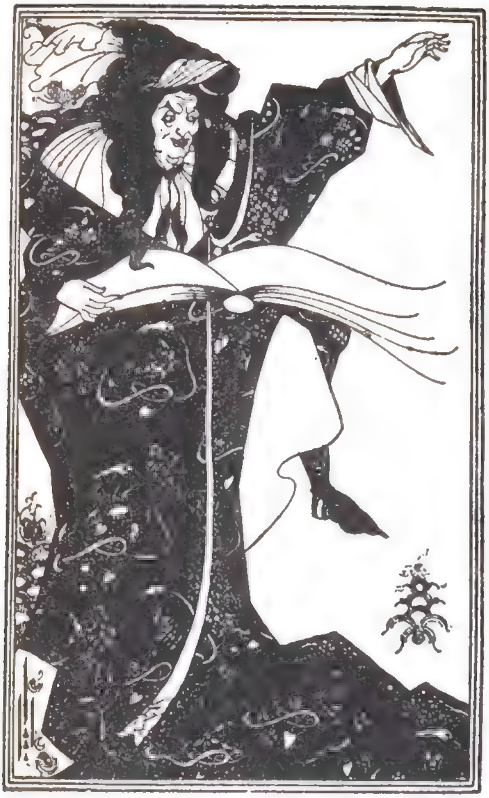
That Time and Absence proves
Rather helps than hurts to loves

ABSENCE, hear thou my protestation
Against thy strength,
Distance and length:
Do what thou canst for alteration,
For hearts of truest mettle
Absence doth join and Time doth settle.

Who loves a mistress of such quality,
His mind hath found
Affection's ground
Beyond time, place, and all mortality.
To hearts that cannot vary
Absence is present, Time doth tarry.

My senses want their outward motion
Which now within
Reason doth win,
Redoubled by her secret notion:
Like rich men that take pleasure
In hiding more than handling treasure.

By Absence this good means I gain,
That I can catch her
Where none can watch her,
In some close corner of my brain:
There I embrace and kiss her,
And so enjoy her and none miss her.



Virgilius the Sorcerer
Drawn by Aubrey Beardsley

How to Raise the Devil

Glendower—*I can call spirits from the vasty deep.*
Hotspur—*Why, so can I, or so can any man;*
But will they come when you do call for them? **Shakespeare.**

What to Do When He Appears

Isa has been giving me advice, which is that when I feal Satan beginning to tempt me, that I flea him and he would flea me. **Marjorie Fleming.**

An Expert's Counsel

A pastor, near Torgau, came to Luther, and complained that the Devil tormented him without intermission. The doctor replied: "He plagues and harasses me too, but I resist him with the arms of faith. I know of one person at Magdeburg who put Satan to rout by spitting at him; but this example is not to be lightly followed; for the devil is a presumptuous spirit, and not disposed to yield. We run great risk when, with him, we attempt more than we can do. One man, who relied implicitly on his baptism, when the devil presented himself to him, his head furnished with horns, tore off one of the horns; but another man, of less faith, who attempted the same thing, was killed by the devil."
Martin Luther.

A Fondness for Dead Languages

(*Enter* Faustus *to Conjure*)

Faust—Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth,
Longing to view Orion's drizzling look,
Leaps from th' antarctic world into the sky,
And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,

Faustus, begin thy incantations,
And try if devils will obey thy hest,
Seeing thou hast pray'd and sacrific'd to them.
Within this circle in Jehovah's name,
Forward and backward anagrammatiz'd
Th' abbreviated names of holy saints,
Figures of every adjunct to the heavens,
And characters of signs and erring stars
By which the spirits are enforc'd to rise.
Then fear not, Faustus, but be resolute,
And try the uttermost magic can perform.
Sint mihi dei Acherontis propitii! Valeta numen triplex Jehovoe. Ignei, aerii, acquanti spiritus, salviti; Orientis princeps Belzebub, inferni ardentis monarcha, at Demogorgon, propitiamus vos, ut appareat et surgat Mephistophilis quod tumeraris; per Jehovam, Gehennam, et consecratum aquam quam nunc spargo, signumque crucis quod nunc facio, et per vota nostra, ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatus Mephistophilis!
(*Enter* MEPHISTOPHILIS). CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

A MOHAMMEDAN FORMULA

Fast seven days in a lonely place, and take incense with you, such as benzoin, aloeswood, mastic, and odoriferous wood from Soudan, and read the Chapter one thousand and one times (from the Koran) in the seven days—a certain number of readings, namely, for every one of the five daily prayers. That is the secret, and you will see indescribable wonders; drums will be beaten beside you, and flags hoisted over your head, and you will see spirits full of light and of beautiful and benign aspect.

(*The Commentator adds that an acquaintance of his, who had undergone the course of self-mortification, said that he really saw all kinds of horrible forms in his magic circle, but he saw them also when his eyes were shut. At last he got quite terrified, and left the place.*)

Book of the Black Arts.

THE BLACK POODLE

FAUST—Peace, dog, be quiet! Your restlessness wearies!
Why sniff you so at the threshold there?
Down, sir, behind the stove! . . . .

My chamber if you wish to share,
This howling, poodle, straight forbear,
This barking, and this riot!
To brook a comrade so unquiet
Is more than I am able.
Here both of us cannot remain,
And, though it goes against my grain
To be inhospitable,
There is the door, and you are free
To go! But what is this I see?
How can such transformation be?
Is it a real thing, or throws
Some glamour over me its spells?
How long and broad my poodle grows!
It rises, it dilates and swells.
This is no dog: what can it be,
This fiend I have brought home with me?
Now with his fiery eyes, and rows
On rows of horrid teeth, he shows
Like any hippopotamus!
Ha! Now I know you! Is it thus?
For such half-hell-begotten brood
The seal of Solomon is good.

To grapple with the monster, I
The spell of Four at first will try. . . .

Hence, as ye came, in flash and flame, Salamander!
Flow out and be seen a rushing stream, Undine!
Blaze on the air a meteor fair, Sylph!
Us with timely help befriend, Incubus! Incubus!
Come forth, come forth, and make an end!

No one of the Four is lodged in the beast,
'Tis plain I have not touched the case.....

Now shall ye hear me, whatever ye are,
Conjure with a spell more potent by far.

  Coms't thou here, from hell's confine
  A fugitive, behold this sign,
  Holy emblem, 'neath whose power
  All the fiends of darkness cower!

[MEPHISTOPHILIS *comes forward, as the mist subsides, in the dress of a traveling scholar, from behind the stove.*] GOETHE'S "Faust." (Translated by BAYARD TAYLOR.)

THE PREDECESSOR OF THE "BLACKMAIL" PERIODICALS

The knight Heinrich von Falkenstein, who did not believe in demons, was instructed by a conjuror to draw with his sword a circle at the crossing of two roads. Wild sheets of water seemed to enclose him. The shrieking of a great storm and the grunting of swine smote his ears. Then the shadow of a human form floated over the trees. This was the Devil who, on coming closer, appeared as a tall black man with such a loathsome face that his gaze was unbearable. When the knight questioned him, the Devil demanded a present of his mantle, his girdle, a sheep from his fold, and a fowl from his flock.

To prove his power the devil related under just what conditions the Knight had lost his innocence.

After his meeting with the Devil the Knight remained pale, and never regained his natural colour. CAESARIUS VON HEISTERBACH (about 1240).

"IS THY SERVANT A DOG?"

Agnes Simpson was remarkable for her skill in diseases, and frequently, it is said, took the pains and sickness of the afflicted upon herself to relieve them, and afterward translated them to third persons; she made use of long Scriptural rhymes and prayers containing the principal points of Christianity, so that she seemed not so much a white witch as a holy woman. . . .

Whenever she required an answer from the devil, on any occasion, he always appeared to her in the shape of a dog. And when she wished him to depart she conjured him in the following manner, namely, "I charge thee to depart on the law thou livest on" . . . The manner in which she raised the Devil was with these words: "Elia, come and speak to me," when he never failed to appear to her in the shape of a dog as usual. Her sailing with her Kemmers and fellow-witches in a boat is related in a very remarkable story, where the Devil caused them all to drink good wine and beer without money; and of her neither seeing the sailors nor they her; and of the storm which the devil raised, whereby the ship perished; also her baptizing and using other ceremonies upon a cat, in company with other witches, to prevent Queen Anne from coming into Scotland. DEMONOLOGIA (1831).

CORRECTING A SLANDER

As I was going a few days since to a convent in this city to hear mass, I saw a prodigious multitude of people endeavouring to get in, but I was told the gate was locked. A gentleman informed me that a demoniac was to be exorcised. . . .

The first thing we beheld was a terrible looking fellow, all in rags, with a tippet about his neck, his hands tied behind his back, and roaring like a bull.

"Heaven preserve us," cried I, at the same time crossing myself, "what is the matter with the man?"

"Why," answered the reverend father who was to perform the operation, "he is possessed with a devil."

"That is an execrable falsehood," exclaimed the spirit that troubled him: "it is not a man possessed with a devil, but a devil possessed with a man. . . . For, to tell you the truth, we devils never enter the body of a catchpoll but by compulsion; therefore you should not say a catchpoll be-devilled but a devil be-catchpolled." FRANCISCO QUEVEDO.

FLESH-CREEPING DONE HERE

"The Gothic room in which the incantation was to take place, presented a strange and at the same time solemn and awful aspect. The skulls, the bones of men and beasts, the murderous weapons and martial essence-flasks, the various and indescribable fragments from which all the kingdoms of nature are formed, nearest to the walls, different figures, triangles, squares, and pentagons. Red drapery was hung on the naked walls. In the midst of the room and inside the circularly arranged pentagram were the fire- and incense-altar with holy water. On a table in the rear, but partly within the circle, the magical lights were burning, and diffused an uncertain and whitish-yellow light over the objects. Near the candlestick were the two bells. We were arranged in our garments. The face of my companion was pale as death: probably mine also.

"'Courage, fortitude! . . . or you are lost!' whispered the magician, whose eyes beamed with a dark, solemn determination. and whose every feature expressed at this moment a terrible resolution.

"These were his last words before the incantation. We were allowed to answer nothing. I tried to be courageous, but my soul was shaken by a dreadful expectation. The prayer and religious ceremonies which we had performed after the bath and change of dress, had not diminished but only intensified this feeling.

"The night wind shook the windows hidden behind the heavy draperies. It seemed as if ghosts from another world had been lurking behind the gently waving curtains. Even the skulls appeared to me to bode from their sunken vacant eyes the arrival of something appalling. One of them attracted my attention for a long time, or rather exercised on me the same influence which the eye of a rattle-snake is said to have upon the bird which he approaches to devour. I noticed in the eye a metallic luster. It was the gleam of the light reflected from a martial stone fastened in the skull.

"In the meantime the magician had seized the blood-stained sword, and drew, murmuring a prayer the while, a threefold magical circle around the pentagram. Between the circumferences he wrote the names of the angels of the year, the season, the day and the hour. Toward the East he made the sign of the Alpha, toward the West of Omega. Then he divided the circle by a cross into four fields. He assigned two of them, those behind him, to me and my companions. They were large enough to kneel upon. We were strictly enjoined not to leave them, not to allow even a fold of our mantles to wave outside the circle. Forgetfulness in this respect would cost us our lives. The magician put aside his sword in a triangle outside the circle. He sprinkled himself and us with holy water, read formularies over the incense and the thorn twigs, and kindled them. This was the sign for us to give ourselves to prayer. We must not cease praying until we had heard the first word of the incantation. The incense spread, as it were, a dim transparent veil over the room. Here and there it was condensed into strange figures: now human, now fantastic animal shapes arose against the vaulted wall and sank again.

"There must have been something narcotic in those vapory clouds. I looked at them in a half dreaming state while my lips repeated inaudibly the enjoined prayers.

"I was aroused from this condition by the first word of the incantation which struck my soul like a thunderbolt, and awakened me to full consciousness of my position and of the significance of the hour. The blood in my veins seemed changed into ice.

"The magician stood before me, tall, erect and commanding. He had taken the incantation book and now read from it with a hollow voice the first citation, which begins with a long formulary invoking the different mystical names of God.

"I can not repeat the quotation. The highest and the lowest, the divine and the infernal, that for whose sacredness we feel an irrepressible reverence, and that for whose impiety we experience the deepest horror, were united here in the most solemn and the most terrible words that human tongue has ever stammered. Now first I began to form an idea of the power of words.

"The name of the demon was not yet uttered. The nearer the moment for its pronunciation approached, the deeper became the voice of the magician. Now came the formula of invocation, and now—resounded the name *Tekafel.*

"It appeared as if a thousand-fold but whispering echoes from the vault above, from the corners of the room, from all the skulls and from the very incantation book itself, repeated that name.

"The magician became silent, the incense was condensed and assumed a reddish tint which gradually became more and more diffused. We seemed to hear the thunder rolling, and at first from a distance, then nearer, and finally over our heads. It was as if the tower had been shaken and the vault over our heads been rent. My knees trembled. Suddenly a flash of lightning shot through the red mass. The magician extended his staff, as if he had wished to stop it. He raised his voice anew, strong and powerful amidst the continued peals of thunder. The smoke grew thin again; from its wreaths there appeared before the magician in the immediate vicinity of the circle, at the opposite end of the staff, a dim apparition, a figure whose first aspect bereft me of my reason. I felt as if I had fallen to the floor—as if I had been lost. . . .

"I awakened with the perspiration of agony on my forehead, but fortunately in my own bed and in the nineteenth century."

The Magic of the Middle Ages (VIKTOR RYDBERG).

CONFESSION NOT GOOD FOR THE SOUL

In the valley of Bastan, that is in the Kingdom of Navarre, prisoners were burned on the seventh and eighth of November in the year 1610. Many of these who were witches and wizards told how they met every week on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, and in addition on the great holidays.

Lucifer appeared upon the meadow which lay deep in the forest. He came to the masses of his faithful in the shape of a black, sinister, ugly man, and took his place upon a throne of gold and ebony. On his head he wore a crown with horns, two great horns protruding from the back of his head and a third from his forehead. His feet and hands resembled hands, his voice that of an ass. Hoarse and raucous, it filled everyone with horror.

On feasts of the Blessed Virgin the most distinguished wizards and witches confessed to the Devil their sins, which of course consisted in the few good works they had done.

WILHELM FISCHER.

A DEMONSTRATION TO THE CLERGY

A certain master of the Black Arts from Toledo journeyed to Maestrict. As he sat between two priests at table, he caused some of the guests to sleep. Whereupon eight unworthy priests demanded help in their evil designs.

On the floor he drew a great circle around the eight. Beside the ring he decorated a large chair with flowers.

Then at midnight he skinned a cat and threw two doves into the circle, and called three devils. The largest he addressed as the great lord Epanamen, and said he had invited them to hear the requests of the priests and to have a little supper.

To the smaller devils he presented the cat, which they devoured. And to the chief Devil he gave the doves, which were devoured at a gulp.

He conjured this devil to diminish and enter into a glass. When this was done he sealed the vessel with wax, upon which he scratched Alpha and Omega.

The priests then asked what they desired.

THE MONK ALBERTICUS (*Chronicles of the Year 1223*).

TAM O'SHANTER'S TALISMAN

Inspiring bauld John Barleycorn
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippeny we fear nae evil,
Wi' usquebae we'll face the devil.
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noodle,
Fair play, he caredna' de'ils a boddle! ROBERT BURNS.

ALWAYS READY

We are told that St. Peter gave our holy Father of St. Angelo the Keys of Heaven; but I doubt he has not the Keys of t'other Place too; if he has, he has been but a sorry Jaylor, for the Devil has been abroad these Four Thousand Years to our knowledge, and continues still at large; not a Constable can take him up, even a Scape Warrant can not apprehend him. DANIEL DEFOE.

AS AN AID IN WOOING

(Cyprian is in love with Justina, and is soliloquizing. The Demon, also in love with Justina, overhears him, and plans to make his entrance incognito, as a castaway).

CYPRIAN—. . . Yet this passion is so strong—
Oh, so sweet the fascination
Driving my imagination
With resistless force along—
That I would (I know too well
How this madness doth degrade me)
To some dev'lish pow'r to aid me,
Were it even to raise from hell,
Where some mightiest power hath kept it,—
Sharing all its pains in common,—
I would, to possess this woman,
Give my soul.
DEMON (*within*)—And I accept it.
(*A great tempest is heard, with thunder and lightning.*)

. . . .

VOICES (*within*)—We sink! We sink! We're lost!
DEMON (*within*)—For what I have in hand
I'll trust this plank to bear me to the land. . . .
(*Enter the Demon, dripping with wet, as if escaped from the sea.*)

CALDERON (TRANSLATED BY MCCARTHY).

THE SPELL WHICH COMMANDED HECATE

"Did you, hastening through the twilight, meet with a formless monster, hoofed like an ass and radiating a stench incomparably foul, you might recognize the handiwork of Hecate—designed, perhaps, to punish you for having neglected to offer on her altar your accustomed sacrifice of dogs, or honey, or black lambs.

". . . She has three bodies or three heads, according to the time and circumstance, one being of a horse, the second of a dog, and the third of a lion."

To satisfy those few of her followers who were brave enough to desire a personal interview with her, she invented a formula the power of which even she was not able to withstand. The formula is as follows:

"Make a wooden statue of the root of the wild rue, well-polished, and anoint it with the bodies of little common lizards crushed into a paste with myrrh, storax, and incense. Leave it in the open air during the waxing of the moon and then (at the full moon) speak as follows: 'Come, infernal terrestrial, and celestial Bombo, goddess of the highways and the cross-ways, enemy of the light who walkest abroad at night, thou who delightest in the barking of dogs and in the shedding of blood, who wanderest among the shades and about the tombs, who desirest blood, and who bringest terror to mortals—Gorgo, Mormo, moon of a thousand forms, cast a propitious eye on our sacrifices.' Then take as many lizards as Hecate has forms, and fail not to make a grove of laurel boughs, the laurels having grown wild. Then, having addressed fervent prayers to the image, you will see her."

O. M. HUEFFER.

BILLY SUNDAY'S CHALLENGE TO HIM

He sprang to his feet with a kind of convulsive energy, poised a moment, then turned to the rear of the platform where the devil is supposed to lurk. Now he lit into Satan.

"But you, you old devil!" he shouted. "Haven't you dug graves enough? Haven't you brought misery enough into the world? Get up and talk back to me, you rotten stinking imp! Come on! I'll give you a punch you won't forget!" *New York Sun, April 24, 1917.*

The Boor

A Comedy. By ANTON P. CHEKHOV

Translated by Hilmar Baukage

А Чехов

CHARACTERS

Helena Ivanovna Popov (*a young widow, mistress of a country estate*).
Grigorji Stepanovitch Smirnov (*proprietor of a country estate*).
Luka (*servant of Mrs. Popov*).
A Gardener.
A Coachman.
Several Workmen.
Place: *The Estate of Mrs. Popov.*
Time: *The Present.*
(*The stage shows an elegantly furnished reception room.*)

(*Mrs. Popov discovered in deep mourning, sitting upon a sofa, gazing steadfastly at a photograph. Luka is also present.*)

Luka—It isn't right, ma'am—You're wearing yourself out! The maid and the cook have gone looking for berries, everything that breathes is enjoying life, even the cat knows how to be happy—slips about the courtyard and catches birds; but you hide yourself here in the house as though you were in a cloister and have no pleasures—Yes, truly, by actual reckoning you haven't left this house for a whole year.

Mrs. Popov—And I shall never leave it—why should I? My life is over. He lies in his grave, and I have buried myself within these four walls. We are both dead.

Luka—There you are again! It's too awful to listen to, so it is! Nikolai Michailovitch is dead, it was the will of the Lord and the Lord has given him eternal peace. You have grieved over it and that ought to be enough. Now it's time to stop. One can't weep and wear mourning forever! My wife died a few years ago, too. I grieved for her, I wept a whole month—and then it was over. Must one be forever singing lamentations? That would be more than your husband was worth! (*He sighs.*) You have forgotten all your neighbours. You don't go out and you won't receive any one. We live—you'll pardon me—like the spiders, and the good light of day we never see. All the livery is eaten by the mice—as though there weren't any more nice people in the world! But the whole neighbourhood is full of gentlefolk. In Riblov the regiment is stationed, officers—simply beautiful! One can't see enough of them! Every Friday a ball, and military music every day. Oh, my dear, dear ma'am, young and pretty as you are, if you'd only let your spirits live! Beauty can't last forever. When ten short years are over, then you'll be glad enough to go out a bit! And meet the officers—and then it'll be too late.

Mrs. Popov (*resolutely*)—Please, don't speak of these things to me again. You know very well that since the death of Nikolai Michailovitch my life is absolutely nothing to me. You think I live, but it only seems that I live. Do you understand? Oh, that his departed soul may see how I love him—Oh, I know, it's no secret to you; he was often unjust toward me, cruel and—he wasn't faithful, but I shall be faithful to the grave and prove to him how I am able to love. There, in the beyond, he'll find me the same, as I was until his death.

Luka—What is the use of all these words, when you'd so much rather go walking in the garden or order Tobby or Welikan harnessed to the trap, and visit the neighbours?

Mrs. Popov (*weeping*). Oh!

Luka—Madam, dear, dear Madam, what is it? In heaven's name?

Mrs. Popov—He loved Tobby so! He always took him when he drove to the Kortschagins or the Vlassovs. What a wonderful horseman he was! How fine he looked! When he pulled at the reins with all his might! Tobby, Tobby—give him an extra measure of oats to-day!

Luka—Yes, ma'am. [*A bell rings loudly.*]

Mrs. Popov (*shudders*)—What's that? Say that I am receiving no one.

Luka—Yes, ma'am. [*He goes out center.*]

Mrs. Popov (*gazing at the photograph*)—You shall see, Nikol, how I can love and forgive—My love will die only with me —when my poor heart stops beating. (*She smiles through her tears.*) And aren't you ashamed? I have been a good, true wife, I have imprisoned myself and I shall remain true until the grave, and you—you—you're not ashamed of yourself, my dear monster! Betrayed me, quarreled with me, left me alone for weeks—[Luka *enters in great excitement.*]

Luka—Oh, ma'am, some one is asking for you, insists on seeing you——

Mrs. Popov—You told him that since my husband's death I receive no one?

Luka—I said so, but he won't listen, he says that it is a pressing matter.

Mrs. Popov—I—re—ceive—no—one!

Luka—I told him that, but he's a wildman, he swore and pushed himself into the room—he's in the dining room now.

Mrs. Popov (*excitedly*)—Good. Show him in. What an intruder! [Luka *goes out center.*]

Mrs. Popov—What a bore people are! What can they want with me? Why do they disturb my peace? (*She sighs.*) Yes, it is clear I must go to a cloister. (*Meditatively.*) Yes, in a cloister—[Smirnov *enters followed by* Luka.]

Smirnov (*to* Luka)—Fool, you make too much noise! You're an ass! (*Discovering* Mrs. Popov—*politely.*) Madam, I have the honour to introduce myself; Lieutenant in the Artillery, retired, country gentleman, Grigorji Stepanovitch Smirnov! I'm forced to bother you about an exceedingly important matter.

Mrs. Popov (*without offering her hand*)—What is it you wish?

Smirnov—Your deceased husband, with whom I had the honour to be acquainted, left me two notes amounting to about twelve hundred rubles. Inasmuch as I have to meet the interest to-morrow on a loan from the Agrarian Bank, I should like to request, madam, that you pay me the money to-day.

Mrs. Popov—Twelve hundred—and for what was my husband indebted to you?

Smirnov—He had bought oats from me.

Mrs. Popov (*with a sigh to* Luka)—Don't forget to have Tobby given an extra measure of oats. [Luka *goes out.*]

Mrs. Popov [*to* Smirnov]—If Nikolai Michailovitch is indebted to you, I will of course pay you, but, I am sorry, I haven't the money to-day. To-morrow my manager will be back from the city and I shall notify him to pay you what is due you, but until then I cannot satisfy your request. Furthermore, to-day it is just seven months since the death of my husband and I am not in the mood to discuss money matters.

Smirnov—And I am in the mood to fly up the chimney with my feet in the air if I can't lay hands on that interest to-morrow. They'll sequestrate my estate!

Mrs. Popov—Day after to-morrow you will receive the money.

Sirnov—I don't need the money day after to-morrow, I need it to-day.

Mrs. Popov—I'm sorry I can't pay you to-day.

Smirov—And I can't wait until day after to-morrow.

Mrs. Popov—But what can I do if I haven't it?

Smirnov—So you can't pay?

Mrs. Popov—I can not.

Smirnov—Hm—Is that your last word?

Mrs. Popov—My last.

Smirnov—Absolutely?

Mrs. Popov—Absolutely.

Smirnov—Thank you. We shan't forget it. (*He shrugs his shoulders.*) And then they expect me to stand for all that. The toll gatherer just now met me in the road and asked, why are you always worrying, Grigorji Stepanovitch? Why in heaven's name shouldn't I worry? I need money, I feel the knife at my throat. Yesterday morning I left my house in the early dawn and called on all my debtors. If even one of them had paid his debt! I worked the skin off my fingers! The devil knows in what sort of Jew-inn I slept, in a room with a barrel of brandy!

And now at last I come here, seventy versts from home, hoping for a little money and all you give me is moods! Why shouldn't I worry?

Mrs. Popov—I thought I made it plain to you that my manager will return from town and then you will get your money?

Smirnov—I did not come to see the manager, I came to see you. What the devil—pardon the language—do I care for your manager?

Mrs. Popov—Really, sir, I am neither used to such language nor such manners. I shan't listen to you any further. [*She goes out left.*]

Smirnov—What can one say to that? Moods! Seven months since her husband died! And do I have to pay the interest or not? I repeat the question, have I to pay the interest or not? Well, yes, the husband is dead and all that, the manager is—the devil with him—traveling somewhere. Now tell me, what am I to do? Shall I run away from my creditors in a balloon? Or push my head into a stone wall? If I call on Grusdev he chooses to be "not at home," Iroschevitch has simply hidden himself, I have quarreled with Kurzin until I came near throwing him out of the window, Masutov is ill and this one in here has—moods! Not one of the crew will pay up! And all because I've spoiled them all, because I'm an old whiner, an old dish-rag! I'm too tender-hearted with them. But you wait! I'll show you! I permit nobody to play tricks with me, the devil with 'em all! I'll stay here and not budge from the spot until she pays! Brrr! How angry I am, how terribly angry I am! Every tendon is trembling with anger and I can hardly breathe—ah, I'm even growing ill. (*He calls out.*) Servant! [Luka *enters.*]

Luka—What is it you wish?

Smirnov—Bring me kvass or water! (Luka *goes out.*) Well, what can we do? She hasn't it on hand? What sort of logic is that? A fellow stands with the knife at his throat, he needs money, he is just at the point of hanging himself, and she won't pay because she isn't in the mood to discuss money matters. See! Pure woman's logic. That's why I never liked to talk to women and why I hate to do it now. I would rather sit on a powder-barrel than talk with a woman. Brr!—I'm getting cold as ice, this affair has made me so angry. I only need to see such a romantic creature from the distance to get so angry that I have cramps in the calves. It's enough to make one yell for help! [*Enter* Luka.]

Luka (*hands him water*)—Madam is ill and is not receiving.

Smirnov—March! (Luka *goes out.*) Ill, and isn't receiving! All right, it isn't necessary. I won't receive, either. I'll sit here and stay until you bring that money. If you're ill a week, I'll sit here a week. If you're ill a year, I'll sit here a year. As heaven is my witness, I'll get my money. You don't disturb me with your mourning—or with your dimples. We know these dimples! (*He calls out the window.*) Simon, unharness. We aren't going to leave right away. I am going to stay here. Tell them in the stable to give the horses some oats. The left horse has twisted the bridle again. (*Imitating him.*) Stop! I'll show you how! Stop! (*Leaves window.*) It's awful. Unbearable heat, no money, didn't sleep well last night and now mourning-dresses with moods. My head aches, perhaps I ought to have a drink. Ye-s, I must have a drink. (*Calling.*) Servant!

Luka—What do you wish?

Smirnov—A little drink. (Luka *goes out.* Smirnov *sits down and looks at his clothes.*) Ugh, a fine figure! No use denying that. Dust, dirty boots, unwashed, uncombed, straw on my vest—the lady probably took me for a highwayman. (*He yawns.*) It was a little impolite to come into a reception room with such clothes. Oh well, no harm done. I'm not here as guest. I'm a creditor. And there is no special costume for creditors.

Luka (*entering with glass*)—You take a great deal of liberty, sir.

Smirnov (*angrily*)—What?

Luka—I—I—I just-

Smirnov—Whom are you talking to? Keep quiet.

Luka (*angrily*)—Nice mess! This fellow won't leave! [*He goes out.*]

Smirnov—Lord, how angry I am! Angry enough to throw mud at the whole world! I even feel ill—servant! [Mrs. Popov *comes in with downcast eyes.*]

Mrs. Popov—Sir, in my solitude I have become unaccustomed to the human voice and I cannot stand the sound of loud talking. I beg of you, please, to cease disturbing my quiet.

Smirnov—Pay me my money and I'll leave.

Mrs. Popov—I told you once plainly in your native tongue that I haven't the money on hand; wait until day after tomorrow.

SMIRNOV—And I also have the honour of informing you in your native tongue that I need the money, not day after to-morrow, but to-day. If you don't pay me to-day I shall have to hang myself to-morrow.

MRS. POPOV—But what can I do when I haven't the money? How strange!

SMIRNOV—So you are not going to pay immediately? You're not?

MRS. POPOV—I can't.

SMIRNOV—Then I'll sit here and stay until I get the money. (*He sits.*) You will pay day after to-morrow? Excellent! Here I stay until day after to-morrow. (*Jumps up.*) I ask you: do I have to pay that interest to-morrow or not? Or do you think I'm joking?

MRS. POPOV—Sir, I beg of you, don't scream! This is not a stable.

SMIRNOV—I'm not asking you about a stable; I'm asking you whether I have to pay that interest to-morrow or not?

MRS. POPOV—You have no idea how a lady should be treated.

SMIRNOV—Oh, yes, I know how to treat ladies.

MRS. POPOV—No, you don't. You are an ill-bred, vulgar person—respectable people don't speak so to ladies.

SMIRNOV—Oh, how remarkable! How do you want one to speak with you? In French, perhaps? *Madame, je vous prie* —how fortunate I am that you won't pay me my money! Pardon me for having disturbed you. What beautiful weather we are having to-day. And how this mourning becomes you. [*He makes an ironic bow.*]

MRS. POPOV—Not at all funny—vulgar!

SMIRNOV (*imitating her*)—Not at all funny—vulgar. I don't understand how to behave in the company of ladies. Madam, in the course of my life I have seen more women than you have sparrows. Three times I have fought duels over women, twelve women I threw over and nine threw me over. There was a time when I played the fool, used honeyed language, bows and scrapings. I loved, suffered, sighed to the moon, melted in love's torments. I loved passionately, I loved to madness, in every key, chattered like a magpie on emancipation, sacrificed half my fortune in the tender passion, until now the devil knows I've had enough of it. Your obedient servant will let you lead him around by the nose no more. Enough! Black eyes, passionate eyes, coral lips, dimples in cheeks, moonlight whispers, soft, modest sighs—for all that, madam, I wouldn't pay a kopeck. I am not speaking of the present company but of women in general; from the tiniest to the greatest, they are all conceited, hypocritical, chattering, odious, deceitful from top to toe; vain, petty, cruel with a maddening logic, and (*he strikes his forehead*) in this respect, please excuse my frankness, a single sparrow is worth ten of the aforementioned petticoat-philosophers. When one sees one of the romantic creatures before him he imagines that he is looking at some holy being, so wonderful that its one breath could dissolve him in a sea of a thousand charms and delights—but if one looks into the soul—it's nothing but a common crocodile. (*He seizes the armchair and breaks it in two.*) But the worst of all is that this crocodile imagines that it is a *chef-d'œuvre* and that it has a monopoly on all the tender passions. May the devil hang me upside down if there is anything to love about a woman! When she is in love all she knows is how to complain and shed tears. If the man suffers and makes sacrifices she trails her train about and tries to lead him around by the nose. You have the misfortune to be a woman and you naturally know woman's nature; tell me on your honour, have you ever in your life seen a woman who was really true and faithful? You never saw one. Only the old and the deformed are true and faithful. It's easier to find a cat with horns or a white woodcock than a faithful woman.

MRS. POPOV—But just allow me to ask, who is true and faithful in love? The man, perhaps?

SMIRNOV—Yes, indeed! The man!

MRS. POPOV—The man! (*She laughs ironically.*) The man is true and faithful in love! Well, that is something new. (*She laughs bitterly.*) How can you make such a statement? Men true and faithful! So long as we have gone as far as we have. I may as well say that of all the men I have known my husband was the best—I loved him passionately with all my soul, as only a young, sensible woman may love, I gave him my youth, my happiness, my fortune, my life. I worshiped him like a heathen. And what happened? This best of all men betrayed me right and left in every possible fashion. After his death I found his desk filled with a collection of love letters. While he was alive he left me alone for months—it is horrible to even think about it—he made love to other women in my very presence, he wasted my money and made fun of my feelings—and, in spite of all that, I trusted him and was true to him. And more than that, he is dead and I am still true to him. I have buried myself within these four walls and I shall wear this mourning to my grave.

SMIRNOV (*laughing disrespectfully*)—Mourning! What on earth do you take me for? As if I didn't know why you wore this black domino and why you bury yourself within these four walls. As if I didn't know! Such a secret! So romantic! Some knight will pass the castle, will gaze up at the windows and think to himself: "Here dwells the mysterious Tamara who, for love of her husband, has closed herself within four walls." Oh, I understand the art!

MRS. POPOV (*springing up*)—What? What do you mean by saying such things to me?

SMIRNOV—You have buried yourself alive, but meanwhile you have not forgotten to powder your nose!

MRS. POPOV—How dare you speak to me so?

SMIRNOV—Don't scream at me, please, I'm not the manager. Just let me call things by their right names. I am not a woman and I am accustomed to speak out what I think. So please don't scream.

MRS. POPOV—I'm not screaming. It is you who are doing the screaming. Please leave me, I beg of you.

SMIRNOV—Pay me my money and I'll leave.

MRS. POPOV—I won't give you the money.

SMIRNOV—You won't? You won't give me my money?

MRS. POPOV—I don't care what you do. You won't get a kopeck! Leave me alone.

SMIRNOV—As I haven't the pleasure of being either your husband or your *fiancé*, please don't make a scene. (*He sits down.*) I can't stand it.

MRS. POPOV (*breathing hard*)—You are going to sit down?

SMIRNOV—I already have.

MRS. POPOV—Kindly leave the house!

SMIRNOV—Give me the money.

MRS. POPOV—I don't care to speak with impudent men. Leave! (*Pause.*) You aren't going?

SMIRNOV—No.

MRS. POPOV—No?

SMIRNOV—No.

MRS. POPOV—Very well. [*She rings the bell. Enter* LUKA.

MRS. POPOV—Luka, show the gentleman out.

LUKA (*going to* SMIRNOV)—Sir, why don't you leave when you are ordered? What do you want——

SMIRNOV (*jumping up*)—Whom do you think you are talking to? I'll grind you to powder.

LUKA (*puts his hand to his heart*)—Good Lord! (*He drops into a chair.*) Oh, I'm ill, I can't breathe!

MRS. POPOV—Where is Dascha? (*Calling.*) Dascha! Pelageja! Dascha! [*She rings.*]

LUKA—They're all gone! I'm ill. Water!

MRS. POPOV (*to* SMIRNOV)—Leave! Get out!

SMIRNOV—Kindly be a little more polite!

MRS. POPOV (*striking her fists and stamping her feet*)—You are vulgar! You're a boor! A monster!

SMIRNOV—Wh—at did you say?

MRS. POPOV—I said you were a boor, a monster!

SMIRNOV—(*steps toward her quickly*)—Permit me to ask what right you have to insult me?

MRS. POPOV—Yes, I insult you. What of it? Do you think I am afraid of you?

SMIRNOV—And you think that because you are a romantic creature that you can insult me without being punished? I challenge you! Now you have it.

LUKA—Merciful heaven! Water!

SMIRNOV—We'll have a duel.

MRS. POPOV—Do you think because you have big fists and a steer's neck that I am afraid of you?

SMIRNOV—That is the limit! I allow no one to insult me and I make no exception because you are a woman, one of the "weaker sex"!

MRS. POPOV (*trying to cry him down*)—Boor, boor, boor!

SMIRNOV—It is high time to do away with the old superstition that it is only a man who is forced to give satisfaction. If there is equity at all let there be equity in all things. There's a limit!

MRS. POPOV—You wish to fight a duel? Very well.

SMIRNOV—Immediately.

MRS. POPOV—Immediately. My husband had pistols. I'll bring them. (*She hurries away, then turns.*) Oh, what a pleasure it will be to put a bullet in your

impudent head. The devil take you! [*She goes out.*]

SMIRNOV—I'll shoot her down! I'm no fledgling, no sentimental young puppy. For me there is no weaker sex.

LUKA—Oh, sir. (*Falls to his knees.*) Have mercy on me, an old man, and go away. You have frightened me to death already and now you want to fight a duel.

SMIRNOV (*paying no attention*)—A duel. That's equity, that's emancipation. That way the sexes are made equal. I'll shoot her down as a matter of principle. What can a person say to such a woman? (*Imitating her.*) "The devil take you. I'll put a bullet in your impudent head." What can a person say to that? She was angry, her eyes blazed, she accepted the challenge. On my honour it's the first time in my life that I ever saw such a woman.

LUKA—Oh, sir! Go away! Go away from here!

SMIRNOV—That is a woman. I can understand her. A real woman. No shilly-shallying, but fire, powder, and noise! It would be a pity to shoot a woman like that.

LUKA (*weeping*)—Oh, sir; go away. [*Enter* MRS. POPOV.]

MRS. POPOV—Here are the pistols. But before we have our duel, please show me how to shoot. I have never had a pistol in my hand before!

LUKA—God be merciful and have pity upon us! I'll go and get the gardener and the coachman. Why has this horror come to us! [*He goes out.*]

SMIRNOV (*looking at the pistols*)—You see, there are different kinds of pistols. There are special duelling pistols with cap and ball. But these are revolvers, Smith & Wesson, with ejectors, fine pistols. A pair like that cost at least ninety rubles. This is the way to hold a revolver. (*Aside.*) Those eyes, those eyes! A real woman!

MRS. POPOV—Like this?

SMIRNOV—Yes, that way. Then you pull the hammer back—so—then you aim—put your head back a little—just stretch your arm out, please. So—then press your finger on the thing like that, and that is all. The chief thing is this: don't get excited, don't hurry your aim, and take care that your hand doesn't tremble.

MRS. POPOV—It isn't as well to shoot inside; let's go into the garden.

SMIRNOV—Yes—I'll tell you now that I am going to shoot into the air.

MRS. POPOV—That is too much. Why?

SMIRNOV—Because — because — That's my business, why.

MRS. POPOV—You are afraid. Yes. A-h-h-h. No, no, my dear sir, no welching. Please follow me. I won't rest myself, until I've made a hole in your head that I hate so much. Are you afraid?

SMIRNOV—Yes, I'm afraid.

MRS. POPOV—You are lying. Why won't you fight?

SMIRNOV—Because — because — I — like you.

MRS. POPOV (*with an angry laugh*)—You like me! He dares to say that he likes me. (*She points to the door.*) Go.

SMIRNOV (*laying the revolver silently on the table, takes his hat and goes; at the door he stops a moment, gazing at her silently, then he approaches her undecidedly*)—Listen? Are you still angry? I was mad as the devil, but please understand me—how can I express myself?— The thing is like this—such things are— (*He raises his voice.*) How is it my fault that you owe me money? (*Grasps the chair back, which breaks.*) The devil knows what breakable furniture you have! I like you! Do you understand?—I—I'm almost in love!

MRS. POPOV—Leave. I hate you.

SMIRNOV—Lord! What a woman! I never in my life met one like her. I'm lost, ruined! I've been caught like a mouse in a trap.

MRS. POPOV—Go, or I'll shoot.

SMIRNOV—Shoot! You have no idea what happiness it would be to die in sight of those beautiful eyes, to die from the revolver in this little velvet hand—I'm mad! Consider it and decide immediately, for if I go now we shall never see each other again. Decide—speak— I am a noble, a respectable man, have an income of ten thousand, can shoot a coin thrown into the air—I own some fine horses. Will you be my wife?

MRS. POPOV (*swings the revolver angrily*)—I'll shoot!

SMIRNOV—My mind is not clear—I can't understand—servant—water! I have fallen in love like any young man. (*He takes her hand and she cries with pain.*) I love you! (*He kneels.*) I love you as I have never loved before. Twelve women I threw over, nine were untrue to me, but not one of them all have I loved as I love you. I am conquered, lost, I lie at your feet like a fool and beg for your hand. Shame and disgrace! For five years I haven't been in love, I thanked the Lord for it and now I am caught, like a carriage tongue in another carriage. I beg for your hand! Yes or no? Will you?—Good! [*He gets up and goes to the door quickly.*]

Mrs. Popov—Wait a moment——

Smirnov (*stopping*)—Well?

Mrs. Popov—Nothing. You may go. But—wait a moment. No, go on, go on. I hate you. Or no. Don't go. Oh, if you knew how angry I was, how angry! (*She throws the revolver onto the chair.*) My finger is swollen from this thing. (*She angrily tears her handkerchief.*) What are you standing there for? Get out!

Smirnov—Farewell!

Mrs. Popov—Yes, go. (*Cries out.*) What are you going for? Wait—no, go! Oh, how angry I am! Don't come too near, don't come too near—er—come—no nearer.

Smirnov (*approaching her*)—How angry I am with myself. Fallen in love like a schoolboy, thrown myself on my knees. I've got a chill! (*Strongly.*) I love you. This is fine—all I needed was to fall in love. To-morrow I have to pay my interest, the hay harvest has begun and then you appear. (*He takes her in his arms.*) I can never forgive myself.

Mrs. Popov—Go away! Take your hands off me! I hate you—you—this is— (*A long kiss.*) [*Enter* Luka *with an ax, the* Gardener *with a rake, the* Coachman *with a pitch-fork, workmen with poles.*]

Luka (*staring at the pair*)—Merciful Heavens! [*A long pause.*]

Mrs. Popov (*dropping her eyes*)—Tell them in the stable that Tobby isn't to have any oats.

Curtain.

No!

By THOMAS HOOD

NO sun—no moon!
No morn—no noon—
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
No sky—no earthly view—
No distance looking blue—
No road—no street—no "t'other side the way"—
No end to any Row—
No indication where the Crescents go—
No top to any steeple—
No recognitions of familiar people—
No courtesies for showing 'em—
No knowing 'em!
No traveling at all—no locomotion,
No inkling of the way—no notion—
"No go" by land or ocean—
No mail—no post—
No news from any foreign coast—
No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—
No company—no nobility—
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shave, no shine, no butterflies, no bees;
No fruits, no flowers, no buds, no leaves,
November!

A Grinning Match

By JOSEPH ADDISON

J Addison

(Suggested as a neglected "Championship" to an age which reads columns about the Marbles Champion, the Winner of the Whistling Sweepstakes, Champion Jackstones Player, the Horseshoe Pitching Champion, and the Beauty Champions of towns, states and countries.)

Tuesday, September 18, 1711.

—Remove fera monstra, tuæque
Saxificos vultus, quæcunque ea, tolle Medusæ.
Ovid. Met. v. 216.

Hence with those monstrous features, and, O! spare
That Gorgon's look, and petrifying stare. Pope.

IN a late paper I mentioned the project of an ingenious author for the erecting of several handicraft prizes to be contended for by our British artisans, and the influence they might have towards the improvement of our several manufactures. I have since that been very much surprised by the following advertisement, which I find in the Post-Boy of the 11th instant, and again repeated in the Post-Boy of the 15th.

> "On the 9th of October next will be run for upon Coleshill-heath, in Warwickshire, a plate of six guineas value, three heats, by any horse, mare, or gelding, that hath not won above the value of 5*l*., the winning horse to be sold for 10*l*., to carry ten stone weight, if fourteen hands high; if above or under to carry or be allowed weight for inches, and to be entered Friday, the 5th, at the Swan, in Coleshill before six in the evening. Also a plate of less value to be run for by asses. The same day a gold ring to be grinn'd for by men."

The first of these diversions that is to be exhibited by the 10*l*. race horses, may probably have its use; but the two last, in which the asses and men are concerned, seem to me altogether extraordinary and unaccountable. Why they should keep running asses at Coleshill, or how making mouths turns to account in Warwickshire, more than in any other parts of England, I cannot comprehend. I have looked over all the Olympic games, and do not find anything in them like an ass race, or a match at grinning. However it be, I am informed that several asses are now kept in body clothes, and sweated every morning upon the heath; and that all the country-fellows within ten miles of the Swan, grin an hour or two in their glasses every morning, in order to qualify themselves for the 9th of October. The prize which is proposed to be grinned for, has raised such an ambition among the common people of out-grinning one another, that many very discerning persons are afraid it should spoil most of the faces in the county; and that a Warwickshire man will be known by his grin, as Roman Catholics imagine a Kentish man is by his tail. The gold ring, which is made the prize of deformity, is just the reverse of the golden apple that was formerly made the prize of beauty, and should carry for its poesy the old motto inverted:

Detur tetriori.

Or, to accommodate it to the capacity of the combatants,

The frightfull'st grinner
Be the winner.

In the meanwhile I would advise a Dutch painter to be present at this great controversy of faces, in order to make a collection of the most remarkable grins that shall be there exhibited.

I must not here omit an account which I lately received of one of these grinning matches from a gentleman, who, upon reading the above-mentioned advertisement, entertained a coffee-house with the following narrative: Upon the taking of Namur, amidst other public rejoicings made on that occasion, there was a gold ring given by a whig justice of peace to be grinned for. The first competitor that entered the lists, was a black swarthy Frenchman, who accidentally passed that way, and being a man naturally of a withered look, and hard features, promised himself good success. He was placed upon a table in the great point of view, and looking upon the company like Milton's Death,

> Grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile;—

His muscles were so drawn together on each side of his face, that he showed twenty teeth at a grin, and put the country in some pain, lest a foreigner should carry away the honour of the day; but upon a further trial they found he was master only of the merry grin.

The next that mounted the table was a malecontent in those days, and a great master in the whole art of grinning, but particularly excelled in the angry grin. He did his part so well, that he is said to have made half a dozen women miscarry; but the justice being apprised, by one who stood near him, that the fellow who grinned in his face was a Jacobite, and being unwilling that a disaffected person should win the gold ring, and be looked upon as the best grinner in the country, he ordered the oaths to be tendered unto him upon his quitting the table, which the grinner refusing, he was set aside as an unqualified person. There were several other grotesque figures, that presented themselves, which it would be too tedious to describe. I must not however omit a plowman, who lived in the further part of the county, and being very lucky in a pair of long lantern-jaws, wrung his face into such a hideous grimace, that every feature of it appeared under a different distortion. The whole company stood astonished at such a complicated grin, and were ready to assign the prize to him, had it not been proved by one of his antagonists, that he had practised with verjuice for some days before, and had a crab found upon him at the very time of grinning; upon which the best judges of grinning declared it as their opinion, that he was not to be looked upon as a fair grinner, and therefore ordered him to be set aside as a cheat.

The prize, it seems, fell at length upon a cobbler, Giles Gorgon by name, who produced several new grins of his own invention, having been used to cut faces for many years together over his last. At the very first grin he cast every human feature out of his countenance, at the second he became the face of a spout, at the third a baboon, at the fourth a head of a bass-viol, and at the fifth a pair of nutcrackers. The whole assembly wondered at his accomplishments, and bestowed the ring on him unanimously; but, what he esteemed more than all the rest, a country wench, whom he had wooed in vain for above five years before, was so charmed with his grins, and the applauses which he received on all sides, that she married him the week following and to this day wears the prize upon her finger, the cobbler having made use of it as his wedding ring.

This paper might perhaps seem very impertinent, if it grew serious in the conclusion. I would nevertheless leave it to the consideration of those who are the patrons of this monstrous trial of skill, whether or no they are not guilty, in some measure, of an affront to their species, in treating after this manner the "human face divine," and turning that part of us, which has so great an image impressed upon it, into the image of a monkey; whether the raising such silly competitions among the ignorant, proposing prizes for such useless accomplishments, filling the common people's heads with such senseless ambitions, and inspiring them with such absurd ideas of superiority and preëminence, has not in it something immoral as well as ridiculous.

The First Financial Advertisement

An Inscription by Theocritus, in the 3rd Century B.C.

435.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Αστοῖς καὶ ξεινοισιν ισον νεμει ἅδε τράπεζα·
θεὶς ἀνελεῦ, ψήφου πρὸς λόγον ἐρχομένης.
ἄλλος τις πρόφασιν λεγέτω· τὰ δ' ὀθνεῖα Κάϊκος
χρήματα καὶ νυκτὸς βουλομένοις ἀριθμεῖ.

Translation by W. R. Paton

By the Same (Theocritus)

This bank pays citizen and foreigner alike. Withdraw what you deposited, the reckoning counters (books) meeting their liabilities.

Let others find pretexts for not paying; Caicus pays money deposited with him on demand, even at night.

The Bull Called Emily

By IRVIN S. COBB

Irvin S Cobb

WE WERE sitting at a corner table in a certain small restaurant hard by where Sixth Avenue's L structure, like an overgrown straddlebug, wades through the restless currents of Broadway at a sharpened angle. The dish upon which we principally dined was called on the menu *Chicken à la Marengo*. We knew why. Marengo, by all accounts, was a mighty tough battle, and this particular chicken, we judged, had never had any refining influences in its ill-spent life. From its present defiant attitude in a cooked form we figured it had pipped the shell with a burglar's jimmy and joined the Dominecker Kid's gang before it shed its pin-feathers. There were two of us engaged in the fruitless attack upon its sinewy tissues—the present writer and his old un-law-abiding friend,—Scandalous Doolan.

For a period of minutes Scandalous wrestled with the thews of one of the embattled fowl's knee-joints. After a struggle in which the honours stood practically even, he laid down his knife and flirted a thumb toward a bottle of peppery sauce which stood on my side of the table.

"Hey, bo," he requested, "pass the liniment, will you? This sea gull's got the rheumatism."

The purport of the remark, taken in connection with the gesture which accompanied it, was plain enough to my understanding; but for the nonce I could not classify the idiom in which Scandalous couched this request. It could not be Underworld jargon; it was too direct and at the same time too picturesque. Moreover, the Underworld, as a rule, concerns itself only with altering such words and such expressions as strictly figure in the business affairs of its various crafts and pursuits. Nor to me did it sound like the language of the circus-lot, for in such case it probably would have been more complex. So by process of elimination I decided it was of the slang code of the burlesque and vaudeville stage, with which, as with the other two, Scandalous had a thorough acquaintance. I felt sure, then, that something had set his mind to working backward along the memory-grooves of some one or another of his earlier experiences in the act-producing line of endeavour, and that, with proper pumping, a story might be forthcoming. As it turned out, I was right.

"Where did you get that one, Scandalous?" I asked craftily. "Your own coinage, or did you borrow it from somebody else?"

He only grinned cryptically. After a bit he hailed the attendant waiter, who, because he plainly suffered from fallen arches, had already been rechristened by Scandalous as Battling Insteps.

"Say, Battling," he said, "take away the emu; he's still the undefeated champion of the ages. Tidy him up a little and serve him to the next guy that feels like he needs exercise more'n he does nourishment. The gravy may be mussed up a trifle, but the old ring general ain't lost an ounce. I fought him three rounds and didn't put a bruise on him."

"Couldn't I bring you somethin' else?" said the waiter. "The Wiener schnitzel with noodles is very——"

"Nix," said Scandalous; "if the cassowary licked us, what chance would we stand against the bison? That'll be all for the olio; I'll go right into the after-show now. Slip me a dipper of straight chicory and one of those Flor de Boiled Dinners, and then you can break the bad news to my pal here." By this I knew he meant that he craved a cup of black coffee and one of the domestic cigars to which he was addicted, and that I could pay the check.

He turned to me:

"How're you goin' to finish your turn?" he asked. "They've got mince pie here like Mother Emma Goldman used to make. Only you want to be careful it don't explode in your hand."

I shook my head. "I'll nibble at these," I said, "until you get through." And I reached for a little saucer of salted peanuts that lurked in the shadow of the bowl containing the olives and the celery. For this, you should know, was a table d'hôte establishment, and no such place is complete without its drowned olives and its wilted celery.

"Speaking of peanuts," he said, "I don't seem to care deeply for such. I lost my taste for them dainties quite some time back."

"What was the occasion?" I prompted, for I saw the light of reminiscence smouldering in his eye.

"It wasn't no occasion," he said; "it was a catastrophe. Did I ever happen to tell you about the time I furnished the financial backing for Windy Jordan and his educated bull, and what happened when the blow-off came?"

I shook my head and in silence hearkened.

"It makes quite an earful," he continued. "Business for gents in my profession was very punk here on the Main Stem that season. By reason of the dishonest police it was mighty hard for an honest grafter to make a living. It certainly was depressing to trim an Ezra for his roll and then have to cut up the net proceeds with so many central-office guys that you had to go back and borrow car-fare from the sucker to get home on. Besides, I was somewhat lonely and low in my peace of mind on account of my regular side-kick the Sweet Caps Kid being in the hospital. He'd made the grievous mistake of trying to sell a half-interest in the Aquarium to a visiting Swede. Right in the middle of the negotiations something came up that made the Swede doubtful that all was not well, and he betrayed his increasing misgivings by hauling out a set of old-fashioned, genuine, antique brass knucks and nicking up Sweet Caps' scalp to such an extent my unfortunate companion had to spend three weeks on the flat of his back in the casualty ward, with a couple of doctors coming in every morning to replace the divots. Pending his recovery, I was sort of figuring on visiting Antioch, Gilead, Zion and other religious towns up State with a view of selling the haymakers some Bermuda oats for their fall planting, when along came Windy Jordan and broached a proposition.

"This here Windy Jordan was one of them human draughts; hence the name. At all hours there was a strong breeze blowing out of him in the form of words. If he wasn't conversing, it was a sign he had acute sore throat. But to counteract that fault he was the sole proprietor of the smartest and the largest bull on this side of the ocean, which said bull answered to the name of Emily."

"Did you say a bull?" I asked.

"Sure I said a bull. Why not? Ain't you wise to what a bull is?"

"Certainly I am, but a bull named Emily ——"

"Listen, little one: To them that follow after the red wagon and the white top, all elephants is bulls, disregardless of genders, just the same as all regular bulls is he-cows to refined maiden ladies residin' in New England and points adjacent. Only, show-people ain't got any false modesty that way. In the show business a bull is a bull, whether it's a lady bull or a gentleman bull. So very properly this here bull, being one of the most refined and cultured members of her sex, answers to the Christian name of Emily.

"Well, this Emily is not only the joy and the pride of Windy Jordan's life, but she's his entire available assets. Bull and bulline, she'd been with him from early childhood. In fact, Windy was the only parent Emily ever knew, she having been left a helpless orphan on account of a railroad wreck to the old Van Orten shows back yonder in eighteen-eighty-something. So Windy, he took her as a prattling infant in arms when she didn't weigh an ounce over a ton and a half, and he adopted her and educated her and pampered her and treated her as a member of his own family, only better, until she repaid him by becoming not only the largest bull in the business but the most highly cultivated.

"Emily knew nearly everything there was to know, and what she didn't know she suspected very strongly. Likewise, as I came to find out later, she was extremely grateful for small favours and most affectionate by nature. To be sure, being affectionate with a bull about the size and general specifications of a furniture car had its drawbacks. She was liable to lean up against you in a playful, kittenish kind of a way, and cave in most of your ribs. It was like having a violent flirtation with a landslide to venture up close to Emily when she was in one of her tomboy moods. I've known her to nudge a friend with one of her front elbows and put both his shoulder-blades out of socket. But she never meant no harm by it, never. It was just a little way she had.

"It seems like Windy and Emily were aiming to join out that season with a tent-show, but the deal fell through some way, and for the past few weeks Windy had been infesting a lodging-house for members of the profession over here on East Eleventh Street, and Emily had been in a livery barn down in Greenwich Village, just naturally eating her old India-rubber head off. Windy, having run low as to coin, wasn't able to pay up Emily's back board, and the liveryman was holding her for the bill.

"So, hearing some way that I'm fairly well upholstered with currency, he comes to me and suggests that if I'll dig up what's necessary to get Emily out of hock, he can snare a line of bookings in vaudeville, and we'll all three go out on the two-a-day together, him as trainer and me as manager and Emily as the principal attraction. The proceeds is to be cut up fifty-fifty as between me and him.

"The notion don't sound like such a bad one. That was back in the days when refined vaudeville was running very strongly to trained-animal acts and leading ladies that had quit leading but hadn't found out about it yet. Nowadays them ex-queens of tragedy can go into the movies and draw down so much money that if they only get half as much as they say they're getting, they're getting almost twice as much as anybody would give 'em; but them times, vaudeville was their one best bet. And next to emotional actrines who could emosh twicet daily for twenty minutes on a stretch, without giving way anywhere, a good trained-animal turn had the call. It might be a troupe of educated Potomac shad or an educated ape or a city-broke Gila monster, or a talking horse or what not. In our case 'twas Emily, the bull.

"First thing, we goes down to the livery-stable where Emily is spending the Indian summer and consuming half her weight in dry provender every 24 hours. The proprietor of this here fodder emporium is named McGuire, and when I tells him I'm there to settle Emily's account in full, he carries on as though entirely overcome by joyfulness—not that he's got any grudge against Emily, understand, but for other good and abundant sufficiencies. He states that so far as Emily's personal conduct is concerned, during her enforced sojourn in his midst, she's always deported herself like a perfect lady. But she takes up an awful lot of room, and one of the hands is now on the verge of nervous prostration from overexertions incurred in packing hay to her, and it seems she's addicted to nightmares. She gets to dreaming that a mouse nearly an inch and a half long is after her—all bulls is terrible afraid, you know, that some day a mouse is going to come along and eat 'em—and when she has them kind of delusions, she cries out in her sleep and tosses around and maybe knocks down a couple of steel beams, or busts in a row of box-stalls, or something trivial like that. Then, right on top of them petty annoyances, McGuire some days previous has made the mistake of feeding Emily peanuts, which peanuts, as he then finds out, is her favorite tidbit.

" 'Gents,' says McGuire to me and Windy Jordan, 'I shore did make the error of my life when I done that act of kindness. I merely meant them peanuts as a special treat, but Emily figures it out that they're the start of a fixed habit,' he says. 'Ever since then, if I forget to bring her in her one five-cent bag of peanuts per diem, per day, she calls personally to inquire into the oversight. She waits very patient and ladylike until about eleven o'clock in the morning, and if I ain't made good by then, she just pulls up her leg hobble by the roots and drops it on me to find out what's the meaning of the delay.

"'She ain't never rough nor overbearing, but it interferes with trade for me to be sitting here in my office at the front of the stable talking business with somebody, and all of a sudden the front half of the largest East Indian elephant in the world shoves three or four thousand pounds of herself in at that side door and begins waving her trunk around in the air, meanwhile uttering fretful, complaining sounds. I've lost two or three customers that way,' he says. 'They get right up and go away sudden,' he says, 'and they don't never come back no more, not even for their hats and umbrellas. They send for 'em.

"'That ain't the worst of it,' he says. 'Yesterday,' he says, 'I rented out my whole string of coaches and teams for a burial turnout over here on McDougal Street. Being as it's a big occasion, I'm driving the first carriage containing the sorrowing family of deceased. Naturally, with a job like that on my hands, I don't think about Emily at all; my mind's all occupied up with making the affair pass off in a tasty and pleasant fashion for all concerned. Well, the cortège is just leaving the late residence of the remainders, when around the corner comes bulging Emily, followed at a suitable distance by eight or nine thousand of the populace. She's missed me, and she wants her peanuts, and she's been trailing me; and now, by heck, she's found me.

"'Emily gives a loud, glad snort of recognition, wheels herself around and then falls in alongside the front hack and gets ready to accompany us, all the time poking her snout over at me and uttering plaintive remarks in East Indian to me. Gents,' he says, 'you can see for yourselves, a thing like that, occurring right at the beginning of a funeral procession, is calculated to distract popular attention away from the main attraction. Under the circumstances I wouldn't blame no corpse on earth for feeling jealous—let alone a popular and prominent corpse like this here one was, a party that had been a district leader at Tammany Hall in his day, and after that the owner of the most fashionable retail liquor store in the entire neighbourhood, and who's now riding along with solid silver handles up and down both sides, and style just wrote all over him. Here, with an utter disregard for expense, he's putting on all this dog for his last public appearance and a strange elephant comes along and grabs the show right away from him.

"'The bereaved family don't care for it, neither. I gathers as much from the remarks they're making out of the windows of the coach. But Emily just won't take a hint. She sticks along until I stops the procession and goes in a Italian fruit store on the next block and buys her a bag of peanuts. That's all she wants. She takes it, and she leaves us and goes on back to the stable.

"'But, as the feller says, it practically ruined the entire day for them berefts. I lost their patronage right there—and them a nice family, too. A lot of the friends and relatives also resented it; they were telling me so all the way back from the cemet'ry. There ain't no real harm in Emily, and I've got powerfully attached to her, but taking one thing with another, I ain't regrettin' none that you've come down all organized financially to take her out of pawn. You have my best wishes, and so has she.'

"So we settles up the account to date, which the same makes quite a nick in the bank roll, and then we goes back to the rear of the stable where Emily is quartered, and she falls on Windy's neck, mighty nigh dislocating it, and he introduces me to Emily, and we shakes hands together—I mean trunks—and then Windy unshackles her, and she follows us along just as gentle as a kitten to them freight yards over on Tenth Avenue where her future traveling home is waiting for her. It's a box car, with one end rigged up with bunks as a boudoir for me and Windy, and the rest of it fitted out as a private stateroom for Emily.

"From that time on, for quite a spell, we're just the same as one big happy family, as we goes a-jauntily touring from place to place.

"We're playin' the Big Time, which means week stands and no hard jumps. Emily's a hit, a knock-out and a riot wherever she appears. She knows it too, but success don't go to her head, and she don't never get no attacks of this here complaint which they calls temper'ment. I always figgered out that temper'ment, when a grand wopra singster has it, is just plain old temper when it afflicts a bricklayer. I don't know what form it would take if it should seize on a bull, but Emily appears to be absolutely immune. Give her a ton of hay and one sack of peanuts a day, and she's just as placid as a great gross of guinea pigs. Behind the scenes she never makes no trouble, but chums with the stage-hands and even sometimes with the actors, thus proving that she ain't stuck up.

"When the time comes for Emily to do her turn, she just goes ambling on behind Windy and cuts up more didoes than any trick mule that ever lived. She smokes a pipe, and she toots on a brass horn, and waits on table while Windy pretends to eat, and stands on her head, and plays baseball with him and so forth and so on, for fifteen minutes, winding up by waving the Amurikin flag over her head. But all this time she's keeping one eye on me, where I'm standing in the wings with a sack of peanuts in my pocket waiting for her to come off. Every time she works over toward my side of the stage, she makes little hoydenish remarks to me in her native language. It ain't long until I can make out everything she says. I've been peddling the bull too long not to be able to understand it when spoke by a native.

"For upwards of two months things goes along just beautiful. Then we strikes a town out in Illinois where business ain't what it used to be, if indeed it ever was. Along about the middle of the week the young feller that's doing the press-work for the house comes to me and asks me if I ain't got an idea in my system that might make a good press-stunt.

"There's an inspiration comes to me and I suggests to him that maybe he might go ahead and make an announcement that following the Saturday matinée, Emily the Pluperfect, Ponderous, Pachydermical Performer, direct from the court of the reigning Roger of Simla County, India, will hold a reception on the stage to meet her little friends, each and every one of whom will be expected to bring her a bag of peanuts.

" 'That listens all right,' savs this lad, 'providing she likes peanuts.'

" 'Providing she likes 'em?' I says. 'Son,' I says, 'if that bull ever has to take the cure for the drug habit, it'll be on account of peanuts. If you don't think she likes peanuts, a dime will win you a trip to the Holy Lands,' I says. 'Why,' I says, 'Emily's middle name is *Peanuts*. Offhand,' I says, 'I don't know precisely how many peanuts there are,' I says, 'because if I ever heard the exact figures, I've forgot 'em, but I'd like to lay you a little eight to five that Emily can chamber all the peanuts in the world and then set down right where she happens to be, to wait for next year's crop to come onto the market. That's how much she cares for peanuts,' I says.

"Well, that convinces him, and he hurries off to write his little piece about Emily's peanut reception. The next day, which is Friday, the announcement is in both the papers. Saturday after lunch when I strolls round to the show shop for the matinée, one glance around the corner from the stage entrance proves to me that our little social function is certainly starting out to be a success. The street in front is lined on both sides with dagos with peanut-stands, selling peanuts to the population as fast as they can pass 'em out; and there's a long line, mainly kids, at the box-office. I goes on in and takes a flash at the front of the house through the peephole in the curtain, and the place is already jam full. If there's one kid out there, there's a thousand, and every tiny tot has got a sack of peanuts clutched in his or her chubby fist, as the case may be. And say, listen: there's a smell in the air like a prairie fire running through a Georgia goober king's plantation.

"I goes to where Emily is hitched, and she's weaving to and fro on her legs and watering at the mouth until she just naturally can't control her own riparian rights. She's done smelt that smell too.

" 'Honey gal,' I says to her, 'it shore looks to me like you're due to get your fullupances of the succulential ground-pea of the Sunny Southland this day.'

"She's so grateful she tries to kiss me, but I ducks. All though her turn she dribbles from the chin like a defective fire hydrant, and I can tell that she ain't got her mind on her business. She's too busy thinking about peanuts. When she's got through and taken her bows, the manager leaves the curtain up and Emily steps back behind a rope that a couple of the hands stretches acrosst the stage, with me standing on one side of her and Windy on the other; and then a couple more hands shoves a wooden runway acrosst the orchestra rail down into one of the side aisles; and then the house manager invites Emily's young friends to march up the runway and acrosst over from left to right, handing out their free-will offerings to her as they pass.

"During this pleasant scene, as the manager explains, Emily's dauntless owner, the world-famous Professor Zendavesta Jordan, meaning Windy, will lecture on the size, dimensions, habits and quaint peculiarities of this wondrous creature. That last part suits Windy right down to the ground, him being, as I told you before, the kind of party who's never so happy as when he's started his mouth and gone away and left it running.

"For maybe a half a minute after the house manager finishes his little spiel, the kids sort of hang back. Then the rush starts; and take it from me, little one, it's some considerable rush. Here they come up that runway—tiny tots in blue, and tiny tots in red, and tiny tots in white; tiny tots with their parents, guardians or nurses, and tiny tots without none; tiny tots that are beginning to outgrow the tiny tottering stage, and other varieties of tiny tots too numerous to mention. And clutched in each hand is a bag of peanuts, five-cent size or ten-cent size, but mostly five-cent size. As Emily sees 'em coming, she smiles until she looks in the face like one of these here old-fashioned red-brick Colonial fireplaces, with an overgrown black Christmas stocking hanging down from the center of the mantel.

"Up comes the first and foremost of the tiny tots. The Santy Claus stocking reaches out and annexes the free-will offering. There's a faint crunching sound; that there sack of peanuts has went to the bourne from out which no peanut, up until that time, has ever been known to return; and Emily is smiling benevolently and reaching out for the next sack. And behind the second kid is the third kid, and behind the third kid, still more kids, and as far as the human eye can reach, there ain't nothing on the horizon of that show-shop but just kids—kids and peanuts.

"It certainly was a beauteous spectacle to behold so many of the dear little ones advancing up that runway with peanuts. To myself, I says: 'I guess I'm a bad little suggester, eh, what? Here's Emily getting all this free provender and Windy talking his fool head off and the house getting all this advertising and none of us out a cent for any part of it.'

"In about ten minutes, though, I'm struck by the fact that Emily's original outburst of enthusiasm appears slightly on the wane. It seems to me she ain't reaching out for the free-will offerings with quite so much eagersomeness as she was displaying a spell back. Also I takes notice that the wrinkles in her tum-tum are filling out so that she's beginning to lose some of that deflated or punctured look so common amongst bulls.

"Still, I don't have no apprehensions, but thinks to myself that any bull which can eat half a ton of hay for breakfast certainly is competent to take in a couple of wagonloads of peanuts for five-o'clock tea. Even at that I figgers that it won't do any harm to coach Emily along a little.

" 'Go to it, baby mine,' I says to her. 'You ain't hardly started. Here's a chance,' I says, 'to establish a new world's record for peanuts.'

"That remark appears to spur her up for a minute or so, but something seems to keep on warning me that her heart ain't in the work to the extent it has been. Windy don't see nothing out of the way, he being congenially engaged in shooting off his face, but I'm more or less concerned by certain mighty significant facts. For one thing, Emily ain't eatin' sacks and all any more; she's emptying the peanuts out and throwing the paper bags aside. Likewise her work ain't clean and smooth like it was. Her underlip is swinging down, and she's beginning to drool loose goobers off the lower end of it, and her low but intelligent forehead is all furrowed up as if with deep thought.

"Observing all of which, I says to myself, I says: 'If ever Emily should start to cramp, the world's cramping record is also in a fair way to be busted this afternoon. I certainly do hope,' I says, 'that Emily don't go and get overextended.'

"You see, I'm trusting for the best, because I realizes that it wouldn't do to call off the reception right in the middle of it on account of the disappointment amongst the tiny tots that ain't passed in review yet and the general ill-feeling that's sure to follow.

"I should say about two hundred tiny tots have gone by, with maybe five hundred more still in line waiting their turn, when there halts in front of Emily a fancy-dressed tiny tot which he must've been the favourite tiny tot of the richest man in town, because he's holding in his hands a bag of peanuts fully a foot deep. It couldn't of cost a cent less'n half a dollar, that bag. Emily reaches for the contribution, fondles it for a second or two and starts to upend it down her throat; and then with a low, sad, hopeless cry she drops it on the stage and sort of shrugs her front legs forward and stands there with her head bent and her ears twitching same as if she's listening for something that's still a long ways off but coming closer fast. And at that precise instant I sees the first cramp start from behind her right-hand shoulder-blade and begin to work south. Say, it was just like being present at the birth of an earthquake.

"Moving slow and deliberate, Emily turns around in her tracks, shivering all over, and then I sees the cramp ripple along until it reaches her cargo-hold and strikes inward. It lifts all four of her feet clean off the floor, and when she comes down again, she comes down traveling. There's some scenery in her way, and some furniture and props and one thing and another, but she don't trouble to go round 'em. She goes through 'em, as being a more simple and direct way, and a minute later she steps out through the stage entrance into the crowded marts of trade with half of a cottage flat hung around her neck. Me and Windy is trailing along, urging her to be ca'm but keeping at a reasonably safe distance while doing so. Behind us as we comes forth we can hear the voices of many tiny tots upraised in skeered cries.

"Being a Saturday afternoon, the business section is fairly well crowded with people, and I suppose it's only natural that the unexpected appearance upon the main street of the largest bull in captivity, wearing part of a set of scenery for a collar and making sounds through her snout like a switch-engine in distress, should cause some surprised comment amongst the populace. In fact, I should say the surprised comment might of been heard for fully half a mile away.

"Emily hesitates as she reaches the sidewalk, as though she ain't decided yet in her own mind just where she'll go, and then her agonized eye falls on all them peanut-roasters standing in a double row alongside the curbings on both sides of the street. The Italian and Greek gents who owns 'em are already departing hence in a hurried manner, but they've left their outfits behind, and right away it's made plain to me by her actions that Emily regards the sight as a part of a general conspiracy to feed her some peanuts when she already has more peanuts than what she really requires for personal use. She reaches out for the first peanut machine in the row, curls her trunk around it and slams it against a brick wall so hard that it immediately begins to look something like a flivver car which has been in a severe collision, and something like a tin accordion that's had hard treatment from a careless owner. With this for a beginning, Emily starts in to get real rough with them roasters. For about three minutes it's raining hot charcoal and hot peanuts and wooden wheels and metal cranks and sheet-iron drums all over that part of the fair city.

"Having put the enemy's batteries out of commission, Emily now swings around and heads back in the opposite direction with everybody giving her plenty of room. I heard afterward that some citizens went miles out of their way in order to give her room. Emily's snout is aimed straight up as though she's craving air, and her tail is standing straight out behind, stiff as a poker except that about every few seconds a painful quiver runs through it from the end that's nearest Emily to the end that's furthest away from her. Windy is hoofing it along about fifty feet back of her, uttering soothing remarks and entreating her to listen to reason, and I'm trailing Windy; but for once Emily don't hearken none to her master's voice.

"Out of the tail of my eye I see a fat lady start to faint, and when she's right in the middle of the faint, change her mind about it and do a back flip into a plumber's shop, the purtiest you ever seen. I see a policeman dodge out from behind a lampost as Emily approaches, and reach for his gun. I yells to him not to shoot, but it's unnecessary advice, because he's only chucking his hardware away so's to lighten him up for a couple of hundred yards of straightaway sprinting. I see Emily make a side-swipe with her nozzle at a stout gent who's in the act of climbing a telegraph-pole hand over hand. She misses the seat of his pants by a fraction of an inch, and as he reaches the first cross-arm out of her reach, and drapes his form acrosst it, the reason for her sudden animosity toward him is explained. A glass jar falls out of one of his hip pockets and is dashed to fragments on the cruel bricks far below, and its contents is then seen to be peanut butter.

"I sees these things as if in a troubled dream, and then, all of a sudden, me and Emily are all alone in a deserted city. Exceptin' for us two, there ain't a soul in sight nowheres. Even Windy has mysteriously vanished. And now Emily, in passing along, happens to look inside a fruit-store, and through the window her unhappy glance rests upon a bin full of peanuts. So she just presses her face against the pane like *Little Mary* in the po'm, and at that the entire front end of that establishment seems to give away in a very simultaneous manner, and Emily reaches in through the orifices and plucks out the contents of that there store, including stock, fixtures and good will, and throws 'em backward over her shoulder in a petulant and hurried way. But I takes notice that she throws the bin of peanuts much farther than the grapefruit or the pineapples or the glass showcases containing the stick candy. The proprietor must of been down in the cellar at the moment, else I judge she'd of fetched him forth too.

"Thus we continues on our way, me and Emily, in the midst of a vast but boisterous solitude—for while we can't see the inhabitants, we can hear 'em—until we arrive at the foot of Main Street, and there we beholds the railroad freight-depot looming before us. I can tell that Emily is wishful to pass through this structure. There ain't no opening on the nigh side of it, but that don't hinder Emily none. She gives one heave with her shoulders and makes a door and passes on in and out again on the far side by the same methods. I arrives around the end of the shed just in time to see her slide down a steep grade through somebody's truck garden and sink down upon her heaving flank in a little hollow. As I halts upon the brow of the hill, she looks up at me very reproachful, and I can see that her prevalent complexion is beginning to turn very wan and pale. Son, take it from me, when a full-grown she-bull gets wan, she's probably the wannest thing there is in the world.

" 'Stand back, Scandalous,' she moans to me in bull language. 'I don't bear you no grudge—it was a mistake in judgment on the part of all of us—but stand back and give me room. Up till this time,' she says, 'I've been po'rly, but something seems to tell me that now I'm about to be what you might call real indisposed.'

"Which she certainly was.

"So, after a while, a part of the police force came along, stepping slow and cautious, and they halts themselves in the protecting shadows of the freight-shed or what's left of it, and they beckon me to come near 'em, and when I responds, they tell me I'm under arrest for inciting riots and disturbances and desecration of property and various other crimes and misdemeanors. I suggests to 'em that if they're really craving to arrest anybody, they should oughter begin with Emily, but they don't fall in with the idea. They marches me up to the police station, looking over their shoulders at frequent intervals to be sure the anguished Emily ain't coming too, and when we get there, I find Windy in the act of being forcibly detained in the front office.

"Immediately after I arrived, the pay-off started and continued unabated for quite a period of time. First we settled in full with the late proprietors of them defunct peanut-roasting machines; and then the owner of the wrecked fruit store, and the man that owned the opera house, and the stout lady who'd fainted from the waist up but was now entirely recovered, and the fleshy gent who'd climbed the telegraph-pole, and the railroad agent and some several hundred others who had claims for property damage or mental anguish or shockages to their nervous systems or shortage of breath or loss of trade or other injuries—all these were in line, waiting.

"We was reduced to a case ten-spot before the depot agent, who came last, lined up for his'n; but he took one good look and said he wouldn't be a hog about it—we could keep that ten-specker, and he'd be satisfied just to take over our private car in consideration of the loss inflicted by Emily to his freight shed. I was trying to tell him how much we appreciated his kindness, but the chief of police wouldn't let me finish—said he couldn't permit that kind of language to be used in a police station, said it might corrupt the morals of some of his young policemen.

"So everything passed off very pleasant and satisfactory at the police station, but Emily spent the evening and the ensuing night right where she was, voicing her regrets at frequent intervals. Along toward morning she felt easier, although sadly depleted in general appearance, and about daylight her and Windy bid me good-by and went off acrosst country afoot, aiming to catch up with Ringbold's Brothers' circus, which was reported to be operating somewhere in that vicinity. As for me, I'd had enough for the time being of the refined amusement business. I took my half of that lone sawbuck which was all that was left to us from our frittered and dissipated fortunes, and I started east, traveling second class and living very frugally on the way. And that was about all that happened, worthy of note, with the exception of a violent personal dispute occurring between me and a train-butch coming out of Ashtabula."

"What was the cause?" I asked, as Scandalous stood up and smoothed down his waistcoat.

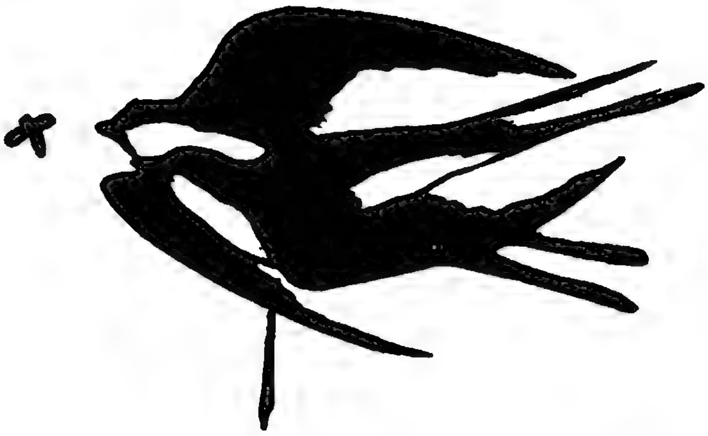
"I had just one thin dime left," said Scandalous, "and I explained my predicament to the butch, saying as how I wanted what was the most filling thing he had fer the price—and he offered me a sack of peanuts!"

An Alleged Riffian Regimental Song

ONE Englishman is a sportsman,
Two Englishmen is a drunken brawl
Three Englishmen is a British Colony.

One Spaniard is Don Quixote,
Two Spaniards is Don Quixote and Sancho Panza
Three Spaniards is a retreat.

New York Herald Tribune.



The Open Road

Part I

For to admire and for to see,
For to be'old this world so wide—
It never done no good to me,
But I can't drop it if I tried. Kipling.

HAS ANYONE FOUND AN EARLIER USE OF THE PHRASE?

The expression "the open road," meaning "a way or direction taken or pursued by a person or thing; a course followed in a journey," dates back to 1612. In so far as I have been able to trace it, credit for its origin belongs to Samuel Daniel (author of "Sonnets to Delia," "The Complaint of Rosamond," "Letters to Distinguished Persons," and so on), the English poet, born near Taunton in 1562, and who died in 1619. . . . I take his "History of England" to be the crown of all his works. It was in this book that the phrase occurred:

"Great Britain under the Saxons— Every Coast and Port of the Land were miserably made *the open roads* of spoyle and sackage." Frank H. Vizetelly.

AT THE CROSSROADS

You to the left, and I to the right,
For the ways of men must sever;
And it well may be for a day and a night,
And it well may be forever!
But whether we live or whether we die
(For the end is past our knowing),
Here's two frank hearts and the open sky,
Be a fair or an ill-wind blowing!
Here's luck!
In the teeth of all winds blowing.
—Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey.

THE ROAD TO ANYWHERE

In its widest sense, "the open road" is the sign and symbol of all outdoor life, of all holiday-making in which the sense of the athlete is awakened—in a word, of all that is active and dangerous, from sailing and rowing to cliff-climbing and moorland tramping.

But fascinating as these are, there is a something even more fascinating in the thougnt of the open road when we narrow the meaning and confine it to the paths trod by the feet of men and horses and cut by their wheels—restrict it, that is, to those nerves and sinews of the soil which bind village to village, city to city, and land to land. Think of the many and diverse tracks which, once landed at Calais, if only you keep going eastward, will take you to Moscow or Tobolsk, westward to Lisbon or Madrid, and southward to Rome. What is more intellectually exhilarating to the mind, and even to senses, than to stand looking down the vista of some great road in France or Italy, or up a long and well-worn horse-track in Asia or Africa, a path which has not yet been trod by the foot or the wheel of the gazing wayfarer, or by the hoof of his horse, and to wonder through what strange places, by what towns and castles, by what rivers and streams, by what mountains and valleys it will take him ere he reaches his destination? *The Spectator* (*London*).

THE MAN WHO WAS SEIZED WITH LONGING FOR TRAVEL

When Sindbad the Seaman's guests were all gathered together he thus bespake them: "I was living a most enjoyable life until one day my mind became possessed with the thought of traveling about the world of men and seeing their cities and islands; and a longing seized me to traffic and to make money by trade. . . .

"I returned from my second voyage overjoyed at my safety and with great increase of wealth, Allah having requited me all that I had wasted and lost, and I abode awhile in Baghdad-city savouring the utmost ease and prosperity and comfort and happiness, till the carnal man was once more seized with longing for travel and diversion and adventure, and yearned after traffic and lucre and emolument, for that the human mind is naturally prone to evil." *The Thousand Nights and A Night* (BURTON).

THE ADVENTURE THAT WAS A LEGEND WHEN "'OMER SMOTE 'IS BLOOMING LYRE"

Now when gleaming dawn with bright eyes beheld the lofty peaks of Pelion, and the calm headlands were being drenched as the sea was ruffled by the winds, then Tiphys awoke from sleep; and at once he roused his comrades to go on board and make ready the oars. And a strange cry did the harbour of Pagasae utter, yea and Pelian Argo herself, urging them to set forth. For in her a beam divine had been laid which Athena had brought from an oak of Dodona and fitted in the middle of the stern.

And the heroes went to the benches one after the other, as they had previously assigned for each to row in his place, and took their seats in due order near their fighting gear. In the middle sat Ancaeus and mighty Heracles, and near him he laid his club, and beneath his tread the ship's keel sank deep.

And now the hawsers were being slipped and they poured wine on the sea. But Jason with tears held his eyes away from his fatherland. And just as youths set up a dance in honour of Phoebus either in Pytho or haply in Ortygia, or by the waters of Ismenus, and to the sound of the lyre around his altar all together in time beat the earth with swiftly-moving feet: so they to the sound of Orpheus' lyre smote with their oars the rushing sea-water, and the surge broke over the blades; and on this side and on that the dark brine seethed with foam, boiling terribly through the might of the stately heroes. And their arms shone in the sun like flame as the ship sped on; and ever their wake gleamed white far behind, like a path seen over the green plain.

On that day all the gods looked down from heaven upon the ship and the might of the heroes, half divine, the bravest of men then sailing the sea; and on the topmost heights the nymphs of Pelion wondered as they beheld the work of Itonian Athena, and the heroes themselves wielding the oars. And there came down from the mountain-top Chiron, son of Philyea, and where the white surf broke he dipped his feet, and often waving with his broad hand, cried out to them at their departure, "Good speed and a sorrowless home-return!" And with him his wife, bearing Peleus' son Achilles on her arm, showed the child to his dear father.

Now when they had left the curving shore of the harbour through the cunning and counsel of prudent Tiphys' son of Hagnias, who skilfully handled the well-polished helm that he might guide them steadfastly, then at length they set up the tall mast in the mast-box, and secured it with forestays, drawing them taut on each side, and from it they let down the sail when they had hauled it to the topmast. And a breeze came down piping shrilly; and upon the deck they fastened the ropes separately round the well-polished pins, and ran quietly past the long Tisaean headland.

And for them the son of Oeagrus touched his lyre and sang in rhythmical song of Artemis, saviour of ships, child of a glorious sire, who hath in her keeping those peaks by the sea, and the land of Iolcos; and the fishes came darting through the deep sea, great mixed with small, and followed gamboling along the watery paths. And as when in the track of the shepherd, their master, countless sheep follow to the fold that have fed to the full of grass, and he goes before gaily piping a shepherd's strain on his shrill reed: so these fishes followed; and a chasing breeze ever bore the ship onward.

Appollonius Rhodius (Translated by R. C. Seaton).

A Wanderer Who Tired of the Road

"I am Odysseus, son of Laertes, who am in men's minds for all manner of wiles, and my fame reaches unto heaven. And I dwell in clear-seen Ithaca, wherein is a mountain, Neriton, with trembling forest leaves, standing manifest to view, and many islands lie around, very near one to the other, Dulichium and Same, and wooded Zacynthus. Now Ithaca lies low, furthest up the sea-line toward the darkness, but those others face the dawning and the sun: a rugged isle, but a good nurse of noble youths; and for myself I can see nought besides sweeter than a man's own country. Verily Calypso, the fair goddess, would fain have kept me with her in her hollow caves, longing to have me for her lord; and likewise, too, guileful Circe of Aia would have stayed me in her halls longing to have me for her lord. But never did they prevail upon my heart within my breast. So surely is there nought sweeter than a man's own country and his parents, even though he dwell in a rich home far off, in a strange land, away from them that begot him. But come, let me tell thee too of the troubles of my journeying, which Zeus laid on me as I came from Troy." Homer (Lang).

Drawn by Aubrey Beardsley

Wander-Thirst

Yonder the long horizon lies, and there by night and day
The old ships draw to home again, the young ships sail away;
And come I may, but go I must, and if men ask you why,
You may put the blame on the stars and the Sun and the white road and the sky!

Gerald Gould.

The Disturber of Men's Minds

Adventure, thou inventor of ships (for thou didst discover the paths of the sea, and didst excite men's minds by hope of gain), what treacherous timbers didst thou fashion; what lust for gain, oft brought home to them by death, hast thou instilled into men! Of a truth the race of mortals had been a golden one, if the sea, like hell, were viewed from the land in dim distance. Antiphilus of Byzantium.

The Magic of the Sea Road

"I remember the black wharves and the ships
And the sea-tides tossing free,
And the Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea." Longfellow.

Drawn by Aubrey Beardsley

Leading Wherever I Choose

Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open
road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me leading
wherever I choose.
Henceforth I ask not good-fortune, I myself
am good-fortune,
Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone
no more, need nothing,
Done with indoor complaints, libraries,
querulous criticisms,
Strong and content I travel the open road.

Allons! the road is before us!
It is safe—I have tried it—my own feet have tried it well—be not detain'd!
Let the paper remain on the desk unwritten, and the book on the shelf unopen'd!
Let the tools remain in the workshop! let the money remain unearn'd!
Let the school stand! mind not the cry of the teacher!
Let the preacher preach in his pulpit! let the lawyer plead in the court, and the judge expound the law!   Walt Whitman.

Inscription by a Roadside Pool

Drink not here, traveler, from this warm pool in the brook, full of mud stirred by the sheep at pasture; but go a very little way over the ridge where the heifers are grazing; for there by yonder pastoral stone-pine thou wilt find bubbling through the fountained rock a spring colder than Northern snow.   Leonidas of Tarentum.

Pan and the Young Shepherd

"I got up the mountain edge, and from the top saw the world stretched out—cornlands and forest, the river winding among meadow-flats, and right off, like a hem of the sky, the moving sea, with snatches of foam, and large ships reaching forward, outbound. And then I thought no more, but my heart leaped to meet the wind, and I ran, and I ran. I felt my legs under me, I felt the wind buffet me, hit me on the cheek, the sun shone, the bees swept past me singing; and I too sang, shouted, World, world, I am coming!"

Maurice Hewlett.

Drawn by Aubrey Beardsley

The Merman Feels It, Too

Come, dear children, let us away;
Down and away below.
Now my brothers call from the
bay;
Now the great winds shoreward
blow;
Now the salt tides seaward flow;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the
spray.
Children dear, let us away!
This way, this way!

Matthew Arnold.

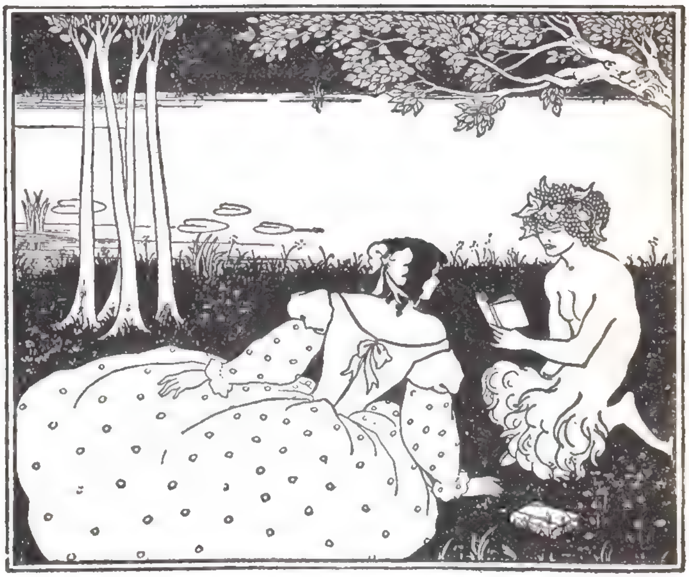
TO BECOME A CREATURE OF THE MOMENT

How fine it is to enter some old town, walled and turreted, just at the approach of nightfall, or to come to some straggling village, with the lights streaming through the surrounding gloom; and then, after inquiring for the best entertainment that the place affords, to "take one's ease at one's inn!" These eventful moments in our lives' history are too precious, too full of solid, heartfelt happiness to be frittered and dribbled away in imperfect sympathy. I would have them all to myself, and drain them to the last drop: they will do to talk of or to write about afterward. What a delicate speculation it is, after drinking whole goblets of tea—

The cups that cheer, but not inebriate—

and letting the fumes ascend into the brain, to sit considering what we shall have for supper—eggs and a rasher, a rabbit smothered in onions, or an excellent veal cutlet! Sancho in such a situation once fixed upon cow-heel; and his choice, though he could not help it, is not to be disparaged. . . .

Oh! it is great to shake off the trammels of the world and of public opinion—to lose our importunate, tormenting, everlasting personal identity in the elements of nature, and become the creature of the moment, clear of all ties—to hold to the universe only by a dish of sweetbreads, and to owe nothing but the score of the evening—and no longer seeking for applause and meeting with contempt, to be known by no other title than *the Gentleman in the parlour!* WILLIAM HAZLITT.



Drawn by Aubrey Beardsley

THE VAGABOND

Give to me the life I love,
Let the lave go by me,
Give the jolly heaven above
And the byway nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
Bread I dip in the river—
There's the life for a man like me,
There's the life for ever.

. . . .

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around,
And the road before me.
Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I ask, the heaven above
And the road below me. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE GENIUS FOR SAUNTERING

I have met with but one or two persons in the course of my life who understood the art of Walking, that is, of taking walks—who had a genius, so to speak, for *sauntering:* which word is beautifully derived "from idle people who roved about the country, in the Middle Ages, and asked charity, under pretense of going *à la Sainte Terre,*" to the Holy Land, till the children exclaimed, "There goes a *Sainte-Terrer,*" a Saunterer, a Holy-Lander. They who never go to the Holy Land in their walks, as they pretend, are indeed mere idlers and vagabonds; but they who do go there are saunterers in the good sense, such as I mean. Some, however, would derive the word from *sans terre,* without land or a home, which, therefore, in the good sense, will mean, having no particular home, but equally at home everywhere. For this is the secret of successful sauntering. He who sits still in a house all the time may be the greatest vagrant of all; but the saunterer, in the good sense, is no more vagrant than the meandering river, which is all the while sedulously seeking the shortest course to the sea. But I prefer the first, which, indeed, is the most probable derivation. For every walk is a sort of crusade, preached by some Peter the Hermit in us, to go forth and reconquer this Holy Land from the hands of the Infidels. THOREAU.

A NIGHT IN THE OPEN

Night is a dead monotonous period under a roof; but in the open world it passes lightly, with its stars and dews and perfumes, and the hours are marked by changes in the face of Nature. What seems a kind of temporal death to people choked between walls and curtains, is only a light and living slumber to the man who sleeps a-field. All night long he can hear Nature breathing deeply and freely: even as she takes her rest, she turns and smiles; and there is one stirring hour unknown to those who dwell in houses, when a wakeful influence goes abroad over the sleeping hemisphere, and all the outdoor world are on their feet. It is then that the cock first crows—not this time to announce the dawn, but like a cheerful watchman speeding the course of night. Cattle awake on the meadows; sheep break their fast on dewy hillsides, and change to a new lair among the ferns; and houseless men who have lain down with the fowls, open their dim eyes and behold the beauty of the night.

At what inaudible summons, at what gentle touch of Nature, are all these sleepers thus recalled in the same hour to life? Do the stars rain down an influence, or do we share some thrill of mother earth below our resting bodies? Even shepherds and old country-folk, who are the deepest read in these arcana, have not a guess as to the means or purpose of this nightly resurrection. Toward two in the morning they declare the thing takes place; and neither know nor inquire further. . . . ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

AUTOLYCUS' SONG

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
   And merrily herl the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
   Your sad tires in a mile-a. SHAKESPEARE.

"WHY DOST THOU NOT GO TO CHURCH IN A GALLIARD AND COME HOME IN A CORANTO?"

Your heart must furnish such music that in keeping time to it your feet will carry you around the globe without knowing it. The walker I would describe takes no note of distance; his walk is a sally, a *bon mot*, an unspoken *jeu d'esprit;* the ground is his butt, his provocation; it furnishes him the resistance his body craves; he rebounds upon it, he glances off and returns again, and uses it gaily as his tool. JOHN BURROUGHS.

THROUGH THE HARZ COUNTRY

Finding the next morning that I must lighten my knapsack, I threw overboard the pair of boots, and arose and went forth unto Goslar. There I arrived without knowing how. This much alone do I remember, that I sauntered up and down hill, gazing upon many a meadow vale. Silver waters rippled and rustled, sweet wood-birds sang, the bells of the flocks tinkled, the many-shaded green trees were gilded by the sun; and over all, the blue-silk canopy of heaven was so transparent that I could look through the depths even to the Holy of Holies, where angels sat at the feet of God, studying sublime thorough-bass in the features of the Eternal countenance. HEINRICH HEINE.

THE LONG ROAD

White in the moon the long road lies,
   The moon stands blank above;
White in the moon the long road lies
   That leads me from my love. A. E. HOUSMAN.

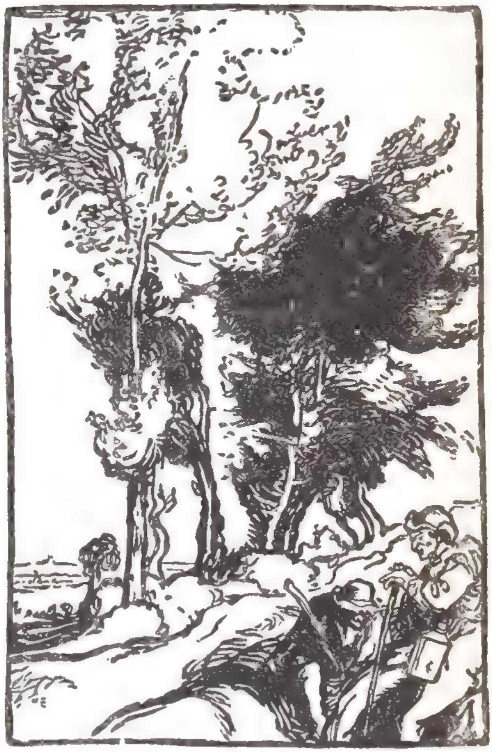
"WE SAILED BY THAT FOR WE HAD NO OTHER GUIDE"

He was sitting by the fire staring at the red coals. "I can't understand what you find so difficult. It's all as clear as mud to me," he replied. A jet of gas puffed out between the bars, took light, and whistled softly. "Suppose we take the red-haired hero's adventures first, from the time that he came south to my galley and captured it and sailed to the Beaches."

I knew better now than to interrupt Charlie. I was out of reach of pen and paper, and dared not move to get them lest I should break the current. The gas-jet puffed and whinnied, Charlie's voice dropped almost to a whisper, and he told a tale of the sailing of an open galley to Furdurstrandi, of sunsets on the open sea, seen under the curve of the one sail evening after evening when the galley's beak was notched into the center of the sinking disk, and "we sailed by that for we had no other guide," quoth Charlie. He spoke of a landing on an island and explorations in its woods, where the crew killed three men whom they found asleep under the pines. Their ghosts, Charlie said, followed the galley, swimming and choking in the water, and the crew cast lots and threw one of their number overboard as a sacrifice to the strange gods whom they had offended. Then they ate seaweed when their provisions failed, and their legs swelled, and their leader, the red-haired man, killed two rovers who mutinied, and after a year spent among the woods they set sail for their own country, and a wind that never failed carried them back so safely that they all slept at night. This, and much more Charlie told. Sometimes the voice fell so low that I could not catch the words, though every nerve was on the strain. He spoke of their leader, the red-haired man, as a pagan speaks of his God; for it was he who cheered them and slew them impartially as he thought best for their needs; and it was he who steered them for three days among floating ice, each floe crowded with strange beasts that "tried to sail with us," said Charlie, "and we beat them back with the handles of the oars."

The gas-jet went out, a burnt coal gave way, and the fire settled with a tiny crash to the bottom of the grate. Charlie ceased speaking, and I said no word.

"By Jove!" he said at last, shaking his head. "I've been staring at the fire till I'm dizzy. What was I going to say?" RUDYARD KIPLING.



THE HALT
From a woodcut by A. Lepère

ON THE ROADS

The road winds onward long and white,
It curves in mazy coils, and crooks
A beckoning finger down the height;
It calls me with the voice of brooks
To thirsty travelers in the night.

I leave the lonely city street,
The awful silence of the crowd;
The rhythm of the roads I beat,
My blood leaps up, I shout aloud,
My heart keeps measure with my feet.

A bird sings something in my ear,
The wind sings in my blood a song
'T is good at times for a man to hear;
The road winds onward white and long,
And the best of Earth is here! **ARTHUR SYMONS.**

THE VIKING TAKES THE SEA-ROAD FOR THE LAST TIME

King Hake had been so grievously wounded that he saw his days could not be long; so he ordered a war-ship which he had to be loaded with his dead men and their weapons, and to be taken out to the sea; the tiller to be shipped, and the sails hoisted. Then he set fire to some tar-wood, and ordered a pile to be made over it in the ship. Hake was almost if not quite dead, when he was laid upon this pile of his. The wind was blowing off the land—the ship flew, burning in clear flame, out between the islets, and into the ocean. Great was the fame of this deed in after times. **HEIMSKRINGLA (SNORRI STURLESON).**

THE SEA-GYPSY

I am fevered with the sunset,
I am fretful with the bay,
For the wander-thirst is on me
And my soul is in Cathay.

There's a schooner in the offing,
With her topsails shot with fire,
And my heart has gone aboard her
For the Islands of Desire.

I must forth again tomorrow!
With the sunset I must be
Hull down on the trail of rapture
In the wonder of the Sea. **RICHARD HOVEY**

INTO GOLDEN AUTUMN

The world has nothing to offer more rich and entertaining than the days which October always brings us, when after the first frosts, a steady shower of gold falls in the strong south wind from the chestnuts, maples and hickories: all the trees are wind-harps, filling the air with music; and all men become poets, and walk to the measure of rhymes they make or remember. **EMERSON.**

(*To be continued*)

A Mercury of the Foot-Hills

By BRET HARTE

IT WAS high, hot noon on the Casket Ridge. Its very scant shade was restricted to a few dwarf Scotch firs, and was so perpendicularly cast that Leonidas Boone, seeking shelter from the heat, was obliged to draw himself up under one of them, as if it were an umbrella. Occasionally, with a boy's perversity, he permitted one bared foot to protrude beyond the sharply marked shadow until the burning sun forced him to draw it in again, with a thrill of satisfaction. There was no earthly reason why he had not sought the larger shadow of the pine trees which reared themselves against the Ridge on the slope below him—except that he was a boy, and perhaps even more superstitious and opinionated than most boys. Having got under this tree with infinite care, he had made up his mind that he would not move from it until its line of shade reached and touched a certain stone on the trail near him. *Why* he did this he did not know, but he clung to his sublime purpose with the courage and tenacity of a youthful Casabianca. He was cramped, tickled by dust and fir-sprays; he was supremely uncomfortable—but he stayed! A woodpecker was monotonously tapping in an adjacent pine, with measured intervals of silence, which he always firmly believed was a certain telegraphy of the bird's own making; a green-and-gold lizard flashed by his foot to suddenly stiffen itself with a rigidity equal to his own. Still he stirred not. The shadow gradually crept nearer the mystic stone—and touched it. He sprang up, shook himself and prepared to go about his business. This was simply an errand to the post-office at the Cross-Roads, scarcely a mile from his father's house. He was already half-way there. He had taken only the better part of one hour for this desultory journey!

However, he now proceeded on his way, diverging only to follow a fresh rabbit track a few hundred yards, to note that the animal had doubled twice against the wind, and then, naturally, he was obliged to look closely for other tracks to determine its pursuers. He paused also, but only for a moment, to rap thrice on the trunk of the pine where the woodpecker was at work, which he knew would make it cease work for a time—as it did. Having thus renewed his relations with Nature, he discovered that one of the letters he was taking to the post-office had slipped in some mysterious way from the bosom of his shirt where he carried them, past his waistband, into a trousers-leg, and was about to make a casual delivery of itself on the trail. This caused him to take out his letters and count them, when he found one missing. He had been given four letters to post—he had only three. There were a big one in his father's handwriting, two indistinctive ones of his mother's, and a smaller one of his sister's—*that* was gone! Not at all disconcerted, he calmly retraced his steps, following his own tracks minutely, with a grim face and a distinct delight in the process, while looking—perfunctorily—for the letter. In the midst of this slow progress a bright idea struck him. He walked back to the fir-tree where he had rested, and found the lost missive. It had slipped out of his shirt when he shook himself. He was not particularly pleased. He knew that nobody would give him credit for his trouble in going back for it, or his astuteness in guessing where it was. He heaved a sigh of misunderstood genius and again started for the post-office. This time he carried the letters openly and ostentatiously in his hand.

Presently he heard a voice say, "Hey!" It was a gentle, musical, woman's voice; a strange voice, for it evidently did not know how to call him, and did not say, "O Leonidas!" or, "You—look here!" He was abreast of a little clearing, guarded by a low stockade of bark palings, and beyond it was a small white dwelling-house. Leonidas knew the place perfectly well. It belonged to the superintendent of a mining tunnel, who had lately rented it to some strangers from San Francisco. This much he had heard from his family. He had a mountain boy's contempt for city folks, and was not himself interested in them. Yet, as he heard the call, he was conscious of a slightly guilty feeling. He might have been trespassing in following the rabbit's track; he might have been seen by some one when he lost the letter and had to go back for it—all grown-up people had a way of offering themselves as witnesses against him! He scowled a little as he glanced around him. Then his eye fell on the caller, on the other side of the stockade.

To his surprise it was a woman—a pretty, gentle, fragile creature—all soft muslin and laces, with her fingers interlocked and leaning both elbows on the top of the stockade as she stood under the checkered shadow of a buckeye.

"Come here—please—won't you?" she said pleasantly.

It would have been impossible to resist her voice if Leonidas had wanted to—which he didn't. He walked confidently up to the fence. She really was very pretty, with eyes as soft as his setter's and as caressing. And there were little puckers and satiny creases around her delicate nostrils and mouth, when she spoke, which Leonidas knew were "expression."

"I—I—" she began, with charming hesitation; then suddenly, "What's your name?"

"Leonidas."

"Leonidas—that's a pretty name!" He thought it *did* sound pretty. "Well, Leonidas, I want you to be a good boy and do a great favour for me—a very great favour."

Leonidas' face fell. This kind of prelude and formula was familiar to him. It was usually followed by: "Promise me that you will never swear again," or, "that you will go straight home and wash your face," or some other irrelevant personality. But nobody with that sort of eyes had ever said it. So he replied, a little shyly but sincerely, "Yes, ma'am."

"You are going to the post-office?"

This seemed a very foolish, womanish question, seeing that he was holding letters in his hand, but he said, "Yes."

"I want you to put a letter of mine among yours and post them all together," she said, putting one little hand to her bosom and drawing out a letter. He noticed that she purposely held the addressed side so that he could not see it, but he also noticed that her hand was small, thin, and white even to a faint tint of blue in it, unlike his sister's, the baby's, or any other hand he had ever seen. "Can you read?" she said suddenly, withdrawing the letter.

The boy flushed slightly at the question.

"Of course I can," he said, proudly.

"Of course, certainly," she repeated quickly, "but," she added with a mischievous smile, "you mustn't *now!* Promise me! Promise me that you won't read this address, but just put the letter, like one of your own, in the letter-box with the others."

Leonidas promised readily; it seemed to him a great fuss about nothing; perhaps it was some kind of game or a bet. He opened his sunburnt hand, holding his own letters, and she slipped hers, face downward, between them. Her soft fingers touched his in the operation, and seemed to leave a pleasant warmth behind them.

"Promise me another thing," she added; "promise me you won't say a word of this to any one."

"Of course!" said Leonidas.

"That's a good boy—and I know you will keep your word." She hesitated a moment, smilingly and tentatively, and then held out a bright half-dollar. Leonidas backed from the fence. "I'd rather not," he said shyly.

"But as a present from *me?*"

Leonidas coloured; he was really proud. And he was also bright enough to understand that the possession of such unbounded wealth would provoke dangerous inquiry at home. But he didn't like to say it, and only replied, "I can't!"

She looked at him curiously. "Then—thank you!" she said, offering her white hand, which felt like a bird in his. "Now run on, and don't let me keep you any longer." She drew back from the fence as she spoke, and waved him a pretty farewell. Leonidas, half sorry, half relieved, darted away.

He ran to the post-office, which he never had done before. Loyally, he never looked at her letter—nor indeed at his own again—swinging the hand that held them far from his side. He entered the post-office directly, going at once to the letter-box and depositing the precious missive with the others. The post-office was also the "country store," and Leonidas was in the habit of still further protracting his errands there by lingering in that stimulating atmosphere of sugar, cheese and coffee. But to-day his stay was brief—so transitory that the postmaster himself inferred audibly that "old man Boone must have been tanning Leo with a hickory switch."

But the simple reason was that Leonidas wished to go back to the stockade fence and the fair stranger—if haply she was still there. His heart sank, as, breathless with unwonted haste, he reached the clearing and the empty buckeye shade. He walked slowly and with sad diffidence by the deserted stockade fence. But presently his quick eye caught a glint of white among the laurels near the house. It was *she*, walking with apparent indifference away from him toward the corner of the clearing and the road. But this he knew would bring her to the end of the stockade fence, where he must pass—and it did. She turned to him with a bright smile of affected surprise. "Why, you're as swift-footed as Mercury!"

Leonidas understood her perfectly. Mercury was the other name for quicksilver—and that was lively, you bet! He had often spilt some on the floor to see it move. She must be awfully cute to have noticed it, too—cuter than his sisters. He was quite breathless with pleasure.

"I put your letter in the box all right," he burst out at last.

"Without any one seeing it?" she asked.

"Sure pop!—nary one! The postmaster stuck out his hand to grab it, but I just let on that I didn't see him and shoved it in myself."

"You're as sharp as you're good," she said smilingly. "Now, there's just *one* thing more I want you to do. Forget all about this—won't you?"

Her voice was very caressing. Perhaps that was why he said boldly, "Yes, ma'am—all except *you*."

"Dear me!—what a compliment! How old are you?"

"Goin' on fifteen," said Leonidas confidently.

"And going very fast," said the lady mischievously. "Well, then—you needn't forget *me*. On the contrary," she added, after looking at him curiously, "I would rather you'd remember me. Good-by—or rather good-afternoon—if I'm to be remembered, Leon."

"Good-afternoon, ma'am."

She moved away, and presently disappeared among the laurels. But her last words were ringing in his ears. "Leon"—everybody else called him "Lee" for brevity. "Leon"—it was pretty as she said it.

He turned away. But it so chanced that their parting was not to pass unnoticed, for, looking up the hill, Leonidas perceived his elder sister and little brother coming down the road and knew that they must have seen him from the hilltop. It was like their "snooping."

They ran to him eagerly.

"You were talking to the stranger," said his sister breathlessly.

"She spoke to me first," said Leonidas, on the defensive.

"What did she say?"

"Wanted to know the eleckshun news," said Leonidas, with cool mendacity: "and I told her."

This improbable fiction nevertheless satisfied them. "What was she like? Oh, do tell us, Lee!" continued his sister.

Nothing would have delighted him more than to expatiate upon her loveliness, the soft white beauty of her hands, the "cunning" little puckers around her lips, her bright, tender eyes, the angelic texture of her robes and the musical tinkle of her voice. But Leonidas had no confidant, and what healthy boy ever trusted his sister in such a matter! "*You* saw what she was like," he said, with evasive bluntness.

"But—Lee——"

But Lee was adamant. "Go and ask her," he said.

"Like as not you were sassy to her and she shut you up," said his sister artfully. But even this cruel suggestion, which he could have so easily flouted, did not draw him, and his ingenuous relations flounced disgustedly away.

But Leonidas was not spared any further allusion to the fair stranger, for the fact of her having spoken to him was duly reported at home, and at dinner his reticence was again sorely attacked. "Just like her, in spite of all her airs and graces, to hang out along the fence like any ordinary hired girl, jabberin' with anybody that went along the road," said his mother, incisively. He knew that she didn't like her new neighbours, so this did not surprise nor greatly pain him. Neither did the prosaic facts that were now first made plain to him. His divinity was a Mrs. Burroughs, whose husband was conducting a series of mining operations and prospecting with a gang of men on the Casket Ridge. As his duty required his continual presence there, Mrs. Burroughs was forced to forego the civilized pleasure of San Francisco for a frontier life, for which she was ill fitted and in which she had no interest. All this was a vague irrelevance to Leonidas, who knew her only as a goddess in white who had been familiar to him, and kind, and to whom he was tied by the delicious joy of having a secret in common, and having done her a special favor. Healthy youth clings to its own impressions, let reason, experience, and even facts, argue ever to the contrary.

So he kept her secret and his intact, and was rewarded a few days afterward by a distant view of her walking in the garden, with a man whom he recognized as her husband. It is needless to say that, without any extraneous thought, the man suffered in Leonidas' estimation by his propinquity to the goddess and that he deemed him vastly inferior.

It was a still greater reward to his fidelity that she seized an opportunity, when her husband's head was turned, to wave her hand to him. Leonidas did not approach the fence, partly through shyness and partly through a more subtle instinct that this man was not in the secret. He was right, for only the next day, as he passed to the post-office, she called him to the fence.

"Did you see me wave my hand to you yesterday?" she asked, pleasantly.

"Yes, ma'am—but"—he hesitated—"I didn't come up, for I didn't think you wanted me when any one else was there."

She laughed merrily, and, lifting his straw hat from his head, ran the fingers of the other hand through his damp curls. "You're the brightest, dearest boy I ever knew, Leon," she said, dropping her pretty face to the level of his own, "and I ought to have remembered it. But I don't mind telling you I was dreadfully frightened lest you might misunderstand me and come and ask for another letter—before *him*." As she emphasized the personal pronoun, her whole face seemed to change, the light of her blue eyes became mere glittering points, her nostrils grew white and contracted, and her pretty little mouth seemed to narrow into a straight, cruel line like a cat's. "Not a word ever to *him*—of all men! Do you hear?" she said, almost brusquely. Then, seeing the concern in the boy's face, she laughed, and added explanatorily, "He's a bad, bad man, Leon, remember that."

The fact that she was speaking of her husband did not shock the boy's moral sense in the least. The sacredness of those relations, and even of blood kinship, is, I fear, not always so clear to the youthful mind as we fondly imagine. That Mr. Burroughs was a bad man to have excited this change in this lovely woman, was Leonidas' only conclusion. He remembered how his sister's soft, pretty little kitten, purring in her lap, used to get its back up and spit at the postmaster's yellow hound.

"I never wished to come unless you called me first," he said frankly.

"What?" she said, in her half-playful, half-reproachful, but wholly caressing way. "You mean to say you would never come to see me unless I sent for you? O Leon! and you'd abandon me in that way?"

But Leonidas was set in his own boyish superstition. "I'd just delight in bein' sent for by you any time, Mrs. Burroughs, and you kin always find me," he said, shyly, but doggedly; "but—" he stopped.

"What an opinionated young gentleman! Well, I see I must do all the courting. So, consider that I sent for you this morning. I've got another letter for you to mail." She put her hand to her breast, and out of the pretty frillings of her frock produced, as before, with the same faint perfume of violets, a letter like the first. But it was unsealed. "Now listen, Leon. We are going to be great friends—you and I." (Leonidas felt his cheeks glowing.) "You are going to do me another great favour—and we are going to have a little fun and a great secret all by our own selves. Now, first: have you any correspondent—you know—any one who writes to you—any boy or girl—from San Francisco?"

Leonidas' cheeks grew redder—alas! from a less happy consciousness. He never received any letters; nobody ever wrote to him. He was obliged to make this shameful admission.

Mrs. Burroughs looked thoughtful. "But you have some friend in San Francisco—some one who *might* write to you?" she suggested, pleasantly.

"I knew a boy once—who went to San Francisco," said Leonidas doubtfully. "At least, he allowed he was goin' there."

"That will do," said Mrs. Burroughs. "I suppose your parents know him or of him?"

"Why," said Leonidas, "he used to live here."

"Better still. For, you see, it wouldn't be strange if he *did* write. What was the gentleman's name?"

"Jim Belcher," returned Leonidas, hesitatingly, by no means sure that the absent Belcher knew how to write. Mrs. Burroughs took a tiny pencil from her belt, opened the letter she was holding in her hand and apparently wrote the name in it. Then she folded it and sealed it, smiling charmingly at Leonidas' puzzled face.

"Now, Leon, listen—for here is the favour I am asking! Mr. Jim Belcher"—she pronounced the name with great gravity—"will write to you in a few days. But inside of *your* letter will be a little note to me, which you will bring me. You can show your letter to your family, if they want to know who it is from, but no one must see *mine*. Can you manage that?"

"Yes," said Leonidas. Then, as the whole idea flashed upon his quick intelligence, he smiled until he showed his dimples. Mrs. Burroughs leaned forward over the fence, lifted his torn straw hat and dropped a fluttering little kiss on his forehead. It seemed to the boy, flushed and rosy as a maid, as if she had left a shining star there for every one to see.

"Don't smile like that, Leon—you're positively irresistible. It will be a nice little game, won't it? Nobody in it but you and me—and Belcher! We'll outwit them yet. And you see, you'll be obliged to come to me, after all, without asking."

They both laughed; indeed, quite a dimpled, bright-eyed, rosy, innocent pair—though I think Leonidas was the more maidenly.

"And," added Leonidas with breathless eagerness, "I can sometimes write to—to—Jim—and inclose your letter."

"Angel of wisdom!—certainly. Well, now—let's see—have you got any letters for the post today?" He coloured again—for in anticipation of meeting her he had hurried up the family post that morning. He held out his letters—she thrust her own among them. "Now," she said, laying her cool, soft hand against his hot cheek, "run along, dear. You must not be seen loitering here."

Leonidas ran off—buoyed up on ambient air. It seemed just like a fairy-book. Here he was the confidant of the most beautiful creature he had seen, and there was a mysterious letter coming to him—Leonidas—and no one to know why. And now he had a "call" to see her often—she would not forget him—he needn't loiter by the fence-post to see if she wanted him—and his boyish pride and shyness were appeased. There was no question of moral ethics raised in Leonidas' mind; he knew that it would not be the real Jim Belcher who would write to him, but that made the prospect the more attractive. Nor did another circumstance trouble his conscience. When he reached the post-office, he was surprised to see the man he knew to be Mr. Burroughs talking with the postmaster. Leonidas brushed by him and deposited his letters in the box in discreet triumph. The postmaster was evidently officially resenting some imputation on his carelessness and concluding his defense. "No, sir," he said, "you kin bet your boots that ef any letter hez gone astray for you or your wife—ye said your wife, didn't ye?"

"Yes," said Burroughs hastily, with a glance around the shop.

"Well, for you or anybody at your house—it ain't here that's the fault. You hear me! I know every letter that comes in and goes outer this office, I reckon, and handle 'em all"—Leonidas pricked up his ears—"and if anybody oughter know, it's me. Ye kin paste that in your hat, Mr. Burroughs." Burroughs, apparently disconcerted by the intrusion of a third party—Leonidas—upon what was evidently a private inquiry, murmured something surlily, and passed out.

Leonidas was puzzled. That big man seemed to be "snooping" around for something! He knew that he dared not touch the letter-bag—Leonidas had heard somewhere that it was a deadly crime to touch any letters after the gov'nment had got hold of them once, and he had no fears for the safety of hers—but ought he not to go back at once and tell her about her husband's visit and the alarming fact that the postmaster was personally acquainted with all the letters? He instantly saw, too, the wisdom of her inclosing her letter hereafter in another address. Yet he finally resolved not to tell her to-day—it would look like "hanging round" again; and, another secret reason, he was afraid that any allusion to her husband's interference would bring back that change in her beautiful face which he did not like. The better to resist temptation, he went back another way.

It must not be supposed that while Leonidas indulged in this secret passion for the beautiful stranger, it was to the exclusion of his boyish habits. It merely took the place of his intellectual visions and his romantic reading—he no longer carried books in his pocket on his lazy rambles. What were medieval legends of high-born ladies and their pages to this real romance of himself and Mrs. Burroughs? What were the exploits of boy captains and juvenile trappers, and the Indian maidens and Spanish señoritas, to what was now possible to himself and his divinity, here—upon Casket Ridge! The very ground around her was now consecrated to romance and adventure. Consequently he visited a few traps on his way back which he had set for "jackass rabbits" and wildcats—the latter a vindictive reprisal for aggression upon an orphan brood of mountain quail which he had taken under his protection. For, while he nourished a keen love of sport, it was controlled by a boy's larger understanding of nature; a pantheistic sympathy with bird and beast and plant, which made him keenly alive to the strange cruelties of creation, revealed to him some queer animal feuds, and made him a chivalrous partisan of the weaker. He had even gone out of his way to defend, by ingenious contrivances of his own, the hoard of a golden squirrel and the treasures of some wild bees from a predatory bear, although it did not prevent him later from capturing the squirrel by an equally ingenious contrivance and from eventually eating some of the honey. He was late home that evening. But this was "vacation"; the district school was closed, and but for the household "chores" which occupied his early mornings, each long summer day was a holiday. So two or three passed, and then one morning, on his going to the post-office, the postmaster threw down upon the counter a real and rather bulky letter, duly stamped and addressed to Mr. Leonidas Boone! Leonidas was too discreet to open it before witnesses, but in the solitude of the trail home broke the seal. It contained another letter with no address—clearly the one *she* expected—and, more marvelous still, a sheaf of trout-hooks with delicate gut snells such as Leonidas had dared only to dream of. The letter to himself was written in a clear, distinct hand, and ran as follows:—

> "Dear Lee: How are you getting on on old Casket Ridge? It seems a coon's age since you and me was together, and times I get to think I must run up and see you! We're having bully times in 'Frisco you bet!—though there ain't anything wild worth shucks to go to see—'cept the Sea Lions at the Cliff House. They're just stunning—big as a grizzly and bigger—climbing over a big rock or swimming in the sea like an otter or muskrat. I'm sending you some snells and hooks, such as you can't get at Casket. Use the fine ones for pot holes and the bigger ones for running water or falls. Let me know when you've got 'em. Write to Lock Box No. 1290, thats where Dad's letters come. So no more at present, from
>
> "Yours truly,
> "Jim Belcher."

Not only did Leonidas know that this was not from the real Jim, but he felt the vague contact of a new, charming and original personality that fascinated him. Of course it was only natural that one of *her* friends—as he must be—should be equally delightful. There was no jealousy in Leonidas' devotion; he knew only a joy in this fellowship of admiration for her which he was satisfied that the other boy must feel. And only the right kind of boy could know the importance of his ravishing gift, and this Jim was evidently "no slouch"! Yet in Leonidas' new joy he did not forget *her!* He ran back to the stockade fence and lounged upon the road in view of the house, but she did not appear. He lingered on the top of the hill, ostentatiously examining a young hickory for a green switch, but to no effect. Then it suddenly occurred to him that she might be staying in purposely, and, perhaps a little piqued by her indifference, he ran off. There was a mountain stream hard by, now dwindled in the summer drouth to a mere trickling thread among the boulders, and there was a certain "pot hole" that he had long known. It was the lurking-place of a phenomenal trout—an almost historic fish in the district, which had long resisted the attempts of such rude sportsmen as miners, or even experts like himself. Few had seen it except as a vague, shadowy bulk in the four feet of depth and gloom in which it hid; only once had Leonidas' quick eye feasted on its fair proportions. On that memorable occasion, Leonidas, having exhausted every kind of lure of painted fly and living bait, was rising from his knees behind the bank when a pink five-cent stamp, dislodged from his pocket, fluttered in the air and descended slowly upon the still pool. Horrified at his loss, Leonidas leaned over to recover it, when there was a flash like lightning in the black depths, a dozen changes of light and shadow on the surface, a little whirling wave splashing against the sides of the rock—and the postage-stamp was gone. More than that—for one instant the trout remained visible, stationary and expectant! Whether it was the instinct of sport or whether the fish had detected a new, subtle and original flavor in the gum and paper, Leonidas never knew. Alas! he had not another stamp; he was obliged to leave the fish, but carried a brilliant idea away with him. Ever since then he had cherished it—and another extra stamp in his pocket. And now, with this strong but gossamer-like snell, this new hook, and this freshly cut hickory rod—he would make the trial!

But fate was against him! He had scarcely descended the narrow trail to the pine-fringed margin of the stream, before his quick ear detected an unusual rustling through the adjacent underbrush, and then a voice that startled him. It was *hers!* In an instant all thought of sport had fled. With a beating heart, half-opened lips and uplifted lashes, Leonidas awaited the coming of his divinity, like a timorous virgin at her first tryst.

But Mrs. Burroughs was clearly not in an equally responsive mood. With her fair face reddened by the sun, the damp tendrils of her unwound hair clinging to her forehead, and her smart little slippers red with dust, there was also a querulous light in her eyes and a still more querulous pinch in her nostrils, as she stood panting before him.

"You tiresome boy!" she gasped, holding one little hand to her side as she gripped her brambled skirt around her ankles with the other. "Why didn't you wait? Why did you make me run all this distance after you?"

Leonidas timidly and poignantly protested. He had waited—before the house and on the hill; he thought she didn't want him.

"Couldn't you see that *that man* kept me in?" she went on peevishly. "Haven't you sense enough to know that he suspects something and follows me everywhere, dogging my footsteps every time the post comes in, and even going to the post-office himself, to make sure that he sees all my letters?

"Well," she added impatiently, "have you anything for me? Why don't you speak?"

Crushed and remorseful, Leonidas produced her letter. She almost snatched it from his hand, opened it, read a few lines, and her face changed. A smile strayed from her eyes to her lips, and back again. Leonidas' heart was lifted; she was so forgiving and so beautiful!

"Is he a boy, Mrs. Burroughs?" asked Leonidas, shyly.

"Well—not exactly," she said, her charming face all radiant again. "He's older than you. What has he written to you?"

Leonidas put his letter in her hand for reply. "I wish I could see him, you know," he said shyly. "That letter's bully—it's just rats! I like him pow'ful."

Mrs. Burroughs had skimmed through the letter, but not interestedly. "You mustn't like him more than you like me," she said laughingly, caressing him with her voice and eyes, and even her straying hand.

"I couldn't do that! I never could like anybody as I like you," said Leonidas gravely. There was such appalling truthfulness in the boy's voice and frankly opened eyes, that the woman could not evade it, and was for an instant disconcerted.

But she presently started up with a vexed cry. "There's that wretch following me again, I do believe," she said, staring at the hilltop. "Yes! Look, Leon, he's turning to come down this trail. What's to be done? He mustn't see me here!"

Leonidas looked. It was indeed Mr. Burroughs—but he was evidently only taking a short cut toward the Ridge, where his men were working; Leonidas had seen him take it before. But it was the principal trail on the steep hillside, and they must eventually meet. A man might evade it by scrambling through the brush to a lower and rougher trail, but a woman, never! But an idea had seized Leonidas. "I can stop him," he said confidently to her. "You just lie low here behind that rock till I come back. He hasn't seen you yet."

She had barely time to draw back before Leonidas darted down the trail toward her husband. Yet, in her intense curiosity, she leaned out the next moment, to watch him. He paused at last, not far from the approaching figure, and seemed to kneel down on the trail. What was he doing? Her husband was still slowly advancing. Suddenly he stopped. At the same moment she heard their voices in excited parley, and then, to her amazement, she saw her husband scramble hurriedly down the trail to the lower level, and, with an occasional backward glance, hasten away until he had passed beyond her view.

She could scarcely realize her narrow escape, when Leonidas stood by her side. "How did you do it?" she said eagerly.

"With a rattler," said the boy gravely.

"With a what?"

"A rattlesnake—pizen snake, you know."

"A rattlesnake?" she said, staring at Leonidas, with a quick snatching away of her skirts.

The boy, who seemed to have forgotten her in his other abstraction of adventure, now turned quickly with devoted eyes and a reassuring smile. "Yes! But I wouldn't let him hurt you," he said gently.

"But what did you *do?*"

He looked at her curiously. "You won't be frightened if I show you?" he said doubtfully. "There's nothin' to be afeered of s'long as you're with me," he added proudly.

"Yes—that is—" she stammered; and then, her curiosity getting the better of her fear, she whispered, "Show me quick!"

He led the way up the narrow trail until he stopped where he had knelt before. It was a narrow, sunny ledge of rock, scarcely wide enough for a single person to pass. He silently pointed to a cleft in the rock, and kneeling down again, began to whistle in a soft, fluttering way. There was a moment of suspense, and then she was conscious of an awful gliding something—a movement so measured yet so exquisitely graceful that she stood enthralled. A narrow, flattened, expressionless head was followed by a foot-long strip of yellow-barred scales; then there was a pause, and the head turned, in a beautifully symmetrical half-circle, toward the whistler. The whistling ceased; the snake, with half its body out of the cleft, remained poised in air as if stiffened to stone.

"There," said Leonidas quietly; "that's what Mr. Burroughs saw—and that's *why* he scooted off the trail. I just called out William Henry—I call him 'William Henry,' and he knows his name—and then I sang out to Mr. Burroughs what was up—and it was lucky I did, for the next moment he'd have been on top of him and have been struck—for rattlers don't give way to any one."

"Oh, why didn't you let——" She stopped herself quickly, but could not stop the fierce glint in her eye nor the sharp curve in her nostril. Luckily Leonidas did not see this, being preoccupied with his other graceful charmer—William Henry.

"But how did you know it was here?" said Mrs. Burroughs, recovering herself.

"Fetched him here," said Leonidas briefly.

"What—in your hands?" she said, drawing back.

"No! made him follow! I *have* handled him, but it was after I've first made him strike his pizen out upon a stick. Ye know after he strikes four times, he ain't got any pizen left. Then ye kin do anythin' with him—and he knows it. He knows me—you bet. Lordy! I've been three months trainin' him. Look!—don't be frightened," he said, as Mrs. Burroughs drew hurriedly back—"see him mind me. Now, scoot home, William Henry!" He accompanied the command with a slow, dominant movement of the hickory rod he was carrying. The snake dropped its head, and slid noiselessly out of the cleft across the trail and down the hill.

"Thinks my rod is witch-hazel—which rattlers can't abide," continued Leonidas dropping into a boy's breathless, abbreviated speech. "Lives down your way—just back of your farm. Show ye some day. Suns himself on a flat stone every day—always cold—never can get warm. Eh?"

She had not spoken, but was gazing into space with a breathless rigidity of attitude and a fixed look in her eye, not unlike that in the motionless orbs of the reptile which had glided away.

"Does anybody else know you keep him?" she asked.

"Nary one. I never showed him to anybody but you," replied the boy.

"Don't. You must show me where he hides, tomorrow," she said, in her old laughing way. "And now, Leon, I must go back to the house."

"May I write to him—to Jim Belcher, Mrs. Burroughs?" said the boy timidly.

"Certainly. And come to me tomorrow with your letter—I will have mine ready. Good-by." She stopped and glanced at the trail. "And you say that if that man had kept on, the snake would have bitten him?"

"Sure, pop!—if he'd trod on him, as he was sure to. The snake wouldn't have known he didn't mean it. It's only natural," continued Leonidas, with glowing partisanship for the gentle and absent William Henry. "*You* wouldn't like to be trodden upon, Mrs. Burroughs?"

"No!—I'd strike out!" she said quickly. She made a rapid motion forward with her low forehead and level head, leaving it rigid the next moment, so that it reminded him of the snake, and he laughed. At which she laughed too, and tripped away.

Leonidas went back and caught his trout. But even this triumph did not remove a vague sense of disappointment which had come over him. He had often pictured to himself a heaven-sent meeting with her in the woods, a walk with her, alone, where he could pick her the rarest flowers and herbs and show her his woodland friends—and it had ended only in this—and an exhibition of William Henry! He ought to have saved *her* from something, and not her husband. Yet he had no ill feeling for Burroughs—only a desire to circumvent him, on behalf of the unprotected, as he would have baffled a hawk or a wildcat. He went home in dismal spirits, but later that evening constructed a boyish letter of thanks to the apocryphal Belcher, and told him all about —the trout!

He brought her his letter the next day, and received hers to inclose. She was pleasant, her own charming self again, but she seemed more interested in other things than himself, as for instance the docile William Henry, whose hiding-place he showed and whose few tricks she made him exhibit to her—and which the gratified Leonidas accepted as a delicate form of flattery to himself. But his yearning, innocent spirit detected a something lacking, which he was too proud to admit even to himself. It was his own fault; he ought to have waited for her and not gone for the trout!

So a fortnight passed with an interchange of the vicarious letters, and brief, hopeful and disappointing meetings to Leonidas. To add to his unhappiness, he was forced to listen to sneering disparagement of his goddess from his family, and criticisms which happily his innocence did not comprehend. It was his own mother who accused her of shamefully "making up" to the good-looking expressman at church last Sunday, and declared that Burroughs ought to "look after that wife of his"—two statements which the simple Leonidas could not reconcile. He had seen the incident and only thought her more lovely than ever. Why should not the expressman think so too? And yet the boy was not happy; something intruded upon his sports, upon his books, making them dull and vapid, and yet that something was she! He grew pale and preoccupied. If he had only some one in whom to confide—some one who could explain his hopes and fears. That one was nearer than he thought!

It was quite three weeks since the rattlesnake incident, and he was wandering moodily over Casket Ridge. He was near the Casket—that abrupt upheaval of quartz and gneiss, shaped like a coffin, from which the mountain took its name. It was a favourite haunt of Leonidas, one of whose boyish superstitions was that it contained a treasure of gold, and one of whose brightest dreams had been that he should yet discover it! This he did not do today, but, looking up from the rocks that he was listlessly examining, he made the almost as thrilling discovery that near him on the trail was a distinguished-looking stranger!

He was bestriding a shapely mustang, which well became his handsome face and slight, elegant figure, and he was looking at Leonidas with an amused curiosity, and a certain easy assurance that was difficult to withstand. It was with the same fascinating self-confidence of smile, voice and manner that he rode up to the boy and, leaning lightly over his saddle, said with exaggerated politeness, "I believe I have the pleasure of addressing Mr. Leonidas Boone?"

The rising colour in Leonidas' face was apparently a sufficient answer to the stranger, for he continued smilingly: "Then permit me to introduce myself as Mr. James Belcher. As you perceive, I have grown considerably since you last saw me. In fact, I've done nothing else. It's surprising what a fellow can do when he sets his mind on one thing. And then, you know, they're always telling you that San Francisco is a 'growing place.' That accounts for it!"

Leonidas, dazed, dazzled, but delighted, showed all his white teeth in a shy laugh. At which the enchanting stranger leaped from his horse, like a very boy, drew his arm through the rein, and, going up to Leonidas, lifted the boy's straw hat from his head and ran his fingers through his curls. There was nothing original in that —everybody did that to him as a preliminary to conversation. But when this ingenuous fine gentleman put his own Panama hat on Leonidas' head and clapped Leonidas' torn straw on his own, and, passing his arm through the boy's, began to walk on with him, Leonidas' simple heart went out to him at once.

"And now, Leon," said the delightful stranger, "let's you and me have a talk. There's a nice cool spot under these laurels —I'll stake out Pepita—and we'll just lie off there and gab, and not care if school keeps or not."

"But you know you ain't really Jim Belcher," said the boy shyly.

"I'm as good a man as he is any day, whoever I *am*," said the stranger with humourous defiance, "and can lick him out of his boots, whoever *he* is. That ought to satisfy you. But if you want my certificate, here's your own letter, old man," he said, producing Leonidas' last scrawl from his pocket.

"And *hers?*" said the boy cautiously.

The stranger's face changed a little. "And *hers*," he repeated gravely, showing a little pink note which Leonidas recognized as one of Mrs. Burroughs' inclosures. The boy was silent until they reached the laurels, where the stranger tethered his horse and then threw himself in an easy attitude beneath the tree, with the back of his head upon his clasped hands. Leonidas could see his curved brown mustachios, and silky lashes that were almost as long, and thought him the handsomest man he had ever beheld.

"Well, Lee," said the stranger, stretching himself out comfortably and pulling the boy down beside him; "How are things going on the Casket? All serene, eh?"

The inquiry so dismally recalled Leonidas' late feelings that his face clouded and he involuntarily sighed. The stranger instantly shifted his head and gazed curiously at him. Then he took the boy's sunburnt hand in his own and held it a moment. "Well, go on," he said.

"Well, Mr.—Mr.—— I can't go on—I won't!" said Leonidas, with a sudden fit of obstinacy. "I don't know what to call you."

"Call me 'Jack'—'Jack Hamlin' when you're not in a hurry. Ever heard of me before?" he added, suddenly turning his head toward Leonidas.

The boy shook his head. "No."

Mr. Jack Hamlin lifted his lashes in affected expostulation to the skies. "And this is fame!" he murmured audibly.

But this Leonidas did not comprehend. Nor could he understand why the stranger, who clearly must have come to see her, should not ask about her, should not rush to seek her, but should lie back there all the while so contentedly on the grass. *He* wouldn't. He half resented it, and then it occurred to him that this fine gentleman was like himself, shy. Who could help being so before such an angel. *He* would help him on.

And so, shyly at first, but bit by bit, emboldened by a word or two from Jack, he began to talk of her—of her beauty—of her kindness—of his own unworthiness—of what she had said and done—until, finding in this gracious stranger the vent his pent-up feelings so long had sought, he sang then and there the little idyl of his boyish life. He told of his decline in her affections after his unpardonable sin in keeping her waiting while he went for the trout, and added the miserable mistake of the rattlesnake episode. "For it was a mistake, Mr. Hamlin. I oughtn't to have let a lady like that know anything about snakes—just because *I* happen to know them."

"It *was* an awful slump, Lee," said Hamlin gravely. "Get a woman and a snake together—and where are you? Think of Adam and Eve and the serpent, you know."

"But it wasn't that way," said the boy earnestly. "And I want to tell you something else that's just makin' me sick, Mr. Hamlin. I told you William Henry lives down at the bottom of Burroughs' garden, and how I showed Mrs. Burroughs his tricks. Well, only two days ago I was down there looking for him and couldn't find him anywhere. There's a sort of narrow trail from the garden to the hill, a short cut up to the Ridge instead o' going by their gate. It's just the trail any one would take in a hurry, or if they didn't want to be seen from the road. Well! I was lookin' this way and that for William Henry, and whistlin' for him, when I slipped onto the trail. There, in the middle of it, was an old bucket turned upside down—just the thing a man would kick away or a woman lift up. Well, Mr. Hamlin, I kicked it away, and"—the boy stopped, with rounded eyes and bated breath, and added—"I just had time to give one jump and save myself! For under that pail, cramped down so he couldn't get out and just b'ilin' over with rage, and chockful of pizen—was William Henry! If it had been anybody else less spry, they'd have got bitten—and that's just what the sneak who put it there knew."

Mr. Hamlin uttered an exclamation under his breath, and rose to his feet. "What did you say?" asked the boy quickly.

"Nothing," said Mr. Hamlin. But it had sounded to Leonidas like "By God!" Mr. Hamlin walked a few steps as if stretching his limbs and then said, "And you think Burroughs would have been bitten?"

"Why, no!" said Leonidas, in astonished indignation; "of course not, not Burroughs. It would have been poor *Mrs.* Burroughs. For of course *he* set that trap for her—don't you see? Who else would do it?"

"Of course! Of course! Certainly," said Mr. Hamlin coolly. "Of course, as you say, *he* set the trap—yes—you just hang on to that idea."

But something in Mr. Hamlin's manner, and a peculiar look in his eye, did not satisfy Leonidas. "Are you going to see her now?" he said eagerly. "I can show you the house, and then run in and tell her you're outside, in the laurels."

"Not just yet," said Mr. Hamlin, laying his hand on the boy's head, after having restored his own hat. "You see, I thought of giving her a surprise! A big surprise!" he added slowly. After a pause, he went on, "Did you tell her what you had seen?"

"Of course I did," said Leonidas reproachfully. "Did you think I was going to let her get bit? It might have killed her."

"And it might not have been an unmixed pleasure for William Henry. I mean," said Mr. Hamlin gravely, correcting himself, "*you* would never have forgiven him. But what did she say?"

The boy's face clouded. "She thanked me and said it was very thoughtful—and—kind—though it might have been only an accident"—he stammered—"and then she said perhaps I was hanging 'round and coming there a little too much lately, and that as Burroughs was very watchful I'd better quit for two or three days." The tears were rising to his eyes, but by putting his two clenched fists into his pockets he managed to hold them down. Perhaps Mr. Hamlin's soft hand on his head assisted him. Mr. Hamlin took from his pocket a note-book and, tearing out a leaf, sat down again and began to write on his knee. After a pause, Leonidas said:

"Was you ever in love, Mr. Hamlin?"

"Never," said Mr. Hamlin, quietly continuing to write. "But now you speak of it, it's a long-felt want in my nature that I intend to supply some day. But not until I have made my pile. And don't *you*, either!" He continued writing, for it was this gentleman's peculiarity to talk without, apparently, the slightest concern whether anybody else spoke, whether he was listened to, or whether his remarks were at all irrelevant to the case. Yet he was always listened to for that reason. When he had finished writing, he put the paper in an envelope and addressed it.

"Shall I take it to her?" said Leonidas eagerly.

"It's not for *her*—it's for him, Mr. Burroughs," said Mr. Hamlin quietly.

The boy drew back. "To get him out of the way," added Hamlin explanatorily. "When he gets it, lightning wouldn't keep him here. Now how to send it?"

"You might leave it at the post-office," said Leonidas timidly. "He always goes there to watch his wife's letters."

For the first time in their interview, Mr. Hamlin distinctly laughed. "Your head is level, Lee, and I'll do it. Now the best thing you can do, follow Mrs. Burroughs' advice—quit going to the house for a day or two." He walked toward his horse.

The boy's face sank, but he kept up bravely. "And will I see you again?" he said wistfully.

Mr. Hamlin lowered his face so near the boy's that Leonidas could see himself in the brown depths of Mr. Hamlin's eyes. "I hope you will," he said gravely. He mounted, shook the boy's hand and rode away in the lengthening shadows. Then Leonidas walked sadly home.

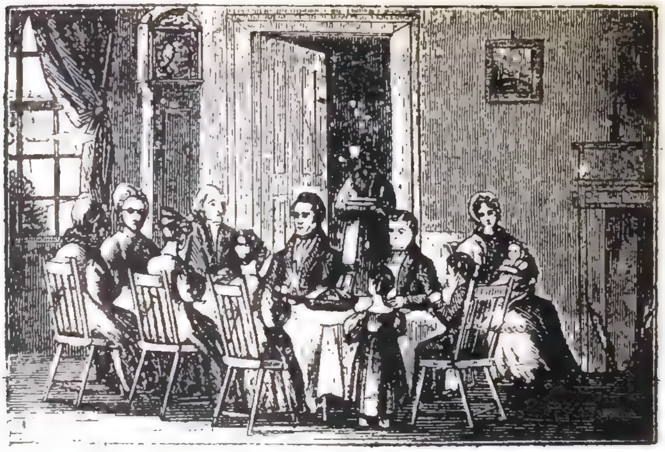
There was no need for him to keep his promise. For the next morning the family were stirred by the announcement that Mr. and Mrs. Burroughs had left Casket Ridge that night by the down stage for Sacramento, and that the house was closed. There were various rumours concerning the reason of this sudden departure, but only one was persistent, and borne out by the postmaster. It was that Mr. Burroughs had received that afternoon an anonymous note that his wife was about to elope with the notorious San Francisco gambler, Jack Hamlin.

But Leonidas Boone, albeit half understanding, kept his miserable secret, with a still hopeful and trustful heart. It grieved him a little that William Henry was found a few days later dead, with his head crushed. Yet it was not until years later, when he had made a successful "prospect" on Casket Ridge, that he met Mr. Hamlin in San Francisco, and knew that he had played the part of Mercury upon that 'heaven-kissing hill."

The Ambitious Barber's Adventure

EUGETHES of the Lapithe cast away with scorn his mirror, his sheet that loves hair; a fragment of his shaving-bowl, his reed-scraper, his scissors that had deserted their work, and his pointed nail-file. He cast away, too, his (other) scissors, razors, and barber's chair; and leaving his shop ran prancing off to Epicurus to be a student in "the Garden."

There he listened as a donkey listens to the lyre, and he would have died of hunger if he had not thought better of it and run home. PHANIAS (*about 100 B.C.*)



Thanksgiving Day

Thanks are justly due for things got without purchase. Ovid.

It seems to be a popular idea that when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, November 21, 1620, they immediately fell upon their knees ("and then upon the aborigines," as Dr. Holmes liked to add)—and the last-Thursday-in-November New England Thanksgiving was instantly established.

Yet the first celebration was probably in the following October, was largely an outdoor festival, lasted for a week—and was a complete and final commemoration in itself. It was nearly a century before there was any uniformity, even in New England; and only since 1863 has the late November date been proclaimed by the President for the whole country. (Not till 1888 did the Roman Catholic Church give its official sanction to the festival.)

The first occasion is described by Winslow, author of "Good News from New England," and "Glorious Progress of the Gospell amongst the Indians," and Governor and English agent of the little colony:

Superiority of the Pilgrims' Invocation Over the Indians' Conjuration

The most courageous were now discouraged, because God, which hitherto had been their only shield and supporter, now seemed in his anger to arm himself against them. These and like considerations moved not only every good man privately to enter into examination with his own estate between God and his conscience and so to humiliation before him, but also more solemnly to humble ourselves together before the Lord by fasting and prayer.

To that end a day was appointed by public authority, and set apart from all other employments; hoping that the same God, which had stirred us up hereunto, would be moved hereby in mercy to look down upon us and grant the request of our dejected souls, if our continuance there might any way stand with his glory and our good.

But O the mercy of God! who was as ready to hear as we to ask: for though in the morning, when we assembled together, the heavens were as clear, and the drouth as like to continue as ever it was, yet (our exercise continuing some eight or nine hours) before our departure, the weather was overcast, the clouds gathered together on all sides, and on the next morning distilled such soft, sweet, and moderate showers of rain, continuing some fourteen days and mixed with such seasonable weather, as it was hard to say whether our withered corn, or drooping affections, were most quickened or revived; such was the bounty and goodness of God.

Of this the Indians, by means of Hobbamock, took notice, who being then in the town, and this exercise in the midst of the week, said, it was but three days since Sunday, and therefore demanded of a boy, what was the reason thereof, which when he knew, and saw the effects followed thereupon, he and all of them admired the goodness of our God towards us, that wrought so great a change in so short a time, showing the difference between their conjuration, and our invocation on the name of God for rain, theirs being mixed with such storms and tempests, as sometimes, instead of doing them good, it layeth the corn flat on the ground, to their prejudice, but ours is in so gentle and seasonable a manner, as they never observed the like.

Having these many signs of God's favor and acceptation, we thought it would be great ingratitude, if secretely we should smother up the same, or content ourselves with private thanksgiving for that which by private prayer could not be obtained. And therefore another solemn day was set apart and appointed for that end; wherein we returned glory, honor, and praise, with all thankfulness, to our Good God, which dealt so graciously with us; whose name for these and all other His Mercies towards his church and chosen ones, by them be blessed and praised, now and evermore. Amen.

EDWARD WINSLOW.

VENISON AND WILDFOWL FOR ALL

Our harvest being gotten in, our governor sent four men on fowling, so that we might, after a special manner, rejoice together after we had gathered the fruit of our labors. They four in one day killed as much fowl as, with a little help beside, served the company almost a week. At which time, among other recreations, we exercised our arms, many of the Indians coming amongst us, and among the rest their greatest King Massasoyt, with some ninety men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted; and they (i. e. the Indians) went out and killed five deer, which they brought to the plantation and bestowed on our governor, and upon the captain (Myles Standish) and others. And, although it be not always so plentiful as it was at this time with us, yet, by the goodness of God, we are so far from want, that we often wish you partakers of our plenty.

EDWARD WINSLOW (1621).

GRATITUDE IS "THE SECRET DESIRE OF RECEIVING FURTHER BENEFITS"

Thanksgiving-day, I fear,
If one the truth must touch,
Is celebrated, not so much
To thank the Lord for blessings o'er,
As for the sake of getting more! WILL CARLETON.

WHEN MASSACHUSETTS CHANGED A FAST TO A FEAST

But now as the winter came on, provisions began to be very scarce, upon the grounds aforesaid, and people were necessitated to live upon clams, and muscles, and ground-nuts, and acorns, and these got with much difficulty in the winter-time. Upon which, people were very much tired and discouraged, especially when they heard that the Governor himself had the last batch of bread in the oven; and many were the fears of people that Mr. Pearce, who was sent to Ireland to fetch provisions, was cast away, or taken by pirates. But God, who delights to appear in greatest straits, did work marvelously at this time;

for before the very day appointed to seek the Lord by Fasting and Prayer, about the month of February or March in comes Mr. Pearce, laden with provisions. Upon which occasion the day of Fast was changed, and ordered to be kept as a day of Thanksgiving; which provisions were by the Governor distributed unto the people, proportionable to their necessities.

Young's "*Chronicles of Massachusetts.*"

AN ENGLISH HARVEST HOME IN 1661

The furmenty pot welcomes home the harvest cart, and the garland of flowers crowns the captain of the reapers; the battle of the field is now stoutly fought. The pipe and the tabor are now busily set a-work, and the lad and the lass will have no lead on their heels. O! 'tis the merry time wherein honest neighbours make good cheer; and God is glorified in his blessings on the earth. *Twelve Months* (STEVENSON).

PRAYER AND PSALME AND MAKEING MERRY TO THE CREATURES

"In ye Meetinghouse, beginning some halfe an hour before nine & continued until after twelve aclock, ye day beeing very cold, beginning wt a short prayer, then a psalme sang, then more large in prayer, after that an other Psalme, & then the Word taught, after that prayer—& then a psalme,—Then makeing merry to the creatures, the poorer sort beeing invited of the richer." *Record of a Thanksgiving at Scituate Church, December 22, 1636.*

DEPRIVATIONS OF THE SMALL-POX SCOURGE

October 20, 1721. In the Council-Chamber I discours'd Col. Townsend about having but one Sermon on the Thanksgiving day. He was of Opinion twas best to have two, but for the distress of the Small Pox: and could not get him to move a jot towards having Two.

SAMUEL SEWALL.

TEACHING JOSEPH TO RETURN THANKS

November 6, 1692. Joseph threw a knob of Brass and hit his Sister Betty on the forehead so as to make it bleed and swell; upon which, and for his playing at Prayer-time, and eating when Return Thanks, I whipd him pretty smartly. When I first went in (call'd by his Grandmother) he sought to shadow and hide himself from me behind the head of the Cradle: which gave me the sorrowful remembrance of Adam's carriage.

SAMUEL SEWALL.

WHEN NEW YORK GAVE THANKS FOR PEACE WITH THE WESTCHESTER INDIANS

August 31, 1645. Whereas it hath pleased Almighty God in his unbounded clemency and mercy, in addition to many previous blessings, to suffer us to reach a long wished for peace with the Indians. Therefore, it is deemed necessary to proclaim the fact to all those of New Netherland, to the end that in all places within the aforesaid country where Dutch and English churches are established, God Almighty may be especially thanked, praised, and blessed on next Wednesday forenoon, being the 6th of September, the text to be appropriate and the sermon to be applicable thereto. Your Reverence will please announce this matter to the Congregation next Sunday so that they may have notice. On which we rely. *Council Minutes.*

WASHINGTON'S PROCLAMATION AT VALLEY FORGE UPON THE FRENCH ALLIANCE

"It having pleased the Almighty Ruler of the Universe to defend the cause of the United American States, and finally to raise us up a powerful friend among the princes of the earth, to establish our liberty and independency upon a lasting foundation; it becomes us to set apart a day for gratefully acknowledging the divine goodness, and celebrating the important event which we owe to his divine interposition. The several brigades are to be assembled for this purpose at nine o'clock to-morrow morning, when their chaplains will communicate the intelligence contained in the Postscript of the Pennsylvania *Gazette* of the 2d instant, and offer up thanksgiving, and deliver a discourse suitable to the occasion. At half after ten o'clock a cannon will be fired, which is to be a signal for the men to be under arms; the brigade-inspectors will then inspect their dress and arms and form the battalions according to the instructions given them, and announce to the commanding officers of the brigade that the battalions are formed.

"The commanders of brigades will then appoint the field-officers to the battalions, after which each battalion will be ordered to load and ground their arms. At half past eleven a second cannon will be fired, as a signal for the march, upon which the several brigades will begin their march by wheeling to the right by platoons, and proceed by the nearest way to the left of their ground by the new position; this will be pointed out by the brigade-inspectors. A third signal will then be given, on which there will be a discharge of thirteen cannon; after which a running fire of the infantry will begin on the right of Woodford's, and continue throughout the front line; it will then be taken upon the left of the second line and continue to the right. Upon a signal given, the whole army will huzza, *Long live the King of France;* the artillery then begins again and fires thirteen rounds; this will be succeeded by a second general discharge of the musketry in a running fire, and huzza, *Long live the friendly European Powers.* The last discharge of thirteen pieces of artillery will be given, followed by a general running fire, and huzza, *The American States.*"

Washington's Orderly Book, May 6, 1778 (SPARKS).

THE PUMPKIN

Ah! on Thanksgiving day, when from East and from West,
From North and from South, come the pilgrim and guest,
When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his board
The old broken links of affection restored,
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more,
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before,
What moistens the lips and what brightens the eye?
What calls back the past, like the rich pumpkin pie? WHITTIER.

THE SENSE OF SOMETHING ACCOMPLISHED

The king and high priest of all festivals was the autumn Thanksgiving. When the apples were all gathered and the cider was all made, and the yellow pumpkins were rolled in from many a hill in billows of gold, and the corn was husked, and the labours of the season were done, and the warm, late days of Indian Summer came in, dreamy, and calm, and still, with just enough frost to crisp the ground of a morning, but with warm traces of benignant, sunny hours at noon, there came over the community a sort of genial repose of spirit,—a sense of something accomplished, and of a new golden mark made in advance,—and the deacon began to say to the minister, of a Sunday, "I suppose it's about time for the Thanksgiving proclamation." HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE OF

A true Thanksgiving mince-pie should be an inch thick, with a thin, flaky crust, tinted by its imprisoned juices, which threaten to break through like blood from overfull veins. Around its edge must be a slight crinkle made by the tines of a fork or castor-bottle cover; and in its top a hole here and there from the stroke of a knife to let the steam out. This steam, once known, can never be forgotten,—the intermingled exhalation of beef and pork or suet, and apples and raisins and citron and sugar and spices and boiled cider, and, in profane families, of a dash of good brandy. When you press upon its upper crust, there should gush up from the slashes a brown gravy, sparkling with tiny globules of fat, and deliciously scenting the room. Fortunate they who have been permitted to relish, with a slice of cream cheese, and a mug of sweet cider, this healthful, bliss-giving pie!

E. H. ARR.

THEOCRITUS—AND JULIANA SMITH

AN IDYLL OF THE HARVEST FEAST

"Simichidas, whither, pray, through the noon dost thou trail thy feet, when even the very lizard on the rough stone wall is sleeping, and the crested larks no longer fare afield? Art thou hastening to a feast, a bidden guest, or art thou for treading a townsman's wine-press? For such is thy speed that every stone upon the way spins singing from thy boots!"

"Dear Lycidas," I answered him, "they all say that thou among herdsmen, yea, and reapers art far the chiefest lute-player. In sooth this greatly rejoices our hearts, and yet, to my conceit, me seems I can vie with thee. But as to this journey, we are going to the harvest-feast, for, look you, some friends of ours are paying a festival to fair-robed Demeter, out of the first-fruits of their increase, for verily in rich measure has the goddess filled their threshing-floor with barley grain. . . ."

I and Eucritus, with beautiful Amyntas, turned to the farm of Phrasidemus. There we reclined on deep beds of fragrant lentisk, lowly strown, and rejoicing we lay in new-stript leaves of the vine. And high above our heads waved many a poplar, many an elm-tree, while close at hand, the sacred water from the nymphs' own cave welled forth with murmurs musical. On shadowy boughs the burnt cicalas kept to their chattering toil, far off the little owl cried in the thick thorn brake, the larks and finches were singing, the ring-dove moaned, the yellow bees were flitting about the springs. All breathed the scent of the opulent summer, of the season of fruits; pears at our feet and apples by our side were rolling plentiful, the tender branches laden with wild plums were earthward bowed, and the four-year-old pitch seal was loosened from the mouth of the wine-jars. THEOCRITUS.

JULIANA'S THANKSGIVING "SELLERY," IN 1779

"Dear Cousin Betsey:—

". . . When Thanksgiving Day was approaching our dear Grandmother Smith (nee Jerusha Mather, great-granddaughter of the Rev. Richard Mather of Dorchester, Mass.,) who is sometimes a little desponding of Spirit as you well know, did her best to persuade us that it would be better to make it a Day of Fasting and Prayer in view of the Wickedness of our Friends &c. the Vileness of our Enemies. I am sure you can hear Grandmother say that and see her shake her cap border. But indeed there was some occasion for her remarks, for our resistance to an unjust authority has cost our beautiful Coast Towns very dear the last year & all of us have had much to suffer. But my dear Father brought her to a more proper frame of Mind, so that by the time the Day came she was ready to enjoy it almost as well as Grandmother Worthington did, & she, you will remember, always sees the bright side. In the meanwhile we had all of us been working hard to get all things in readiness to do honor to the Day.

"This year it was Uncle Simeon's turn to have the dinner at his house, but of course we all helped them as they help us when it is our turn, & there is always enough for us all to do. All the baking of pies & cakes was done at our house & we had the big oven heated and filled twice each day for three days before it was all done, & everything was Good, though we did have to do without some things that ought to be used. Neither Love nor Money could buy Raisins, but our good red cherries dried without the pits, did almost as well & happily Uncle Simeon still had some spices in store. The tables were set in the Dining Hall and even that big room had no space to spare when we were all seated. The servants had enough ado to get around the Tables & serve us all without oversetting things. There were our two Grandmothers side by side. They are always handsome old Ladies, but now, many thought, they were handsomer than ever, & happy they were to look around upon so many of their descendants. Uncle and Aunt Simeon preside at one Table, & Father & Mother at the other. Besides us five boys & girls there were two of the Gales & three Elmers, besides James Browne & Ephriam Cowles. We had them at our Table because they could be best supervised there. Most of the students had gone to their own homes for the weeks, but Mr. Skiff and Mr.— were too far away from their homes. They sat at Uncle Simeon's table & so did Uncle Paul and his family, five of them in all, & Cousins Phin & Poll. Then there were six of the Livingstone family next door. They had never seen a Thanksgiving Dinner before, having been used to keep Christmas Day instead, as is the wont in New York and Province. Then there were four Old Ladies who have no longer Homes or Children of their own & so came to us. They were invited by my Mother, but Uncle and Aunt Simeon wished it so.

"Of course we could have no Roast Beef. None of us have tasted Beef this three years back as it all must go to the Army, & too little they get, poor fellows. But, Mayquittymaw's Hunters were able to get us a fine red Deer, so that we had a good haunch of Venisson on each Table. These were balanced by huge Chines of Roast Pork at the other ends of the Tables. Then there was on one a big Roast Turkey & on the other a Goose, & two big Pigeon Pasties. Then there was an abundance of good vegetables of all the old Sorts & one which I do not believe you have yet seen. Uncle Simeon had imported the Seede from England just before the War began & only this year was there enough for Table use. It is called Sellery & you eat it without cooking. It is very good served with meats. Next year Uncle Simeon says he will be able to raise enough to give us all some. It has to be taken up, roots & all & buried in earth in the cellar through the winter & only pulling up some when you want it to use.

"Our Mince Pies were good although we had to use dried Cherries as I told you, & the meat was shoulder of Venisson, instead of Beef. The Pumpkin Pies, Apple Tarts & big Indian Puddings lacked for nothing save Appetite by the time we had got around to them.

"Of course we had no Wine. Uncle Simeon has still a cask or two, but it must all be saved for the sick, & indeed, for those who are well, good Cider is a sufficient Substitute. There was no Plumb Pudding, but a boiled Suet Pudding, stirred thick with dried Plumbs & Cherries, was called by the old name & answered the purpose. All the other spice had been used in the Mince Pies, so for this Pudding we used a Jar of West India preserved Ginger which chanced to be left of the last shipment which Uncle Simeon had from there, we chopped the Ginger small and stirred it through with the Plumbs and Cherries. It was extraordinary good. The Day was bitter cold & when we got home from Meeting, which Father did not keep over long by reason of the cold, we were glad eno' of the fire in Uncle's Dining Hall, but by the time the dinner was one-half over those of us who were on the fire side of one Table was forced to get up & carry our plates with us around to the far side of the other Table, while those who had sat there were glad to bring their plates around to the fire side to get warm. All but the Old Ladies who had a screen put behind their chairs.

"Uncle Simeon was in his best mood, and you know how good that is! He kept both Tables in a roar of laughter with his droll stories of the days when he was studying medicine in Edinborough; & afterwards he & Father & Uncle Paul joined in singing Hymns & Ballads. You know how fine their voices go together. Then we all sang a Hymn and afterwards my dear Father led us in prayer, remembering all Absent Friends before the Throne of Grace, & much I wished that my dear Betsey was here as one of us, as she has been of yor.

"We did not rise from the Table until it was quite dark, & when the dishes had been cleared away we all got around the fire as close as we could, & cracked nuts, & sang songs, & sang stories. At least some told, & others listened. You know nobody can exceed the two Grandmothers at telling tales of all the things they have seen themselves, & repeating those of the early years in New England, & even some in the Old England, which they had heard in their youth from their Elders. My Father says it is a goodly custom to hand down all worthy deeds and traditions from Father to Son, as the Israelites were commanded to do about the Passover & as the Indians here have always done, because the Word that is spoken is remembered longer than the one that is written. . . . Brother Jack, who did not reach here until late on Wednesday though he left the College very early on Monday Morning & rode with all due diligence considering the snow, brought an orange to each of the Grandmothers, but Alas! they were frozen in his saddle bags. We soaked the frost out in cold water, but I guess they wasn't as good as they should have been. . . .

"JULIANA SMITH."

A Passion in the Desert

By HONORÉ DE BALZAC

"THE sight was fearful!" she cried, as we quit M. Martin's menagerie.

She had seen that fearless wild-beast tamer going through his marvelous performance in a cage of hyenas.

"How can it be possible," she went on, "to so tame those creatures as to be sure of them?"

"It is an enigma to you," I replied, "yet still it is naturally a fact."

"Ah!" she exclaimed, her lips quivering incredulously.

"You think, then, that beasts are without feeling?" I asked. "Be assured by me that they are taught by us all of our vices and virtues—those of civilization."

Amazement was expressed in her look.

"At the time I first saw M. Martin, I, like you, exclaimed my amazement," I went on. "It happened that I was seated alongside an old soldier, his right leg amputated, who had attracted my notice by his appearance as I went into the show. His face showed the dauntless look of the Napoleonic wars, disfigured as it was with battle's scars. This old hero, besides, had a frank, jolly style which, wherever I come across it, is always attractive to me. Undoubtedly he was one of those old campaigners who are surprised at nothing, who can make a jest on the last grimaces of a dying comrade, or will bury his friend or rifle his body with gayety; give a challenge to every bullet with composure; make a short shriving for himself or others; and usually, as the saying goes, fraternize with the Devil. He closely watched the proprietor of the exhibition as he entered the cage, curling his lip, that peculiar sign of contemptuous satire which better informed men assume to signify how superior they are to the dupes. The veteran smiled when I exclaimed at the cool daring of M. Martin, he gave a toss of the head, and, with a knowing grimace, said: 'An old game!'

"'Old game,' said I, 'what do you mean? You will greatly oblige me if you can explain the secret of the mysterious power of this man.'

"We came to be acquainted after a while, and went to dine at the first café we saw after quitting the menagerie. After a bottle of champagne with our dessert, which burnished up his memory and rendered it very vivid, he narrated a circumstance in his early history which showed very conclusively that he had ample reason to style M. Martin's performance 'an old game.'"

When we arrived at her house she so teased me, and was withal so charming, making me a number of such pretty promises, that I consented to write the yarn narrated by the veteran hero for her benefit. On the morrow I sent her this adventure, which might well be headed: "The French in Egypt."

During the expedition to Upper Egypt under General Desaix, a Provençal soldier, who had fallen into the clutches of the Maugrabins, was marched by these marauders, these tireless Arabs, into the deserts lying beyond the cataracts of the Nile.

So as to put a sufficient distance between themselves and the French army, to insure their greater safety, the Maugrabins made forced marches and rested only during the night. They then encamped around a well shaded by palm-trees, under which they had previously concealed a store of provisions. Never dreaming that their prisoner would think of escaping, they satisfied themselves by merely tying his hands, then lay down to sleep, after having regaled themselves on a few dates and given provender to their horses.

When the courageous Provençal noted that they slept soundly and could no longer watch his movements, he made use of his teeth to steal a scimitar, steadied the blade between his knees, cut through the thongs which bound his hands; in an instant he was free. He at once seized a carbine and a long dirk, then took the precaution of providing himself with a stock of dried dates, a small bag of oats, some powder and bullets, and a scimitar hung around his waist; he mounted one of the horses and spurred on in the direction in which he supposed the French army to be. So impatient was he to see a bivouac again that he pressed on the already tired courser at such a speed that its flanks were lacerated with the spurs: soon the poor animal, utterly exhausted, fell dead, leaving the Frenchman alone in the midst of the desert.

After walking for a long time in the sand, with all the courage and firmness of an escaped convict, the soldier was obliged to stop, as the day had already come to an end. Despite the beauty of an Oriental night, with its exquisite sky, he felt that he could not, though he fain would, continue on his weary way. Fortunately he had come to a small eminence, on the summit of which grew a few palm-trees whose verdure shot into the air and could be seen from afar; this had brought hope and consolation to his heart.

His fatigue was so great that he threw himself down on a block of granite capriciously fashioned by Nature into the semblance of a camp-bed, and, without taking any precaution for defense, was soon fast in sleep. He had made the sacrifice of his life. His last waking thought was one of regret. He repented having left the Maugrabins, whose nomad life seemed to smile on him now that he was far from them and from all hope of succour.

He was awakened by the sun, whose pitiless rays fell with their intensest heat on the granite, and produced a most intolerable sense of torridness—for he had most stupidly placed himself away from the shadow cast by the verdant and majestic fronds of the palm-trees. He looked at these solitary monarchs and shuddered—they reminded him of the graceful shafts crowned with waving foliage which characterize the Saracenic columns in the cathedral of Arles.

But when, after counting the palm-trees, he cast his eyes around him, the most horrible despair took possession of his soul. The dark, forbidding sands of the desert spread farther than sight could reach in every direction, and glittered with a dull luster like steel struck by light. It was a limitless ocean that he saw. It might have been a sea of ice or a chain of lakes that lay mirrored around him. A fiery vapour carried in streaks formed perpetual heat-waves over this heaving continent. The sky was glowing with an Oriental splendour of insupportable translucence, disappointing, inasmuch as it leaves naught for the imagination to exceed. Heaven, earth, both were on fire.

The silence was awful in its wild, tremendous majesty. Infinitude, immensity, closed in upon the soul from every side. Not a cloud in the sky, not a breath in the air, not a rift on the bosom of the sand, which was ever moving in ever-diminishing wavelets, scarcely disturbing the surface; the horizon fell into space, traced by a slim line of light, definite as the edge of a sabre—as in summer seas a beam of light just divides the earth from the heaven which meets it.

The Provençal threw his arms around the trunk of one of the palm-trees, as though it were the body of a friend; and there, in the shelter of its slender, straight shadow cast by it upon the granite, he wept. Then sitting down he remained motionless, contemplating with awful dread the implacable scene which Nature stretched out before him. He cried aloud to measure the solitude. His voice, lost in the hollows of the hillocks, sounded in the distance with a faint resonance, but aroused no echo—the echo was in the soldier's heart. The Provençal was two-and-twenty; he loaded his carbine.

"Time enough yet," he muttered to himself, laying on the ground the weapon which alone could give him deliverance.

Looking by turns at the burnished black expanse and the blue immensity of the sky, the soldier dreamed of France—he smelt with delight, in his longing fancy, the gutters of Paris—he remembered the towns through which he had passed, the faces of his fellow-soldiers, the most trivial incidents of his life.

His Southern imagination saw the stones of his dearly loved Provence in the undulating play of the heat which spread in waves over the outspread sheet of the desert. Fearing the dangers of this cruel mirage, he went down the opposite side of the knoll from that up which he had come on the previous day. How great was his joy when he discerned a natural grotto, formed of immense blocks of granite, the foundation of the rising ground. The remains of a rug showed that this place had at one time been inhabited; a short distance therefrom were some date-palms laden with fruit. There arose in his heart that instinct which binds us to life. He now hoped to live long enough to see the approach of some wandering Arabs, who should pass that way; perhaps, who should say? he might hear the sound of cannon; for at that time Bonaparte was traversing Egypt.

These thoughts inspired him with new life. The palm-tree near him seemed to bend under its weight of ripe fruit. The Frenchman shook down some of the clusters, and, when he tasted the unhoped-for manna, he felt convinced that the palms had been cultivated by some former inhabitant—the rich and luscious flavour of the fresh meat of the dates was an attestation of the care of his unknown predecessor. Like all Provençals, he passed from the gloom of dark despair to an almost insane joy.

He went up again, running, to the top of the hillock, where he devoted the remainder of the day to cutting down one of the sterile palm-trees which, the previous night, had served him as a shelter. A vague memory made him think of the wild beasts of the desert. He foresaw that they would most likely come to drink at the spring which was visible, bubbling through the sand, at the base of the rock, but which lost itself in the desert farther down. He resolved to guard himself against their unwelcome visits to his hermitage by felling a tree which should fall across the entrance.

Despite his diligence and the strength which the dread of being devoured in his sleep lent him, he was unable to cut the palm-tree in pieces during the day, but he was successful in felling it. At eventide the monarch of the desert tumbled down; the noise of its falling resounded far and wide like a moan from Solitude's bosom; the soldier shuddered as though he heard a voice predicting evil.

But like an heir who mourns not his parent's decease, he stripped off from this beautiful tree the arching green fronds, its poetic adornment, and used them in forming a couch on which to rest.

Fatigued by his labours, he soon fell asleep under the red vault of his damp, cool cave.

In the middle of the night his sleep was disturbed by an extraordinary sound. He sat up; the profound silence that reigned around enabled him to distinguish the alternating rhythm of a respiration whose savage energy could not possibly be that of a human being.

A deadly terror, increased yet more by the silence, the darkness, his racing fancy, froze his heart within him. He felt his hair rise on end, as his eyes, dilated to their utmost, perceived through the gloom two faint amber lights. At first he attributed these lights to the delusion of his vision, but presently the vivid brilliance of the night aided him to gradually distinguish the objects around him in the cave, when he saw, within the space of two feet of him, a huge animal lying at rest. Was it a lion? Was it a tiger? Was it a crocodile?

The Provençal was not sufficiently well educated to know under what sub-species his enemy should be classed; his fear was but the greater because his ignorance led him to imagine every terror at once. He endured most cruel tortures as he noted every variation of the breathing which was so near him; he dared not make the slightest movement.

An odour, pungent like that of a fox, but more penetrating, as it were, more profound, filled the cavern. When the Provençal became sensible of this, his terror reached the climax, for now he could no longer doubt the proximity of a terrible companion, whose royal lair he utilized as a bivouac.

Presently the reflection of the moon, as it slowly descended to the horizon, lighted up the den, rendering gradually visible the gleaming, resplendent, and spotted skin of a panther.

This lion of Egypt lay asleep curled up like a great dog, the peaceful possessor of a kennel at the door of some sumptuous hôtel; its eyes opened for a moment, then closed again; its face was turned toward the Frenchman. A thousand confused thoughts passed through the mind of the tiger's prisoner. Should he, as he at first thought of doing, kill it with a shot from his carbine? But he saw plainly that there was not room enough in which to take proper aim; the muzzle would have extended beyond the animal—the bullet would miss the mark. And what if it were to wake!—this fear kept him motionless and rigid.

He heard the pulsing of his heart beating in the dreadful silence and he cursed the too violent pulsations which his surging blood brought on, lest they should awaken the mighty creature from sleep—that slumber which gave him time to think and plan over his escape.

Twice did he place his hand upon his scimitar, intending to cut off his enemy's head; but the difficulty of severing the close-haired skin caused him to renounce this daring attempt. To miss was *certain* death. He preferred the chances of a fair fight, and made up his mind to await the daylight. The dawn did not give him long to wait. It came.

He could now examine the panther at his ease; its muzzle was smeared with blood.

"It's had a good dinner," he said, without troubling himself to speculate whether the feast might have been of human flesh or not. "It won't be hungry when it wakes."

It was a female. The fur on her belly and thighs was glistening white. Many small spots like velvet formed beautiful bracelets round her paws; her sinuous tail was also white, ending in black rings. The back of her dress was yellow, like unburnished gold, very lissome and soft, and had the characteristic blotches in the shape of pretty rosettes, which distinguish the panther from every other species *felis*.

This formidable hostess lay tranquilly snoring in an attitude as graceful and easy as that of a cat on the cushions of an ottoman. Her bloody paws, nervous and well armed, were stretched out before her head, which rested on the back of them, while from her muzzle radiated her straight, slender whiskers, like threads of silver.

If he had seen her lying thus, imprisoned in a cage, the Provençal would doubtless have admired the grace of the creature and the vivid contrasts of colour which gave her robe an imperial splendour; but just then his sight was jaundiced by sinister forebodings.

The presence of the panther, even asleep, had the same effect upon him as the magnetic eyes of a snake are said to have on the nightingale.

The soldier's courage oozed away in the presence of this silent danger, though he was a man who gathered courage at the mouths of cannon belching forth shot and shell. And yet a bold thought brought daylight to his soul and sealed up the source from whence issued the cold sweat which gathered on his brow. Like men driven to bay, who defy death and offer their bodies to the smiter, so he, seeing in this merely a tragic episode, resolved to play his part with honour to the last.

"The day before yesterday," said he, "the Arabs might have killed me."

So considering himself as already dead, he waited bravely, but with anxious curiosity, the awakening of his enemy.

When the sun appeared the panther suddenly opened her eyes; then she stretched out her paws with energy, as if to get rid of cramp. Presently she yawned and showed the frightful armament of her teeth, and the pointed tongue rough as a rasp.

"She is like a dainty woman," thought the Frenchman, seeing her rolling and turning herself about so softly and coquettishly. She licked off the blood from her paws and muzzle, and scratched her head with reiterated grace of movement.

"Good, make your little toilet," said the Frenchman to himself; he recovered his gayety with his courage. "We are presently about to give each other good-morning," and he felt for the short poniard that he had abstracted from the Maugrabins. At this instant the panther turned her head toward him and gazed fixedly at him, without otherwise moving.

The rigidity of her metallic eyes and their insupportable luster made him shudder. The beast approached him; he looked at her caressingly, staring into those bright eyes in an effort to hypnotize her—to soothe her. He let her come quite close to him before stirring; then with a movement both gentle and amorous, as though he were caressing the most beautiful of women, he passed his hand over her whole body, from the head to the tail, scratching the flexible vertebræ which divided the yellow back of the panther. The animal slightly moved her tail in pleasure, and her eyes grew soft and gentle; and when for the third time the Frenchman had accomplished this interested flattery, she gave vent to purrings like those by which cats express their satisfaction; but they issued from a throat so deep, so powerful, that they resounded through the cave like the last chords of an organ rolling along the vaulted roof of a church. The Provençal, seeing the value of his caresses, redoubled them until they completely soothed and lulled this imperious female.

When he felt assured that he had extinguished the ferocity of his capricious companion, whose hunger had so luckily been appeased the day before, he got up to leave the grotto. The panther let him go out, but when he reached the summit of the little knoll she sprang up and bounded after him with the lightness of a sparrow hopping from twig to twig on a tree, and rubbed against his legs, arching her back after the manner of a domestic cat. Then regarding her guest with eyes whose glare had somewhat softened, she gave vent to that wild cry which naturalists compare to the grating of a saw.

"Madame is exacting " said the Frenchman, smiling.

He was bold enough to play with her ears; he stroked her belly and scratched her head good and hard with his nails. He was encouraged with his success, and tickled her skull with the point of his dagger, watching for an opportune moment to kill her, but the hardness of the bone made him tremble, dreading failure.

The sultana of the desert showed herself gracious to her slave; she lifted her head, stretched out her neck, and betrayed her delight by the tranquillity of her relaxed attitude. It suddenly occurred to the soldier that, to slay this savage princess with one blow, he must stab deep in the throat.

He raised the blade, when the panther, satisfied, no doubt, threw herself gracefully at his feet and glanced up at him with a look in which, despite her natural ferocity, a glimmer of good-will was apparent. The poor Provençal, thus frustrated for the nonce, ate his dates as he leaned against one of the palm-trees, casting an interrogating glance from time to time across the desert, in quest of some deliverer, and on his terrible companion, watching the chances of her uncertain clemency.

The panther looked at the place where the date-stones fell; and, each time he threw one, she examined the Frenchman with an eye of evident distrust. However, the examination seemed to be favourable to him, for, when he had eaten his frugal meal, she licked his boots with her powerful rough tongue, cleaning off in a marvelous manner the dust which was caked in the wrinkles.

"Ah! but how when she is really hungry?" thought the Provençal. In spite of the shudder caused by his thought, his attention was curiously drawn to the symmetrical proportions of the animal, which was certainly one of the most splendid specimens of its race. He began to measure them with his eye. She was three feet in height at the shoulders and four feet in length, not counting her tail; this powerful weapon was nearly three feet long, and rounded like a cudgel. The head, large as that of a lioness, was distinguished by an intelligent, crafty expression. The cold cruelty of the tiger dominated, and yet it bore a vague resemblance to the face of a wanton woman. Indeed, the countenance of this solitary queen had something of the gayety of a Nero in his cups; her thirst for blood was slaked, now she wished for amusement.

The soldier tried if he might walk up and down; the panther left him freedom, contenting herself with following him with her eyes, less like a faithful dog watching his master's movements with affectionate solicitude, than a huge Angora cat uneasy and suspicious of every movement.

When he looked around he saw, by the spring, the carcass of his horse; the panther had dragged the remains all that distance, and had eaten about two-thirds of it already. The sight reassured the Frenchman, it made it easy to explain the panther's absence and the forbearance she had shown him while he slept.

This first good luck emboldened the soldier to think of the future. He conceived the wild idea of continuing on good terms with his companion and to share her home, to try every means to tame her and endeavour to turn her good graces to his account.

With these thoughts he returned to her side, and had the unspeakable joy of seeing her wag her tail with an almost imperceptible motion as he approached. He sat down beside her, fearlessly, and they began to play together. He took her paws and muzzle, twisted her ears, rolled her over on her back, and stroked her warm delicate flanks. She allowed him to do whatever he liked, and, when he began to stroke the fur on her feet, she carefully drew in her murderously savage claws, which were sharp and curved like a Damascus sword.

The Frenchman kept one hand on his poniard, and thought to watch his chance to plunge it into the belly of the too confiding animal; but he was fearful lest he might be strangled in her last convulsive struggles; besides this, he felt in his heart a sort of remorse which bade him respect this hitherto inoffensive creature that had done him no hurt. He seemed to have found a friend in the boundless desert, and, half-unconsciously, his mind reverted to his old sweetheart whom he had, in derision, nicknamed "Mignonne" by way of contrast because she was so furiously jealous; during the whole period of their intercourse he lived in dread of the knife with which she ever threatened him.

This recollection of his youthful days suggested the idea of making the panther answer to this name, now that he began to admire with less fear her graceful swiftness, agility, and softness. Toward the close of the day he had so familiarized himself with his perilous position that he was half in love with his dangerous situation and its painfulness. At last his companion had grown so far tamed that she had caught the habit of looking up at him whenever he called in a falsetto voice "Mignonne."

At the setting of the sun Mignonne, several times in succession, gave a long, deep, melancholy cry.

"She has been well brought up," thought the light-hearted soldier; "she says her prayers." But this jesting thought only occurred to him when he noticed that his companion still retained her pacific attitude.

"Come, my little blonde, I'll let you go to bed first," he said to her, counting on the activity of his own legs to run away as soon as she was asleep; to reach as great distance as possible, and seek some other shelter for the night.

With the utmost impatience the soldier waited the hour of his flight. When it arrived he started off vigorously in the direction of the Nile; but hardly had he made a quarter of a league in the sand when he heard the panther bounding after him; at intervals giving out that saw-like cry which was more terrible than her leaping gait.

"Ah!" said he, "she's fallen in love with me; she has never met anyone before; it is really flattering to be her first love."

So thinking he fell into one of those treacherous quicksands, so menacing to travelers, and from which it is an impossibility to save one's self. Finding himself caught he gave a shriek of alarm. The panther seizing his collar with her teeth, and springing vigorously backward, drew him as by magic out of the sucking sand.

"Ah, Mignonne!" cried the soldier, enthusiastically kissing her; "we are bound to each other now—for life and death! But no tricks, mind!" and he retraced his steps.

From that time the desert was inhabited for him. It contained a being to whom he could talk and whose ferocity was now lulled into gentleness, although he could not explain to himself this strange friendship. Anxious as he was to keep awake and on guard, as it were, he gradually succumbed to his excessive fatigue of body and mind; he threw himself on the floor of the cave and slept soundly.

On awakening, Mignonne was absent; he climbed the hillock and afar off saw her returning in the long bounds characteristic of those animals, who cannot run owing to the extreme flexibility of the vertebral column.

Mignonne arrived with bloody jaws; she received the wonted caresses, the tribute her slave hastened to pay, and showed by her purring how transported she was. Her eyes, full of languor, rested more kindly on the Provençal than on the previous day, and he addressed her as he would have done a domestic animal.

"Ah! mademoiselle, you're a nice girl, aren't you? Just see now! we like to be petted, don't we? Are you not ashamed of yourself? So you've been eating some Arab or other, eh? well, that doesn't matter. They're animals, the same as you are; but don't take to crunching up a Frenchman, bear that in mind, or I shall not love you any longer."

She played like a dog with its master, allowing herself to be rolled over, knocked about, stroked, and the rest, alternately; at times she would coax him to play by putting her paw upon his knee and making a pretty gesture of solicitation.

Some days passed in this manner. This companionship allowed the Provençal to properly appreciate the sublime beauties of the desert. He had now discovered in the rising and setting of the sun sights utterly unknown to the world. He knew what it was to tremble when over his head he heard the hiss of a bird's wing, which occurred so rarely, or when he saw the clouds changing like many-coloured travelers melting into each other. In the night-time he studied the effects of the moon upon the ocean of sand, where the simoom made waves swift of movement and rapid in their changes. He lived the life of the East; he marveled at its wonderful pomp; then, after having reveled in the sight of a wind-storm over the plain where the madly whirling sands made red, dry mists, and death-bearing clouds, he would welcome the night with joy, for then fell the blissful freshness of the light of the stars, and he listened to imaginary music in the skies.

Thus solitude taught him to unroll the treasures of dreams. He passed long hours in remembering mere nothings—trifles, and comparing his past life with the present.

In the end he grew passionately fond of his panther; for some sort of affection was a necessity.

Whether it was that his own will powerfully projected had modified that of his companion, or whether, because she had found abundant food in her predatory excursions in the desert, she respected the man's life, he feared no longer for it, for she became exceedingly tame.

Most of his time he devoted to sleep, but he was compelled to watch like a spider in its web, that the moment of his deliverance might not escape him, in case any should come his way over that line marked by the horizon. His shirt he had sacrificed in the making of a flag, which he attached to the top of a palm-tree from which he had broken the foliage. Taught by necessity, he found the means of keeping it spread out, by fastening twigs and wedges to the corners; for the fitful breeze might not be blowing at the moment when the passing traveler was looking over the desert.

Nevertheless there were long hours of gloom, when he had abandoned hope; then he played with his panther. He had come to understand the different inflexions of her voice, the expression of her eyes; he had studied the capricious patterns of the rosettes that marked her golden robe. Mignonne was not even angry when he took hold of the tuft at the end of her tail to count the black and white rings, those graceful ornaments which glistened in the sun like precious gems. It afforded him pleasure to contemplate the supple, lithe, soft lines of her lissome form, the whiteness of her belly, the graceful poise of her head. But it was especially when she was playing that he took the greatest pleasure in looking at her. The agility and youthful lightness of her movements were a continual wonder to him. He was amazed at the supple way in which she bounded, crept, and glided, or clung to the trunk of palm-trees, or rolled over, crouching sometimes to the ground and gathering herself together for her mighty spring; how she washed herself and combed down her fur. He noted that however vigorous her spring might be, however slippery the block of granite upon which she landed, she would stop, motionless, at the one word "Mignonne."

One day, under a bright midday sun, a great bird hovered in the sky. The Provençal left his panther to gaze at this new guest; but after pausing for a moment the deserted sultana uttered a deep growl.

"God take me! I do believe that she is jealous," he cried, seeing the rigid look appearing again in the metallic eyes. "The soul of Virginie has passed into her body, that's sure!"

The eagle disappeared in the ether, and the soldier admired the panther again, recalled by her evident displeasure, her rounded flanks, and the perfect grace of her attitude. She was as pretty as a woman. There were youth and grace in her form. The blond fur of her robe shaded, with delicate gradations, to the dead-white tones of her furry thighs; the vivid sunshine brought out in its fullness the brilliancy of this living gold and its variegated brown spots with indescribable luster.

The Provençal and the panther looked at each other with a look pregnant with meaning. She trembled with delight (the coquettish creature) when she felt her friend scratch the strong bones of her skull with his nails. Her eyes glittered like lightning-flashes—then she closed them tightly.

"She has a soul!" cried he, looking at the stillness of this queen of the sands, golden like them, white as their waving light, solitary and burning as themselves.

"Well," said she, "I have read your defense of the beasts, but now tell me the end of this friendship between two beings who seemed to understand each other so thoroughly."

"Ah! there you are!" I replied. "It finished as all great passions end—by a misunderstanding. I believe that both sides imagine treachery; pride prevents an explanation, the rupture comes to pass through obstinacy."

"And sometimes on pleasant occasions," said she, "a glance, a word, an exclamation is all-sufficient. Well, tell me the end of the story."

"That is horribly difficult. But you will understand it the better if I give it you in the words of the old veteran, as he finished the bottle of champagne and exclaimed:

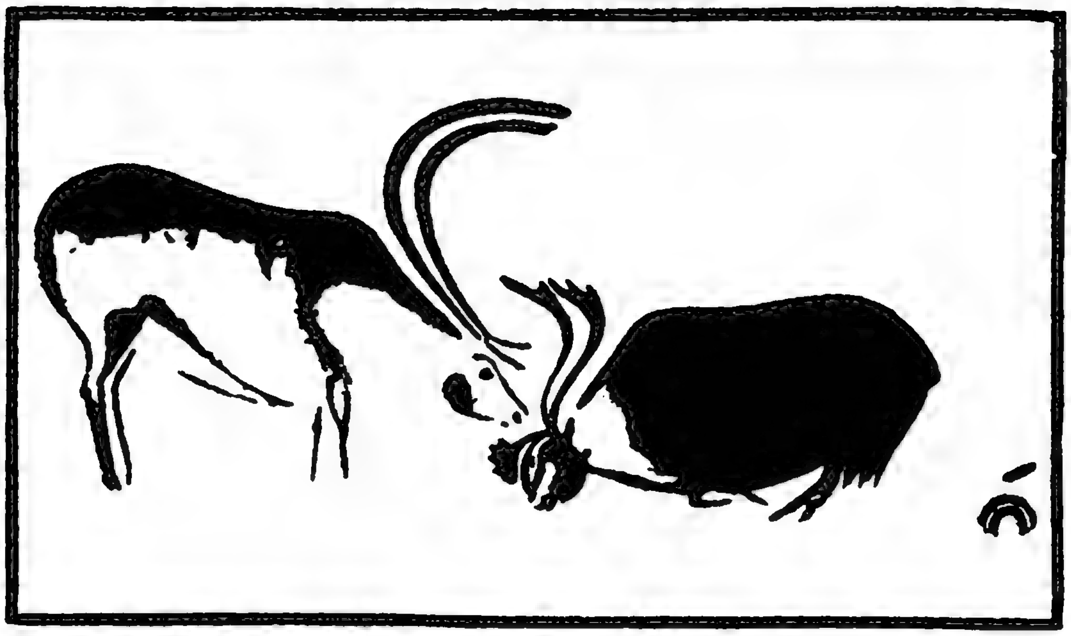
"'I don't know how I could have hurt her, but she suddenly turned on me in a frenzy, seizing my thigh with her sharp teeth, and yet (I thought of this afterward) not cruelly. I imagined that she intended devouring me, and I plunged my poniard in her throat. She rolled over with a cry that rent my soul; she looked at me in her death-struggle, but without anger. I would have given the whole world—my Cross, which I had not yet gained, all, everything—to restore her life to her. It was as if I had assassinated a real human being, a friend. When the soldiers who had seen my flag came to my rescue they found me in tears. Ah! well, monsieur,' he resumed, after a momentary pause, eloquent by its silence, 'I went through the wars in Germany, Spain, Russia, and France; I have marched my carcass well-nigh the world over, but I have seen nothing comparable to the desert. Ah! it is most beautiful! glorious!'

"'What were your feelings there?' I asked.

"'They can not be told, young man. Besides, I do not always regret my panther, my bouquet of palms. I must, indeed, be sad for that. In the desert, see you, there is all, and there is nothing.'

"'But wait!—explain that!'

"'Well, then,' he replied, with an impatient gesture, 'God is there, man is not.'"



Fighting Reindeer, from a Cro-Magnon painting on the walls of a French Cave

A Nature Story Without Words, of 20,000 years before Our First Book

Beginnings: A Literary Cross-Section

[*This is the first of a series of Cross-Sections of world literature, in which the endeavour has been to select a few outstanding short writings from each country which was producing "books" in that period—so as to give a succession of sweeping views of the state of man's expression through letters at different times.*

These "Beginnings," which are still alive, all date from the centuries between 4000 B. C. and 2300 B. C.

The "oldest book" we have seems to be the Egyptian Prisse Papyrus, which contains the "Instructions" of the Vizier Ptah-hotep, and dates from about 4000 B. C.; but at least one chapter of "The Book of the Dead" is declared in its rubric to have been "discovered in the foundations of the shrine of the divine Hennu boat" in the time of Hesepti, 4266 B. C.

Anyhow, Egypt, Babylonia and China were apparently the only lands where man at this time had gone beyond scratched or painted pictures—infinitely less artistic and expressive than the Cro-Magnon paintings in the caves of Southern France, twenty thousand years earlier.

The next chapter will cover the period from 2300 B. C. down to the archaic Greek voices preceding Homer.]

THE COMING FORTH BY DAY IN THE UNDERWORLD

Nebseni, the lord of reverence, saith:

"I am Yesterday, To-day and To-morrow, and I have the power to be born a second time; I am the divine hidden soul who createth the gods, and who giveth sepulchral meals unto the denizens of the Tuat (Underworld), Amentet, and heaven. I am the rudder of the east, the possessor of two divine faces where his beams are seen. . . .

"Hail, Ra, thou who art content, thy heart is glad by reason of thy beautiful law of the day; . . . Make thou thy roads glad for me, and make broad for me thy paths when I shall set out from earth for the life in the celestial regions. Send forth thy light upon me, O Soul unknown, for I am one of those who are about to enter in."

Book of the Dead. (*This chapter stated to have been written before 4266 B. C.*).

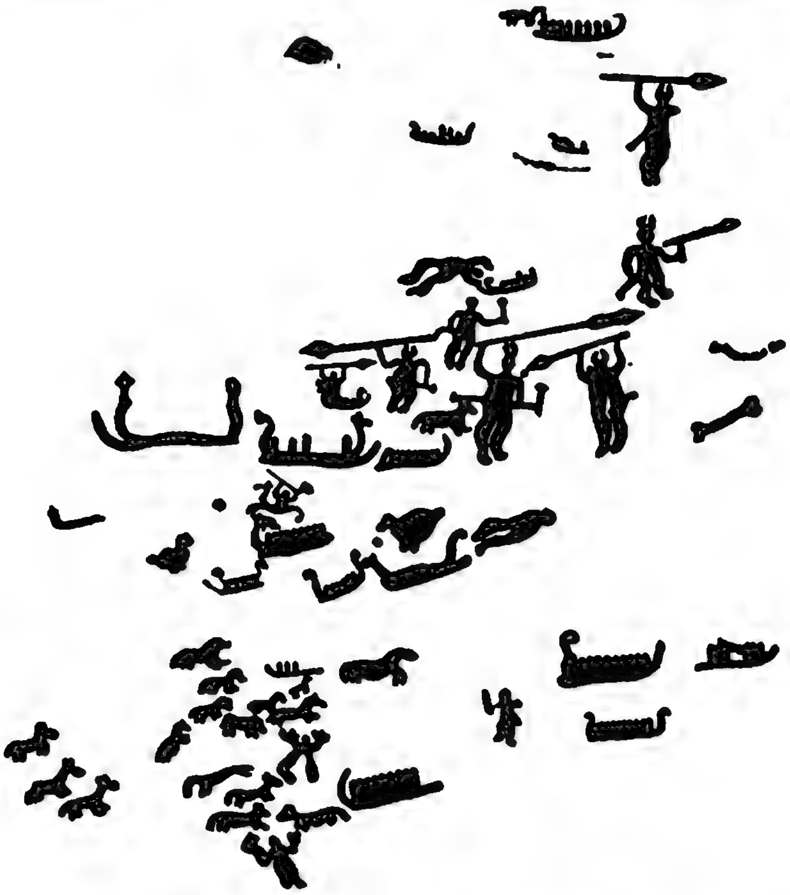
GOOD ADVICE OF 6,000 YEARS AGO

OLD AGE

The Governor of his City, the Vizier, Ptah-hotep, he said: "O Prince my Lord, the end of life is at hand; old age descendeth upon me; feebleness cometh, and childishness is renewed. He that is old lieth down in misery every day. The eyes are small; the ears are deaf. Energy is diminished; the heart hath no rest. The mouth is silent, and he speaketh no word; the heart stoppeth, and he remembereth not yesterday. The bones are painful throughout the body; good turneth into evil. All taste departeth. These things doeth old age for mankind, being evil in all things. The nose is stopped, and he breatheth not for weakness, whether standing or sitting.

TAKE REASONABLE RECREATION

"Follow thine heart during thy lifetime; do not more than is commanded thee. Diminish not the time of following the heart; it is abhorred of the soul, that its time of ease be taken away. Shorten not the daytime more than is needful to maintain thy house. When riches are gained, follow the heart; for riches are of no avail if one be weary.



The Earliest Viking Adventure Tale

An expedition; men fighting with spears, one lying dead; domestic animals; a serpent.

From a rock tracing in Tanum parish, Bohuslän, Sweden

"One that reckoneth accounts all the day passeth not an happy moment. One that gladdeneth his heart all the day provideth not for his house. The bowman hitteth the mark, as the steersman reacheth land, by diversity of aim. He that obeyeth his heart shall command.

BE NOT SCORNFUL

"If thou find an arguer talking, a poor man, that is to say, not thine equal, be not scornful toward him because he is lowly. Let him alone; then shall he confound himself. Question him not to please thine heart, neither pour out thy wrath upon him that is before thee; it is shameful to confuse a mean mind. If thou be about to do that which is in thine heart, overcome it as a thing rejected of princes."

Instruction of Ptah-hotep. (*Prisse Papyrus.*) Translated by **Brian Brown.**

THE RIGHTEOUS SUFFERER

A BABYLONIAN POEM OF ABOUT 3070 B. C.

For the wine of life I drink bitter waters.
For a garment which clothes, I wrap myself with the garment of retribution.

My limbs are dismembered, they march out of unison.
Like a net trouble has covered me.

My eyes look but see not;
My ears are open but they hear not.
Weariness takes hold of my whole body.

I have taken to a bed of misery, the exit they have suppressed.
The house has become my prison.
Fetters are my flesh and my hands are lifeless.
My own chains are my feet which limp.

Translated from a Sumerian tablet by **Stephen Langdon.**

Sargon the Mighty Tells His Own Story

(This reputed fragment of autobiography antedates the story of Moses by either 700 or 2,300 years—according to which of the two Sargons is credited with it.

Sargon, the powerful King, King of Agade, am I. My mother was of low degree, my father I did not know.
The brother of my father dwelt in the mountain.
My city was Azupirani, situated on the banks of the Euphrates.
My humble mother conceived me; in secret she brought me forth.
She placed me in a basket-boat of rushes; with pitch she closed my door.
She gave me over to the river which did not rise over me.
The river bore me along; to Akki, the irrigator. it carried me.

Akki, the irrigator, reared me as his own son.
Akki appointed me his gardener.
While I was gardener, Ishtar looked on me with love and
. . . four years I ruled the kingdom.

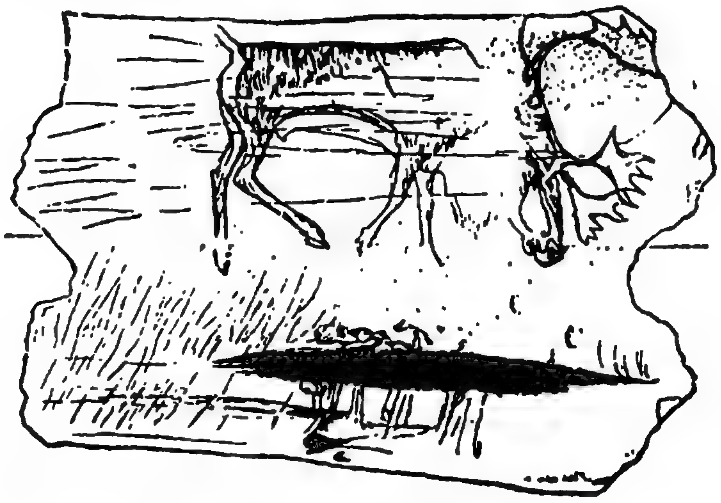
Translated by Robert Francis Harper.

⁂

A Babylonian Realtor's Record before 3000 B. C.

One mina of silver and ⅔ of standard silver for . . . fields. Nani, son of Ur-zuzu for the price of the fields has been satisfied. ⅔ mina of standard silver for one-third BUR of land . . ., son of Makmak of Kish for the price of the field has been satisfied.

Translated by J. B. Nies.



How Men of the Old Stone Age Expressed Themselves

(This is the only one of the many pictures of this period, scratched on bone, which shows any landscape.

From a piece of reindeer antler found at Kesserloch, Switzerland)

⁂

In Praise of the Emperor

Great is Heaven's Son, the mighty Yaou,
On whom we rest
As creatures sleep
Upon the breast
 Of Tuh!
Secure, contented, peaceful, blest:
While stars with noiseless measure sweep
 In view!
We nothing know nor understand
But how to keep the King's command.

The Shû-King. (About 2300 B. C.) Translated by W. Gorn Old.

⁂

The Book of the Emperor Shun

The Ruler said, "Khwei, I appoint you to be Director of Music, and to teach our sons, so that the straightforward shall yet be mild; the gentle, dignified; the strong, not tyrannical; and the impetuous, not arrogant.

"Poetry is the expression of earnest thought; singing is the prolonged utterance of that expression; the notes accompany that utterance, and they are harmonized themselves by the standard tubes. In this way, the eight different kinds of musical instruments can be adjusted so that one shall not take from or interfere with another; and spirits and men are brought into harmony."

Khwei said, "I smite the sounding-stone, I gently strike it, and all the animals lead on one another to dance." *The Shû-King.* Translated by F. Max Müller.

The Honour of the Name

By ÉMILE GABORIAU

Being a Sequel to "Monsieur Lecoq"

CHAPTER IX

THE Reche, literally translated the "Waste," where Marie-Anne had promised to meet Maurice, owed its name to the rebellious and sterile character of the soil.

Nature seemed to have laid her curse upon it. Nothing would grow there. The ground was covered with stones, and the sandy soil defied all attempts to enrich it.

A few stunted oaks rose here and there above the thorns and broom-plant.

But on the lowlands of the Reche is a flourishing grove. The firs are straight and strong, for the floods of winter have deposited in some of the clefts of the rock sufficient soil to sustain them and the wild clematis and honeysuckle that cling to their branches.

On reaching this grove, Maurice consulted his watch. It marked the hour of mid-day. He had supposed that he was late, but he was more than an hour in advance of the appointed time.

He seated himself upon a high rock, from which he could survey the entire Reche, and waited.

The day was magnificent; the air intensely hot. The rays of the August sun fell with scorching violence upon the sandy soil, and withered the few plants which had sprung up since the last rain.

The stillness was profound, almost terrible. Not a sound broke the silence, not even the buzzing of an insect, nor a whisper of breeze in the trees. All nature seemed sleeping. And on no side was there anything to remind one of life, motion, or mankind.

This repose of nature, which contrasted so vividly with the tumult raging in his own heart, exerted a beneficial effect upon Maurice. These few moments of solitude afforded him an opportunity to regain his composure, to collect his thoughts scattered by the storm of passion which had swept over his soul, as leaves are scattered by the fierce November gale.

With sorrow comes experience, and that cruel knowledge of life which teaches one to guard one's self against one's hopes.

It was not until he heard the conversation of these peasants that Maurice fully realized the horror of Lacheneur's position. Suddenly precipitated from the social eminence which he had attained, he found, in the valley of humiliations into which he was cast, only hatred, distrust, and scorn. Both factions despised and denied him. Traitor, cried one; thief, cried the other. He no longer held any social status. He was the fallen man, the man who *had* been, and who was no more.

Was not the excessive misery of such a position a sufficient explanation of the strangest and wildest resolutions?

This thought made Maurice tremble. Connecting the stories of the peasants with the words addressed to Chanlouineau at Escorval by M. Lacheneur on the preceding evening, he arrived at the conclusion that this report of Marie-Anne's approaching marriage to the young farmer was not so improbable as he had at first supposed.

But why should M. Lacheneur give his daughter to an uncultured peasant? From mercenary motives? Certainly not, since he had just refused an alliance of which he had been proud in his days of prosperity. Could it be in order to satisfy his wounded pride, then? Perhaps he did not wish it to be said that he owed anything to a son-in-law.

Maurice was exhausting all his ingenuity and penetration in endeavoring to solve this mystery, when at last, on a foot-path which crosses the waste, a woman appeared—Marie-Anne.

He rose, but fearing observation, did not venture to leave the shelter of the grove.

Marie-Anne must have felt a similar fear, for she hurried on, casting anxious glances on every side as she ran. Maurice remarked not without surprise, that she was bareheaded, and that she had neither shawl nor scarf about her shoulders.

As she reached the edge of the wood, he sprang toward her, and catching her hand raised it to his lips.

But this hand, which she had so often yielded to him, was now gently withdrawn, with so sad a gesture that he could not help feeling there was no hope.

"I came, Maurice," she began, "because I could not endure the thought of your anxiety. By doing so I have betrayed my father's confidence—he was obliged to leave home. I hastened here. And yet I promised him, only two hours ago, that I would never see you again. You hear me—never!"

She spoke hurriedly, but Maurice was appalled by the firmness of her accent.

Had he been less agitated, he would have seen what a terrible effort this semblance of calmness cost the young girl. He would have understood it from her pallor, from the contraction of her lips, from the redness of the eyelids which she had vainly bathed with fresh water, and which betrayed the tears that had fallen during the night.

"If I have come," she continued, "it is only to tell you that, for your own sake, as well as for mine, there must not remain in the secret recesses of your heart even the slightest shadow of a hope. All is over; we are separated forever! Only weak natures revolt against a destiny which they cannot alter. Let us accept our fate uncomplainingly. I wished to see you once more, and to say this: Have courage, Maurice. Go away—leave Escorval—forget me!"

"Forget you, Marie-Anne!" exclaimed the wretched young man, "forget you!"

His eyes met hers, and in a husky voice he added:

"Will you, then, forget me?"

"I am a woman, Maurice——"

But he interrupted her:

"Ah! I did not expect this," he said, despondently. "Poor fool that I was! I believed that you would find a way to touch your father's heart."

She blushed slightly, hesitated, and said:

"I have thrown myself at my father's feet; he repulsed me."

Maurice was thunderstruck, but recovering himself:

"It was because you did not know how to speak to him!" he exclaimed in a passion of fury; "but I shall know—I will present such arguments that he will be forced to yield. What right has he to ruin my happiness with his caprices? I love you—by right of this love, you are mine—mine rather than his! I will make him understand this, you shall see. Where is he? Where can I find him?"

Already he was starting to go, he knew not where. Marie-Anne caught him by the arm.

"Remain," she commanded, "remain! So you have failed to understand me, Maurice. Ah, well! you must know the truth. I am acquainted now with the reasons of my father's refusal; and though his decision should cost me my life, I approve it. Do not go to find my father. If, moved by your prayers, he gave his consent, I should have the courage to refuse mine!"

Maurice was so beside himself that this reply did not enlighten him. Crazed with anger and despair, and with no remorse for the insult he addressed to this woman whom he loved so deeply, he exclaimed:

"Is it for Chanlouineau, then, that you are reserving your consent? He believes so, since he goes about everywhere saying that you will soon be his wife."

Marie-Anne shuddered as if a knife had entered her very heart; and yet there was more sorrow than anger in the glance she cast upon Maurice.

"Must I stoop so low as to defend myself from such an imputation?" she asked, sadly. "Must I declare that if even I suspect such an arrangement between Chanlouineau and my father, I have not been consulted? Must I tell you that there are some sacrifices which are beyond the strength of poor human nature? Understand this: I have found strength to renounce the man I love—I shall never be able to accept another in his place!"

Maurice hung his head, abashed by her earnest words, dazzled by the sublime expression of her face.

Reason returned; he realized the enormity of his suspicions, and was horrified with himself for having dared to give utterance to them.

"Oh! pardon!" he faltered, "pardon!"

What did the mysterious causes of all these events which had so rapidly succeeded each other, or M. Lacheneur's secrets, or Marie-Anne's reticence, matter to him now?

He was seeking some chance of salvation; he believed that he had found it.

"We must fly!" he exclaimed: "fly at once without pausing to look back. Before night we shall have passed the frontier."

He sprang toward her with outstretched arms, as if to seize her and bear her away; but she checked him by a single look.

"Fly!" said she, reproachfully: "fly! and is it you, Maurice, who counsel me thus? What! while misfortune is crushing my poor father to the earth, shall I add despair and shame to his sorrows? His friends have deserted him; shall I, his daughter, also abandon him? Ah! if I did that, I should be the vilest, the most cowardly of creatures! If my father, yesterday, when I believed him the owner of Sairmeuse, had demanded the sacrifice to which I consented last evening, I might, perhaps, have resolved upon the extreme measure you have counselled. In broad daylight I might have left Sairmeuse on the arm of my lover. It is not the world that I fear! But if one might consent to fly from the château of a rich and happy father, one *cannot* consent to desert the poor abode of a despairing and penniless parent. Leave me, Maurice, where honour holds me. It will not be difficult for me, who am the daughter of generations of peasants, to become a peasant. Go! I cannot endure more! Go! and remember that one cannot be utterly wretched if one's conscience is clean, and one's duty fulfilled!"

Maurice was about to reply, when a crackling of dry branches made him turn his head.

Scarcely ten paces off, Martial de Sairmeuse was standing motionless, leaning upon his gun.

CHAPTER X

The Duc de Sairmeuse had slept little and poorly on the night following his return, or his restoration, as he styled it.

Inaccessible, as he pretended to be, to the emotions which agitate the common herd, the scenes of the day had greatly excited him.

He could not help reviewing them, although he made it the rule of his life never to reflect.

While exposed to the scrutiny of the peasants and of his acquaintances at the Château de Courtornieu, he felt that his honour required him to appear cold and indifferent, but as soon as he had retired to the privacy of his own chamber, he gave free vent to his excessive joy.

For his joy *was* intense, almost verging on delirium.

Now he was forced to admit to himself the immense service Lacheneur had rendered him in restoring Sairmeuse.

This poor man to whom he had displayed the blackest ingratitude, this man, honest to heroism, whom he had treated as an unfaithful servant, had just relieved him of an anxiety which had poisoned his life.

Lacheneur had just placed the Duc de Sairmeuse beyond the reach of a not probable, but very possible calamity which he had dreaded for some time.

If his secret anxiety had been made known, it would have created much merriment.

"Nonsense!" people would have exclaimed, "everyone knows that the Sairmeuse possesses property to the amount of at least eight or ten millions, in England."

This was true. Only—these millions, which had accrued from the estate of the duchess and of Lord Holland, had not been bequeathed to the duke.

He enjoyed absolute control of this enormous fortune; he disposed of the capital and of the immense revenues to please himself; but it all belonged to his son—to his only son.

The duke possessed nothing—a pitiful income of twelve hundred francs, perhaps; but, strictly speaking, not even the means of subsistence.

Martial, certainly, had never said a word which would lead him to suspect that he had any intention of removing his property from his father's control; but he might possibly utter this word.

Had he not good reason to believe that sooner or later this fatal word would be uttered?

And even at the thought of such a contingency he shuddered with horror.

He saw himself reduced to a pension, a very handsome pension, undoubtedly, but still a fixed, immutable, regular pension, by which he would be obliged to regulate his expenditures.

He would be obliged to calculate that two ends might meet—he, who had been accustomed to inexhaustible coffers.

"And this will necessarily happen sooner or later," he thought. "If Martial should marry, or if he should become ambitious, or meet with evil counsellors, that will be the end of my reign."

He watched and studied his son as a jealous woman studies and watches the lover she mistrusts. He thought he read in his eyes many thoughts which were not there; and according as he saw him, gay or sad, careless or preoccupied, he was reassured or still more alarmed.

Sometimes he imagined the worst: "If

I should quarrel with Martial," he thought, "he would take possession of his entire fortune, and I should be left without bread."

These torturing apprehensions were, to a man who judged the sentiments of others by his own, a terrible chastisement.

Ah! no one would have wished his existence at the price he paid for it—not even the poor wretches who envied his lot and his apparent happiness, as they saw him roll by in his magnificent carriage.

There were days when he almost went mad.

"What am I?" he exclaimed, foaming with rage. "A mere plaything in the hands of a child. My son owns me. If I displease him, he casts me aside. Yes, he can dismiss me as he would a lackey. If I enjoy his fortune, it is only because he is willing that I should do so. I owe my very existence, as well as my luxuries, to his charity. But a moment of anger, even a caprice, may deprive me of everything."

With such ideas in his brain, the duke could not love his son.

He hated him.

He passionately envied him all the advantages he possessed—his youth, his millions, his physical beauty, and his talents, which were really of a superior order.

We meet every day mothers who are jealous of their daughters, and some fathers!

This was one of those cases.

The duke, however, showed no sign of mental disquietude; and if Martial had possessed less penetration, he would have believed that his father adored him. But if he had detected the duke's secret, he did not allow him to discover it, nor did he abuse his power.

Their manner toward each other was perfect. The duke was kind even to weakness; Martial full of deference. But their relations were not those of father and son. One was in constant fear of displeasing the other; the other was a little too sure of his power. They lived on a footing of perfect equality, like two companions of the same age.

From this trying situation, Lacheneur had rescued the duke.

The owner of Sairmeuse, an estate worth more than a million, the duke was free from his son's tyranny; he had recovered his liberty.

What brilliant projects flitted through his brain that night!

He beheld himself the richest landowner in that locality; he was the chosen friend of the King; had he not a right to aspire to anything?

Such a prospect enchanted him. He felt twenty years younger—the twenty years that had been passed in exile.

So, rising before nine o'clock, he went to awaken Martial.

On returning from dining with the Marquis de Courtornieu, the evening before, the duke had gone through the château; but this hasty examination by candle-light had not satisfied his curiosity. He wished to see it in detail by daylight.

Followed by his son, he explored one after another of the rooms of the princely abode; and, with every step, the recollections of his infancy crowded upon him.

Lacheneur had respected everything. The duke found articles as old as himself, religiously preserved, occupying the old familiar places from which they had never been removed.

When his inspection was concluded:

"Decidedly, Marquis," he exclaimed, "this Lacheneur was not such a rascal as I supposed. I am disposed to forgive him a great deal, on account of the care which he has taken of our house in our absence."

Martial seemed engrossed in thought.

"I think, Monsieur," he said, at last, "that we should testify our gratitude to this man by paying him a large indemnity."

This word excited the duke's anger.

"An indemnity!" he exclaimed. "Are you mad, Marquis? Think of the income that he has received from my estate. Have you forgotten the calculation made for us last evening by the Chevalier de la Livandière?"

"The chevalier is a fool!" declared Martial promptly. "He forgot that Lacheneur has trebled the value of Sairmeuse. I think that our family honour requires us to bestow upon this man an indemnity of at least one hundred thousand francs. This would, moreover, be a good stroke of policy in the present state of public sentiment, and His Majesty would, I am sure, be much pleased."

"Stroke of policy"—"public sentiment"—"His Majesty." One might have obtained almost anything from M. de Sairmeuse by these arguments.

"Heavenly powers!" he exclaimed; "a hundred thousand francs! how you talk. It is all very well for you, with your fortune! Still, if you really think so——"

"Ah! my dear sir, is not my fortune yours? Yes, such is really my opinion. So much so, indeed, that if you will allow me to do so, I will see Lacheneur myself, and arrange the matter in such a way that his pride will not be wounded. His is a devotion which it would be well to retain."

The duke opened his eyes to their widest extent.

"Lacheneur's pride!" he murmured. "Devotion which it would be well to retain! Why do you sing in this strain? Whence comes this extraordinary interest?"

He paused, enlightened by a sudden recollection.

"I understand!" he exclaimed; "I understand. He has a pretty daughter."

Martial smiled without replying.

"Yes, pretty as a rose," continued the duke; "but one hundred thousand francs! Zounds! That is a round sum to pay for such a whim. But, if you insist upon it——"

Armed with this authorization, Martial, two hours later, started on his mission.

The first peasant he met told him the way to the cottage which M. Lacheneur now occupied.

"Follow the river," said the man, "and when you see a pine-grove upon your left, cross it."

Martial was crossing it, when he heard the sound of voices. He approached, recognized Marie-Anne and Maurice d'Escorval, and obeying an angry impulse, he paused.

CHAPTER XI

DURING the decisive moments of life, when one's entire future depends upon a word, or a gesture, twenty contradictory inspirations can traverse the mind in the time occupied by a flash of lightning.

On the sudden appearance of the young Marquis de Sairmeuse, Maurice d'Escorval's first thought was this:

"How long has he been there? Has he been playing the spy? Has he been listening to us? What did he hear?"

His first impulse was to spring upon his enemy, to strike him in the face, and compel him to engage in a hand-to-hand struggle.

The thought of Anne-Marie checked him.

He reflected upon the possible, even probable results of a quarrel born of such circumstances. The combat which would ensue would cost this pure young girl her reputation. Martial would talk of it; and country people are pitiless. He saw this girl, whom he looked so devotedly upon, become the talk of the neighbourhood; saw the finger of scorn pointed at her, and possessed sufficient self-control to master his anger. All these reflections had occupied only half a second.

Then, politely touching his hat, and stepping toward Martial:

"You are a stranger, Monsieur," said he, in a voice which was frightfully altered, "and you have doubtless lost your way?"

His words were ill-chosen, and defeated his prudent intentions. A curt "Mind your own business" would have been less wounding. He forgot that this word "stranger" was the most deadly insult that one could cast in the face of the former *émigrés*, who had returned with the allied armies.

Still the young marquis did not change his insolently nonchalant attitude.

He touched the visor of his hunting cap with his finger, and replied:

"It is true—I have lost my way."

Agitated as Marie-Anne was, she could not fail to understand that her presence was all that restrained the hatred of these two young men. Their attitude, the glance with which they measured each other, did not leave the shadow of a doubt on that score. If one was ready to spring upon the other, the other was on the alert, ready to defend himself.

The silence of nearly a moment which followed was as threatening as the profound calm which precedes the storm.

Martial was the first to break it.

"A peasant's directions are not generally remarkable for their clearness," he said, lightly; "and for more than an hour I have been seeking the house to which Monsieur Lacheneur has retired."

"Ah!"

"I am sent to him by the Duc de Sairmeuse, my father."

Knowing what he did, Maurice supposed that these strangely rapacious individuals had some new demand to make.

"I thought," said he, "that all relations between Monsieur Lacheneur and Monsieur de Sairmeuse were broken off last evening at the house of the *abbé*."

This was said in the most provoking manner, and yet Martial never so much as frowned. He had sworn that he would remain calm, and he had strength enough to keep his word.

"If these relations—as God forbid—have been broken off," he replied, "believe me, Monsieur d'Escorval, it is no fault of ours."

"Then it is not as people say?"

"What people? Who?"

"The people here in the neighbourhood."

"Ah! And what do these people say?"

"The truth. That you have been guilty of an offense which a man of honour could never forgive nor forget."

The young marquis shook his head gravely.

"You are quick to condemn, sir," he said, coldly. "Permit me to hope that Monsieur Lacheneur will be less severe than yourself; and that his resentment—just, I confess, will vanish before"—he hesitated—"before a truthful explanation."

Such an expression from the lips of this haughty young aristocrat! Was it possible?

Martial profited by the effect he had produced to advance toward Marie-Anne, and, addressing himself exclusively to her, seemed after that to ignore the presence of Maurice completely.

"For there has been a mistake—a misunderstanding, Mademoiselle," he continued. "Do not doubt it. The Sairmeuse are not ingrates. How could any one have supposed that we would intentionally give offense to a—devoted friend of our family, and that at a moment when he had rendered us a most signal service! A true gentleman like my father, and a hero of probity like yours, can not fail to esteem each other. I admit that in the scene of yesterday, Monsieur de Sairmeuse did not appear to advantage; but the step he takes to-day proves his sincere regret."

Certainly this was not the cavalier tone which he had employed in addressing Marie-Anne, for the first time, on the square in front of the church.

He had removed his hat, he remained half inclined before her, and he spoke in a tone of profound respect, as though it were a haughty duchess, and not the humble daughter of that "rascal" Lacheneur whom he was addressing.

Was it only a *roué's* maneuver? Or had he also involuntarily submitted to the power of this beautiful girl? It was both; and it would have been difficult for him to say where the voluntary ended, and where the involuntary began.

He continued:

"My father is an old man who has suffered cruelly. Exile is hard to bear. But if sorrows and deceptions have embittered his character, they have not changed his heart. His apparent imperiousness and arrogance conceal a kindness of heart which I have often seen degenerate into positive weakness. And—why should I not confess it?—the Duc de Sairmeuse, with his white hair, still retains the illusions of a child. He refuses to believe that the world has progressed during the past twenty years. Moreover, people had deceived him by the most absurd fabrications. To speak plainly, even while we were in Montaignac, Monsieur Lacheneur's enemies succeeded in prejudicing my father against him."

One would have sworn that he was speaking the truth, so persuasive was his voice, so entirely did the expression of his face, his glance, and his gestures accord with his words.

And Maurice, who felt—who was certain that the young man was lying, impudently lying, was abashed by this scientific prevarication which is so universally practised in good society, and of which he was entirely ignorant.

But what did the marquis desire here—and why this farce?

"Need I tell you, Mademoiselle," he resumed, "all that I suffered last evening in the little drawing-room in the presbytery? No, never in my whole life can I recollect such a cruel moment. I understood, and I did honour to Monsieur Lacheneur's heroism. Hearing of our arrival, he, without hesitation, without delay, hastened to voluntarily surrender a princely fortune—and he was insulted. This excessive injustice horrified me. And if I did not openly protest against it—if I did not show my indignation—it was only because contradiction drives my father to the verge of frenzy. And what good would it have done for me to protest? The filial love and piety which you displayed were far more powerful in their effect than any words of mine would have been. You were scarcely out of the village before Monsieur de Sairmeuse, already ashamed of his injustice, said to me: 'I have been wrong, but I am an old man; it is hard for me to decide to make the first advance; you, Marquis, go and find Monsieur Lacheneur, and obtain his forgiveness.'"

Marie-Anne, redder than a peony, and terribly embarrassed, lowered her eyes.

"I thank you, Monsieur," she faltered, "in the name of my father——"

"Oh! do not thank me," interrupted Martial, earnestly; "it will be my duty, on the contrary, to render you thanks, if you can induce Monsieur Lacheneur to accept the reparation which is due him—and he will accept it, if you will only condescend to plead our cause. Who could resist your sweet voice, your beautiful, beseeching eyes?"

However inexperienced Maurice might be, he could no longer fail to comprehend

Martial's intentions. This man whom he mortally hated already, dared to speak of love to Marie-Anne, and before him, Maurice. In other words, the marquis, not content with having ignored and insulted him, presumed to take an insolent advantage of his supposed simplicity.

The certainty of this insult sent all his blood in a boiling torrent to his brain.

He seized Martial by the arm, and with irresistible power whirled him twice around, then threw him more than ten feet, exclaiming:

"This last is too much, Marquis de Sairmeuse!"

Maurice's attitude was so threatening that Martial fully expected another attack. The violence of the shock had thrown him down upon one knee; without rising, he lifted his gun, ready to take aim.

It was not from anything like cowardice on the part of the Marquis de Sairmeuse that he decided to fire upon an unarmed foe; but the affront which he had received was so deadly and so ignoble in his opinion, that he would have shot Maurice like a dog, rather than feel the weight of his finger upon him again.

This explosion of anger from Maurice Marie-Anne had been expecting and hoping for every moment.

She was even more inexperienced than her lover; but she was a woman, and could not fail to understand the meaning of the young marquis.

He was evidently "paying his court to her." And with what intentions! It was only too easy to divine.

Her agitation, while the marquis spoke in a more and more tender voice, changed first to stupour, then to indignation, as she realized his marvelous audacity.

After that, how could she help blessing the violence which put an end to a situation which was so insulting for her, and so humiliating for Maurice?

An ordinary woman would have thrown herself between the two men who were ready to kill each other. Marie-Anne did not move a muscle.

Was it not the duty of Maurice to protect her when she was insulted? Who, then, if not he, should defend her from the insolent gallantry of this libertine? She would have blushed, she who was energy personified, to love a weak and pusillanimous man.

But any intervention was unnecessary. Maurice comprehended that this was one of those affronts which the person insulted must not seem to suspect, under penalty of giving the offending party the advantage.

He felt that Marie-Anne must not be regarded as the cause of the quarrel!

His instant recognition of the situation produced a powerful reaction in his mind; and he recovered, as if by magic, his coolness and the free exercise of his faculties.

"Yes," he resumed, defiantly, "this is hypocrisy enough. To dare to prate of reparation after the insults that you and yours have inflicted, is adding intentional humiliation to insult—and I will not permit it."

Martial had thrown aside his gun; he now rose and brushed the knee of his pantaloons, to which a few particles of dust had adhered, with a phlegm whose secret he had learned in England.

He was too discerning not to perceive that Maurice had disguised the true cause of his outburst of passion; but what did it matter to him? Had he avowed it, the marquis would not have been displeased.

Yet it was necessary to make some response, and to preserve the superiority which he imagined he had maintained up to that time.

"You will never know, Monsieur," he said, glancing alternately at his gun and at Marie-Anne, "all that you owe to Mademoiselle Lacheneur. We shall meet again, I hope——"

"You have made that remark before," Maurice interrupted, tauntingly. "Nothing is easier than to find me. The first peasant you meet will point out the house of Baron d'Escorval."

"*Eh bien!* sir, I can not promise that you will not see two of my friends."

"Oh! whenever it may please you!"

"Certainly; but it would gratify me to know by what right you make yourself the judge of Monsieur Lacheneur's honour, and take it upon yourself to defend what has not been attacked. Who has given you this right?"

From Martial's sneering tone, Maurice was certain that he had overheard, at least a part of, his conversation with Marie-Anne.

"My right," he replied, "is that of friendship. If I tell you that your advances are unwelcome, it is because I know that Monsieur Lacheneur will accept nothing from you. No, nothing, under whatever guise you may offer these alms which you tender merely to appease your own conscience. He will never forgive the affront which is his honour and your shame. Ah! you thought to degrade him, Messieurs de Sairmeuse! and you have lifted him far above your mock grandeur. *He* receive anything from you! Go; learn that your millions will never give you a pleasure equal to the ineffable joy he will feel, when seeing you roll by in your carriage, he says to himself: 'Those people owe everything to me!' "

His burning words vibrated with such intensity of feeling that Marie-Anne could not resist the impulse to press his hand; and this gesture was his revenge upon Martial, who turned pale with passion.

"But I have still another right," continued Maurice. "My father yesterday had the honour of asking of Monsieur Lacheneur the hand of his daughter——"

"And I refused it!" cried a terrible voice.

Marie-Anne and both young men turned with the same movement of alarm and surprise.

M. Lacheneur stood before them, and by his side was Chanlouineau, who surveyed the group with threatening eyes.

"Yes, I refused it," resumed M. Lacheneur, "and I do not believe that my daughter will marry any one without my consent. What did you promise me this morning, Marie-Anne? Can it be you, you who grant a rendezvous to gallants in the forest? Return to the house, instantly——"

"But father——"

"Return!" he repeated with an oath; "return, I command you."

She obeyed and departed, not without giving Maurice a look in which he read a farewell that she believed would be eternal.

As soon as she had gone, perhaps twenty paces, M. Lacheneur, with folded arms, confronted Maurice.

"As for you, Monsieur d'Escorval," said he, rudely, "I hope that you will no longer undertake to prowl around my daughter——"

"I swear to you, Monsieur——"

"Oh, no oaths, if you please. It is an evil action to endeavour to turn a young girl from her duty, which is obedience. You have broken forever all relations between your family and mine."

The poor youth tried to excuse himself, but M. Lacheneur interrupted him.

"Enough! enough!" said he; "go back to your home."

And as Maurice hesitated, he seized him by the collar and dragged him to the little footpath leading through the grove.

It was the work of scarcely ten seconds, and yet, he found time to whisper in the young man's ear, in his formerly friendly tones:

"Go, you little wretch! do you wish to render all my precautions useless?"

He watched Maurice as he disappeared, bewildered by the scene he had just witnessed, and stupefied by what he had just heard; and it was not until he saw that young D'Escorval was out of hearing that he turned to Martial.

"As I have had the honour of meeting you, Monsieur le Marquis," said he, "I deem it my duty to inform you that Chupin and his sons are searching for you everywhere. It is at the instance of the duke, your father, who is anxious for you to repair at once to the Château de Courtornieu."

He turned to Chanlouineau, and added: "We will now proceed on our way."

But Martial detained him with a gesture.

"I am much surprised to hear that they are seeking me," said he. "My father knows very well where he sent me; I was going to your house, Monsieur, and at his request."

"To my house?"

"To your house, yes, Monsieur, to express our sincere regret at the scene which took place at the presbytery last evening."

And without waiting for any response, Martial, with wonderful cleverness and felicity of expression, began to repeat to the father the story which he had just related to the daughter.

According to his version, his father and himself were in despair. How could M. Lacheneur suppose them guilty of such black ingratitude? Why had he retired so precipitately? The Duc de Sairmeuse held at M. Lacheneur's disposal any amount which it might please him to mention—sixty, a hundred thousand francs, even more.

But M. Lacheneur did not appear to be dazzled in the least; and when Martial had concluded, he replied, respectfully, but coldly, that he would consider the matter.

This coldness amazed Chanlouineau; he did not conceal the fact when the marquis, after many earnest protestations, at last wended his way homeward.

"We have misjudged these people," he declared.

But M. Lacheneur shrugged his shoulders.

"And so you are foolish enough to suppose that it was to me that he offered all that money?"

"Zounds! I have ears."

"Ah, well! my poor boy, you must not believe all they hear, if you have. The truth is, that these large sums were intended to win the favour of my daughter. She has pleased this coxcomb of a marquis; and—he wishes to make her his mistress——"

Chanlouineau stopped short, with eyes flashing, and hands clinched.

"Good God!" he exclaimed; "prove that, and I am yours, body and soul—to do anything you desire."

CHAPTER XII

"No, never in my whole life have I met a woman who can compare with this Marie-Anne! What grace and what dignity! Ah! her beauty is divine!"

So Martial was thinking while returning to Sairmeuse after his proposals to M. Lacheneur.

At the risk of losing his way he took the shortest course, which led across the fields and over ditches, which he leaped with the aid of his gun.

He found a pleasure, entirely novel and very delightful, in picturing Marie-Anne as he had just seen her, blushing and paling, about to swoon, then lifting her head haughtily in her pride and disdain.

Who would have suspected that such indomitable energy and such an impassioned soul was hidden beneath such girlish artlessness and apparent coldness? What an adorable expression illumined her face, what passion shone in those great black eyes when she looked at that little fool d'Escorval! What would not one give to be regarded thus, even for a moment? How could the boy help being crazy about her?

He himself loved her, without being, as yet, willing to confess it. What other name could be given to this passion which had overpowered reason, and to the furious desires which agitated him?

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "she shall be mine. Yes, she shall be mine; I will have her!"

Consequently he began to study the strategic side of the undertaking which this resolution involved with the sagacity of one who had not been without an extended experience in such matters.

His *début*, he was forced to admit, had been neither fortunate nor adroit. Conveyed compliments and money had both been rejected. If Marie-Anne had heard his covert insinuations with evident horror, M. Lacheneur had received, with even more than coldness, his advances and his offers of actual wealth.

Moreover, he remembered Chanlouineau's terrible eyes.

"How he measured me, that magnificent rustic!" he growled. "At a sign from Marie-Anne he would have crushed me like an eggshell, without a thought of my ancestors. Ah! does he also love her? There will be three rivals in that case."

But the more difficult and even perilous the undertaking seemed, the more his passions were inflamed.

"My failures can be repaired," he thought. "Occasions of meeting shall not be wanting. Will it not be necessary to hold frequent interviews with Monsieur Lacheneur in effecting a formal transfer of Sairmeuse? I will win him over to my side. With the daughter my course is plain. Profiting by my unfortunate experience, I will, in the future, be as timid as I have been bold; and she will be hard to please if she is not flattered by this triumph of her beauty. D'Escorval remains to be disposed of——"

But this was the point upon which Martial was most exercised.

He had, it is true, seen this rival rudely dismissed by M. Lacheneur; and yet the anger of the latter had seemed to him too great to be absolutely real.

He suspected a comedy, but for whose benefit? For his, or for Chanlouineau's? And yet, what could possibly be the motive?

"And yet," he reflected, "my hands are tied; and I cannot call this little d'Escorval to account for his insolence. To swallow such an affront in silence is hard. Still, he is brave, there is no denying that; perhaps I can find some other way to provoke his anger. But even then, what could I do? If I harmed a hair of his head, Marie-Anne would never forgive me. Ah! I would give a handsome sum in exchange for some little device to send him out of the country."

Revolving in his mind these plans, whose frightful consequences he could neither calculate nor foresee, Martial was walking up the avenue leading to the château, when he heard hurried footsteps behind him.

He turned, and seeing two men running after him and motioning him to stop, he paused.

It was Chupin, accompanied by one of his sons.

This old rascal had been enrolled among the servants charged with preparing Sairmeuse for the reception of the duke; and he had already discovered the secret of making himself useful to his master, which was by seeming to be indispensable.

"Ah, Monsieur," he cried, "we have been searching for you everywhere, my son and I. It was Monsieur le Duc——"

"Very well," said Martial, dryly. "I am returning——"

But Chupin was not sensitive; and although he had not been very favourably received, he ventured to follow the marquis at a little distance, but sufficiently near to make himself heard. He also had his schemes; for it was not long before he began a long recital of the calumnies which had been spread about the neighbourhood in regard to the Lacheneur affair. Why did he choose this subject in preference to any other? Did he suspect the young marquis's passion for Marie-Anne?

According to this report, Lacheneur—he no longer said "monsieur"—was unquestionably a rascal; the complete surrender of Sairmeuse was only a farce, as he must possess thousands, and hundreds of thousands of francs, since he was about to marry his daughter.

If the scoundrel had felt only suspicions, they were changed into certainty by the eagerness with which Martial demanded:

"How! is Mademoiselle Lacheneur to be married?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"And to whom?"

"To Chanlouineau, the fellow whom the peasants wished to kill yesterday upon the square, because he was disrespectful to the duke. He is an avaricious man; and if Marie-Anne does not bring him a good round sum as a dowry, he will never marry her, no matter how beautiful she may be."

"Are you sure of what you say?"

"It is true. My eldest son heard from Chanlouineau and from Lacheneur that the wedding would take place within a month."

And turning to his son:

"Is it not true, boy?"

"Yes," promptly replied the youth, who had heard nothing of the kind.

Martial was silent, ashamed, perhaps, of allowing himself to listen to the gossip, but glad to have been informed of such an important circumstance.

If Chupin was not telling a falsehood—and what reason could he have for doing so?—it became evident that M. Lacheneur's conduct concealed some great mystery. Why, without some potent motive, should he have refused to give his daughter to Maurice d'Escorval whom she loved, to bestow her upon a peasant?

As he reached Sairmeuse, he was swearing that he would discover this motive. A strange scene awaited him. In the broad open space extending from the front of the château to the *parterre* lay a huge pile of all kinds of clothing, linen, plate, and furniture. One might have supposed that the occupants of the château were moving. A half dozen men were running to and fro, and standing in the center of the rubbish was the Duc de Sairmeuse, giving orders.

Martial did not understand the whole meaning of the scene at first. He went to his father, and after saluting him respectfully, inquired:

"What is all this?"

M. de Sairmeuse laughed heartily.

"What! can you not guess?" he replied. "It is very simple, however. When the lawful master, on his return, sleeps beneath the bed-coverings of the usurper, it is delightful, the first night, not so pleasant on the second. Everything here reminds me too forcibly of Monsieur Lacheneur. It seems to me that I am in his house; and the thought is unendurable. So I have had them collect everything belonging to him and to his daughter—everything, in fact, which did not belong to the château in former years. The servants will put it all into a cart and carry it to him."

The young marquis gave fervent thanks to Heaven that he had arrived before it was too late. Had his father's project been executed, he would have been obliged to bid farewell to all his hopes.

"You surely will not do this, Monsieur le Duc?" said he, earnestly.

"And why, pray? Who will prevent me from doing it?"

"No one, most assuredly. But you will decide, on reflection, that a man who has not conducted himself *too* badly has a right to some consideration."

The duke seemed greatly astonished.

"Consideration!" he exclaimed. "This rascal has a right to some consideration! Well, this is one of the poorest of jokes. What! I give him—that is to say—you give him a hundred thousand francs, and that will not content him! He is entitled to consideration! You, who are after the daughter, may give it to him if you like, but *I* shall do as I like!"

"Very well; but, Monsieur, I would think twice, if I were in your place. Lacheneur has surrendered Sairmeuse. That is all very well; but how can you authenticate your claim to the property? What would you do if, in case you imprudently irritated him, he should change his mind? What would become of your right to the estate?"

M. Sairmeuse actually turned green.

"Zounds!" he exclaimed. "I had not thought of that. Here, you fellows, take all these things back again, and that quickly!"

And as they were obeying his order:

"Now," he remarked, "let us hasten to Courtornieu. They have already sent for us twice. It must be business of the utmost importance which demands our attention."

CHAPTER XIII

THE Château de Courtornieu is, next to Sairmeuse, the most magnificent habitation in the *arrondissement* of Montaignac.

The approach to the castle was by a long and narrow road, badly paved. When the carriage containing Martial and his father turned from the public highway into this rough road, the jolting aroused the duke from the profound revery into which he had fallen on leaving Sairmeuse.

The marquis thought that he had caused this unusual fit of abstraction.

"It is the result of my adroit manœuver," he said to himself, not without secret satisfaction. "Until the restitution of Sairmeuse is legalized, I can make my father do anything I wish; yes, anything. And if it is necessary, he will even invite Lacheneur and Marie-Anne to his table."

He was mistaken. The duke had already forgotten the affair; his most vivid impressions lasted no longer than an indentation in the sand.

He lowered the glass in front of the carriage, and, after ordering the coachman to drive more slowly:

"Now," said he to his son, "let us talk a little. Are you really in love with that little Lacheneur?"

Martial could not repress a start. "Oh! in love," said he lightly, "that would perhaps be saying too much. Let me say that she has taken my fancy; that will be sufficient."

The duke regarded his son with a bantering air.

"Really, you delight me!" he exclaimed. "I feared that this love-affair might derange, at least for the moment, certain plans that I have formed—for I have formed certain plans for you."

"The devil!"

"Yes, I have my plans, and I will communicate them to you later in detail. I will content myself today by recommending you to examine Mademoiselle Blanche de Courtornieu."

Martial made no reply. This recommendation was entirely unnecessary. If Mlle. Lacheneur had made him forget Mlle. de Courtornieu that morning for some moments, the remembrance of Marie-Anne was now effaced by the radiant image of Blanche.

"Before discussing the daughter," resumed the duke, "let us speak of the father. He is one of my strongest friends; and I know him thoroughly. You have heard men reproach me for what they style my prejudices, have you not? Well, in comparison with the Marquise de Courtornieu, I am only a Jacobin."

"Oh! my father!"

"Really, nothing could be more true. If I am behind the age in which I live, he belongs to the reign of Louis XIV. Only—for there is an only—the principles which I openly avow, he keeps locked up in his snuff-box—and trust him for not forgetting to open it at the opportune moment. He has suffered cruelly for his opinions, in the sense of having so often been obliged to conceal them. He concealed them, first under the consulate, when he returned from exile. He dissimulated them even more courageously under the Empire—for he played the part of a kind of chamberlain to Bonaparte, this dear marquis. But, chut! do not remind him of that proof of heroism; he has deplored it bitterly since the battle of Lützen."

This was the tone in which M. de Sairmeuse was accustomed to speak of his best friends.

"The history of his fortune," he continued, "is the history of his marriages—I say *marriages*, because he has married a number of times, and always advantageously. Yes, in a period of fifteen years he has had the misfortune of losing three wives, each richer than the other. His daughter is the child of his third and last wife, a Cisse Blossac—she died in 1809. He comforted himself after each bereavement by purchasing a quantity of lands or bonds. So that now he is as rich as you are, Marquis, and his influence is powerful and widespread. I forgot one detail, however: he believes, they tell me, in the growing power of the clergy, and has become very devout."

He checked himself; the carriage had stopped before the entrance of the Château de Courtornieu, and the marquis came forward to receive his guests in person. A flattering distinction, which he seldom lavished upon his visitors. The marquis was long rather than tall, and very solemn in deportment. The head that surmounted his angular form was remarkably small, a characteristic of his race, and covered with thin, glossy black hair, and lighted by cold, round, black eyes.

The pride that becomes a gentleman, and the humility that befits a Christian, were continually at war with each other in his countenance.

He pressed the hands of M. de Sairmeuse and Martial, overwhelming them with compliments uttered in a thin, rather nasal voice, which, issuing from his immense body, was as astonishing as the sound of a flute issuing from the pipes of an orphicleide would be.

"At last you have come," he said; "we were waiting for you before beginning our deliberations upon a very grave, and also very delicate matter. We are thinking of addressing a petition to His Majesty. The nobility, who have suffered so much during the Revolution, have a right to expect ample compensation. Our neighbours, to the number of sixteen, are now assembled in my cabinet, transformed for the time into a council chamber."

Martial shuddered at the thought of all the ridiculous and tiresome conversation he would probably be obliged to hear; and his father's recommendation occurred to him.

"Shall we not have the honour of paying our respects to Mademoiselle de Courtornieu?"

"My daughter must be in the drawing-room with our cousin," replied the marquis in an indifferent tone; "at least, if she is not in the garden."

This might be construed into, "Go and look for her if you choose." At least Martial understood it in that way; and when they entered the hall, he allowed his father and the marquis to go upstairs without him.

A servant opened the door of the drawing-room for him—but it was empty.

"Very well," said he; "I know my way to the garden."

But he explored it in vain; no one was to be found.

He decided to return to the house and march bravely into the presence of the dreaded enemy. He had turned to retrace his steps when, through the foliage of a bower of jasmine, he thought he could distinguish a white dress.

He advanced softly, and his heart quickened its throbbing when he saw that he was right.

Mlle. Blanche de Courtornieu was seated on a bench beside an old lady, and was engaged in reading a letter in a low voice.

She must have been greatly preoccupied, since she had not heard Martial's footsteps approaching.

He was only ten paces from her, so near that he could distinguish the shadow of her long eyelashes.

He paused, holding his breath, in a delicious ecstasy.

"Ah! how beautiful she is!" he thought. Beautiful? no. But pretty, yes; as pretty as heart could desire, with her great velvety blue eyes and her pouting lips. She was a blonde, but one of those dazzling and radiant blondes found only in the countries of the sun; and from her hair, drawn high upon the top of her head, escaped a profusion of ravishing, glittering ringlets, which seemed almost to sparkle in the play of the light breeze.

One might, perhaps, have wished her a trifle larger. But she had the winning charm of all delicate and *mignonnes* women; and her figure was of exquisite roundness, and her dimpled hands were those of an infant.

Alas! these attractive exteriors are often deceitful, as much and even more so, than the appearances of a man like the Marquis de Courtornieu.

The apparently innocent and artless young girl possessed the parched, hollow soul of an experienced woman of the world, or of an old courtier. She had been so petted at the convent, in the capacity of only daughter of a *grand seigneur* and millionaire; she had been surrounded by so much adulation, that all her good qualities had been blighted in the bud by the poisonous breath of flattery.

She was only nineteen; and still it was impossible for any person to have been more susceptible to the charms of wealth and of satisfied ambition. She dreamed of a position at court as a schoolgirl dreams of a lover.

If she had deigned to notice Martial—for she had remarked him—it was only because her father had told her that this young man would lift his wife to the highest sphere of power. Thereupon she had uttered a "very well, we will see!" that would have changed an enamoured suitor's love into disgust.

Martial advanced a few steps, and

Mademoiselle Blanche, on seeing him, sprang up with a pretty affectation of intense timidity.

Bowing low before her, he said, gently, and with profound deference:

"Monsieur de Courtornieu, Mademoiselle, was so kind as to tell me where I might have the honour of finding you. I had not courage to brave those formidable discussions inside; but——"

He pointed to the letter the young girl held in her hand, and added:

"But I fear that I am *de trop.*"

"Oh! not in the least, Monsieur le Marquis, although this letter which I have just been reading has, I confess, interested me deeply. It was written by a poor child in whom I have taken a great interest—whom I have sent for sometimes when I was lonely—Marie-Anne Lacheneur."

Accustomed from his infancy to the hypocrisy of drawing-rooms, the young marquis had taught his face not to betray his feelings.

He could have laughed gayly with anguish at his heart; he could have preserved the sternest gravity when inwardly convulsed with merriment.

And yet, this name of Marie-Anne upon the lips of Mlle. de Courtornieu, caused his glance to waver.

"They know each other!" he thought.

In an instant he was himself again; but Mademoiselle Blanche had perceived his momentary agitation.

"What can it mean?" she wondered, much disturbed.

Still, it was with the perfect assumption of innocence that she continued:

"In fact, you must have seen her, this poor Marie-Anne, Monsieur le Marquis, since her father was the guardian of Sairmeuse."

"Yes, I have seen her, Mademoiselle," replied Martial quietly.

"Is she not remarkably beautiful? Her beauty is of an unusual type, it quite takes one by surprise."

A fool would have protested. The marquis was not guilty of this folly.

"Yes, she is very beautiful," said he.

This apparent frankness disconcerted Mademoiselle Blanche a trifle; and it was with an air of hypocritical compassion that she murmured:

"Poor girl! What will become of her? Here is her father, reduced to delving in the ground."

"Oh! you exaggerate, Mademoiselle; my father will always preserve Lacheneur from anything of that kind."

"Of course—I might have known that—but where will he find a husband for Marie-Anne?"

"One has been found already. I understand that she is to marry a youth in the neighbourhood, who has some property—a certain Chanlouineau."

The artless schoolgirl was more cunning than the marquis. She had satisfied herself that she had just grounds for her suspicions; and she experienced a certain anger on finding him so well informed in regard to everything that concerned Mademoiselle Lacheneur.

"And do you believe that this is the husband of whom she had dreamed? Ah, well! God grant that she may be happy; for we were very fond of her, very—were we not, Aunt Medea?"

Aunt Medea was the old lady seated beside Mademoiselle Blanche.

"Yes, very," she replied.

This aunt, or cousin, rather, was a poor relation whom M. de Courtornieu had sheltered, and who was forced to pay dearly for her bread; since Mademoiselle Blanche compelled her to play the part of echo.

"It grieves me to see these friendly relations, which were so dear to me, broken," resumed Mlle. de Courtornieu. "But listen to what Marie-Anne has written."

She drew from her belt where she had placed it, Mademoiselle Lacheneur's letter and read:

> "'MY DEAR BLANCHE—You know that the Duc de Sairmeuse has returned. The news fell upon us like a thunderbolt. My father and I had become too much accustomed to regard as our own the deposit which had been intrusted to our fidelity; we have been punished for it. At least, we have done our duty, and now all is ended. She whom you have called your friend, will be, hereafter, only a poor peasant girl, as her mother was before her.'"

The most subtle observer would have supposed that Mademoiselle Blanche was experiencing the keenest emotion. One would have sworn that it was only by intense effort that she succeeded in restraining her tears—that they were even trembling behind her long lashes.

The truth was, that she was thinking only of discovering, upon Martial's face, some indication of his feelings. But now that he was on guard, his features might have been marble for any sign of emotion they betrayed.

So she continued:

> "'I should utter an untruth if I said that I have not suffered on account of this sudden change. But I have courage; I shall learn how to submit. I

shall, I hope, have strength to forget, for I *must* forget! The remembrances of past felicity would render my present misery intolerable.'"

Mademoiselle de Courtornieu suddenly folded up the letter.

"You have heard it, Monsieur," said she. "Can you understand such pride as that? And they accuse us, daughters of the nobility, of being proud!"

Martial made no response. He felt that his altered voice would betray him. How much more would he have been moved, if he had been allowed to read the concluding lines:

> "One must live, my dear Blanche," added Marie-Anne, "and I feel no false shame in asking you to aid me. I sew very nicely, as you know, and I could earn my livelihood by embroidery if I knew more people. I will call to-day at Courtornieu to ask you to give me a list of ladies to whom I can present myself on your recommendation."

But Mlle. de Courtornieu had taken good care not to allude to the touching request. She had read the letter to Martial as a test. She had not succeeded; so much the worse. She rose and accepted his arm to return to the house.

She seemed to have forgotten her friend, and she was chatting gaily. When they approached the château, she was interrupted by a sound of voices raised to the highest pitch.

It was the address to the King which was agitating the council convened in M. de Courtornieu's cabinet.

Mlle. Blanche paused.

"I am trespassing upon your kindness, Monsieur. I am boring you with my silly chat when you should undoubtedly be up there."

"Certainly not," he replied, laughing. "What should I do there? The *rôle* of men of action does not begin until the orators have concluded."

He spoke so energetically, in spite of his jesting tone, that Mlle. de Courtornieu was fascinated. She saw before her, she believed, a man who, as her father had said, would rise to the highest position in the political world.

Unfortunately, her admiration was disturbed by a ring of the great bell that always announces visitors.

She trembled, let go her hold on Martial's arm, and said, very earnestly:

"Ah, no matter. I wish very much to know what is going on up there. If I ask my father, he will laugh at my curiosity, while you, Monsieur, if you are present at the conference, you will tell me all."

A wish thus expressed was a command. The marquis bowed and obeyed.

"She dismisses me," he said to himself as he ascended the staircase, "nothing could be more evident; and that without much ceremony. Why the devil does she wish to get rid of me?"

Why? Because a single peal of the bell announced a visitor for Mlle. Blanche; because she was expecting a visit from her friend; and because she wished at any cost to prevent a meeting between Martial and Marie-Anne.

She did not love him, and yet an agony of jealousy was torturing her. Such was her nature.

Her presentiments were realized. It was, indeed, Mlle. Lacheneur who was awaiting her in the drawing-room.

The poor girl was paler than usual; but nothing in her manner betrayed the frightful anguish she had suffered during the past two or three days.

And her voice, in asking from her former friend a list of "customers," was as calm and as natural as in other days, when she was asking her to come and spend an afternoon at Sairmeuse.

So, when the two girls embraced each other, their *rôles* were reversed.

It was Marie-Anne who had been crushed by misfortune; it was Mlle. Blanche who wept.

But, while writing a list of the names of persons in the neighbourhood with whom she was acquainted, Mlle. de Courtornieu did not neglect this favourable opportunity for verifying the suspicions which had been aroused by Martial's momentary agitation.

"It is inconceivable," she remarked to her friend, "that the Duc de Sairmeuse should allow you to be reduced to such an extremity."

Marie-Anne's nature was so royal, that she did not wish an unjust accusation to rest even upon the man who had treated her father so cruelly.

"The duke is not to blame," she replied, gently; "he offered us a very considerable sum, this morning, through his son."

Mlle. Blanche started as if a viper had stung her.

"So you have seen the marquis, Marie-Anne?"

"Yes."

"Has he been to your house?"

"He was going there, when he met me in the grove on the waste."

She blushed as she spoke; she turned crimson at the thought of Martial's impertinent gallantry.

This girl who had just emerged from a convent was terribly experienced; but she misunderstood the cause of Marie-Anne's confusion. She could dissimulate, however, and when Marie-Anne went away, Mlle. Blanche embraced her with every sign of the most ardent affection. But she was almost suffocated with rage.

"What!" she thought; "they have met but once, and yet they are so strongly impressed with each other! Do they love each other already?"

(*To be continued*)

Here and There

There is nothing inherently noble and virtuous about democracy. It is not a system many men should desire.

Editor, Blackwood's Magazine.

The boy was crowning his stepmother's funeral stele, a tall column, thinking that in changing life for death she had changed her character. But the column fell over on the tomb and killed him. Stepsons, avoid even the tomb of your stepmother.

The Greek Anthology.

OCTOBER 3, 1835.—Mrs. Belasco delivered her concluding Lecture on Morality, with illustrations, in the Saloon of the Haymarket Theater. *Cruikshank's Comic Almanac.*

The Duke was not one of those Englishmen who fling . . . cheap sneers at America. Whenever any one in his presence said that America was not large in area, he would firmly maintain that it was. He held, too, in his enlightened way, the Americans have a perfect right to exist. But he did often find himself wishing Mr. Rhodes had not enabled them to exercise that right in Oxford. MAX BEERBOHM.

OBSERVATION

Who to the North, or South shall set
His Bed, Male children shall beget. ROBERT HERRICK.

Zeus, in place of fire, bestowed another fire, woman. Would that neither woman nor fire had come into being! Fire, it is true, is soon put out, but woman is a fire unquenchable, flaming, ever alight! PALLADOS OF ALEXANDRIA.

"What is it, *Effendim*," he broke out, "that a woman does to a man? The world is full of them. Why will not one do as well as another? Why—" He threw up his hand as they do. But presently his eye followed mine to the inscription pricked on his arm—"*Ach, Lisa, ach.*"

"She wrote it there," he said. "She always told me I didn't know how to say anything else! She wrote it there the last time I saw her—the first time I went to her house. At last I made her open the door to me. And I begged her as I had never begged her to go away with me. '*Akh*, Lisa!' I said. '*Akh*, I can't go on like this. I can't work in the day. I can't sleep at night. All the time I see your eyes. They make a fire in my heart.' She smiled a little, as she knew how to smile, and then she wrote this on my arm with a needle. And then——" H. G. DWIGHT.

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ty eating have robbed the gums of the
ural stimulation which the chewing of
rse food once supplied. So gums have
wn tender and soft. They bleed under
brush. And even a slight and occasional
eding may be the forerunner of worse
ibles to come.

* * * * * *

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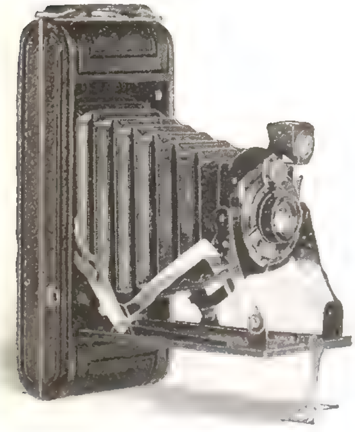

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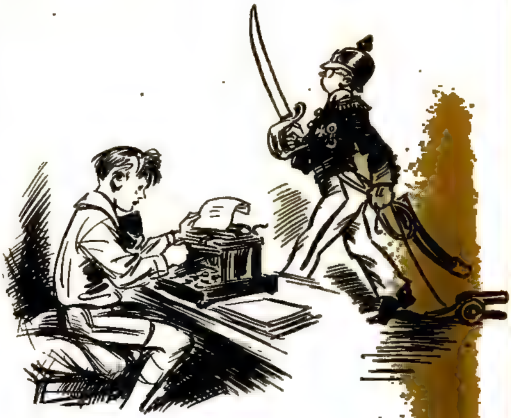

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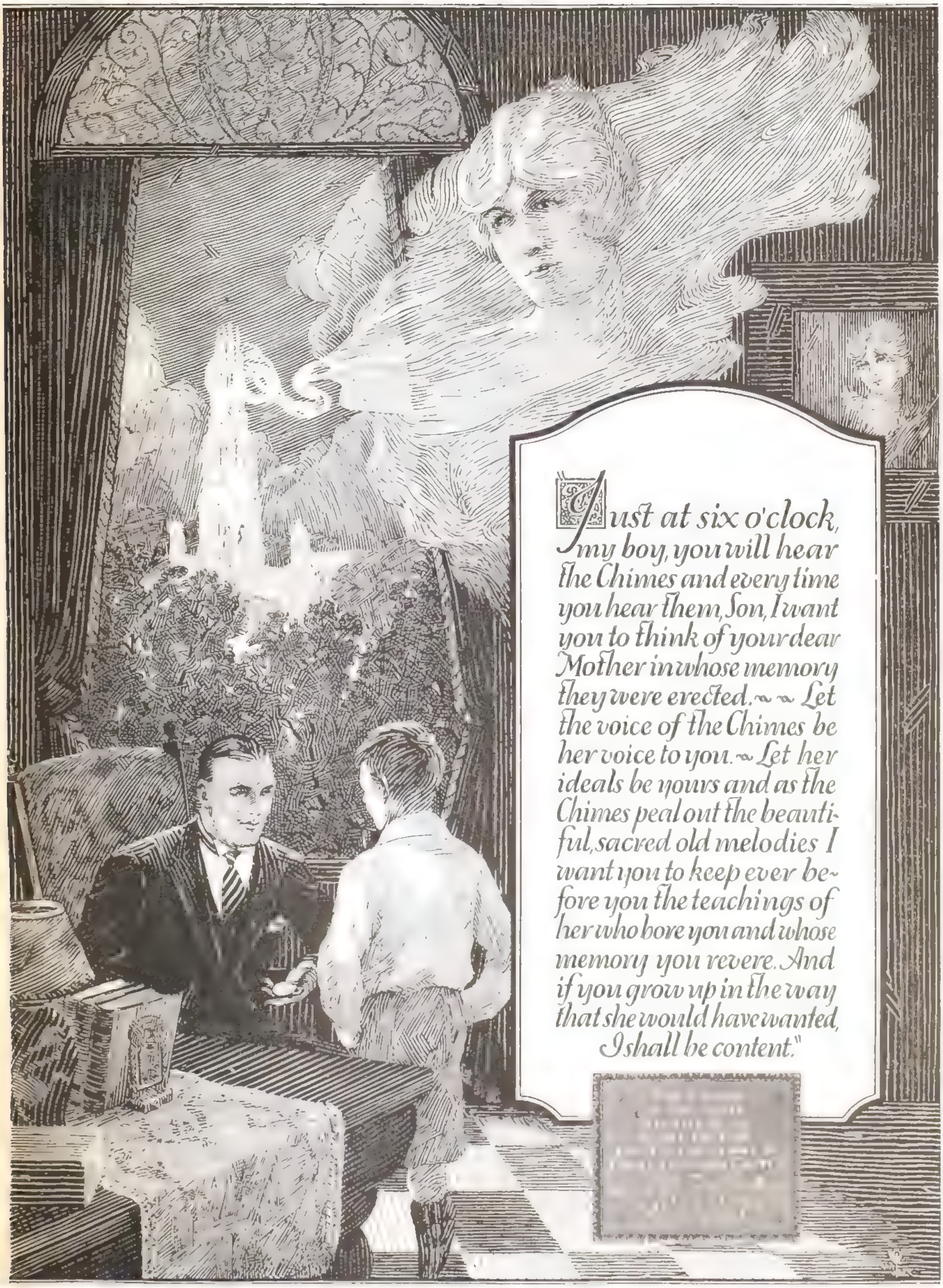

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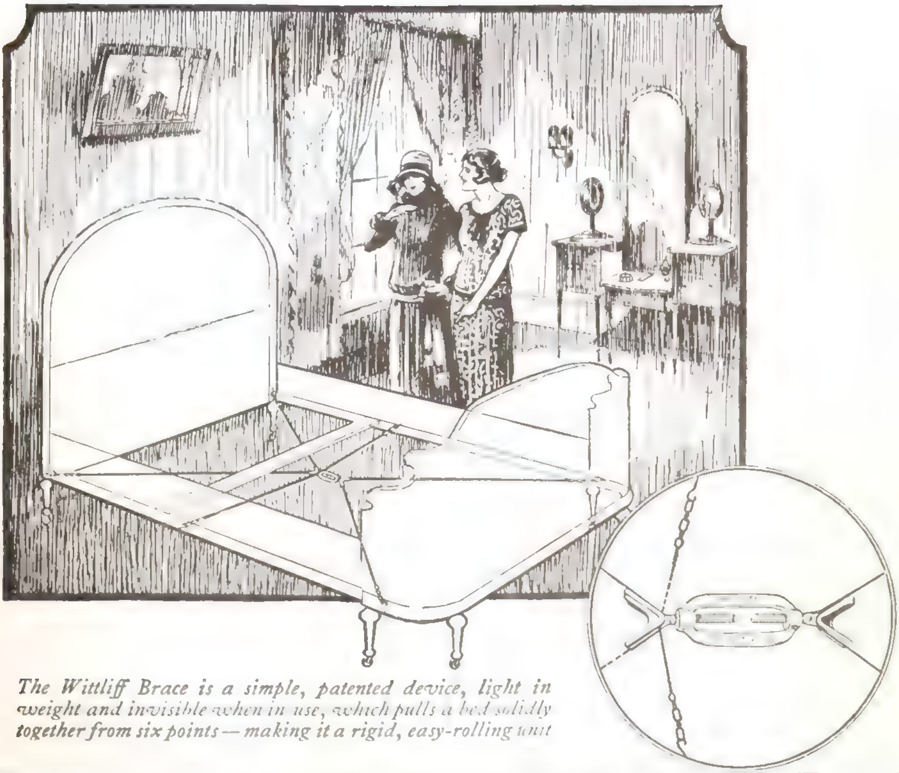
YOU don't have to put up with squeaky, wobbly beds any longer. Falling slats, spreading rails, split posts are banished forever with Wittliff Bed Braces.

Think what comfort this means. Your beds are easy to move—noiseless. No nerve-racking squeaks. No more wear and tear on rugs. No more repair bills. No more inconvenience of any kind.

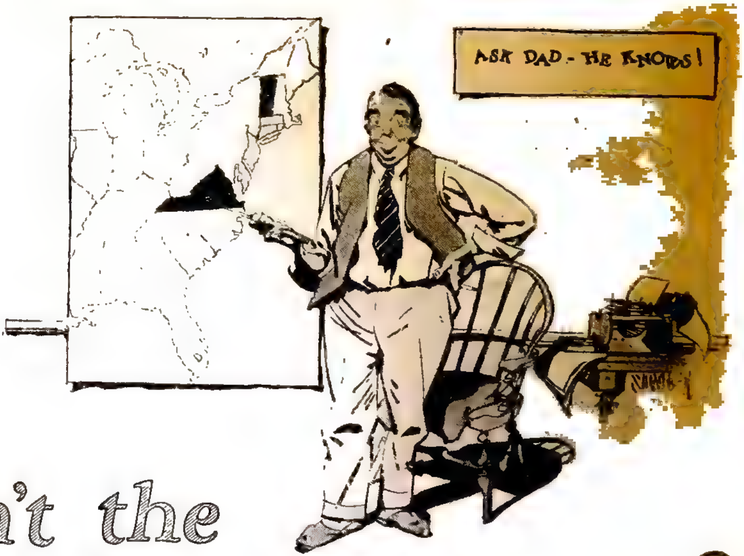
The Wittliff Brace doubles the life of any bed. It is simplicity itself—takes just a few minutes to put on.

Every bed you have—every new bed you buy—should be equipped with Wittliff Bed Braces. Ask your dealer if there is a Wittliff Brace on the bed he shows you. Insist. It will pay you in increased satisfaction.

THE WITTLIFF FURNITURE BRACE CO.
Superior-Thirtieth Building, Cleveland, Ohio



The Wittliff Brace is a simple, patented device, light in weight and invisible when in use, which pulls a bed solidly together from six points — making it a rigid, easy-rolling unit


ASK DAD - HE KNOWS!

If This isn't the National Blend,—What is?

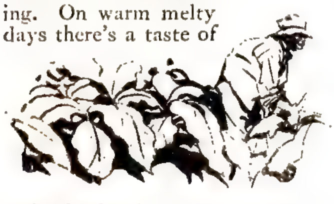
By Irvin S. Cobb

IT'S ripening time down South. On gentle hillsides where soil conditions and climatic conditions are in proper tune with each other, the tobacco—the perfect native cigarette tobacco—is ready for harvesting. Under the blazing sun the matured plants have been taking on shape and tint. The blades have been broadening, growing rich with the strength of the earth. So now workers harvest the crop from the fields, and bear it to the barns for curing.

It is cured slowly by a heat that is regulated to match the weather. The result is such tobacco as no other part of the world yields—strong in perfume, gentle in flavor, alluring in color, and in texture like taffeta silk.

* * * * *

It's thawing time up North. The drifts in the valleys of the Green Mountains are shrinking. On warm melty days there's a taste of spring in the air. The first blue-bird is back to meet the chickadees that have been away and the melody in his red breast makes him forget the frost-bite in his toes. They have tapped the maple trees. The clear sap drips into the pails. In the boiling pots this sweet juice, which is the very essence of the New England groves, is being turned into firm, brown cakes. It hasn't been dosed with chemicals, nor doctored with flavoring matter or coloring matter. It hasn't been cheapened with admixtures of any coarser sweetening. It's the honest maple syrup, unadulterated and perfect.



This year's maple sugar, with nothing added to it and nothing taken away, is brought to where the pick of the tobacco of three years ago or four or five even, has all this time been ageing naturally. It's vintage tobacco by now.

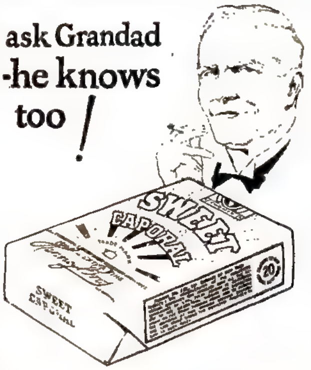
By a process which has had the endorsement of smokers all over the world for forty-seven years the prepared leaf is treated delicately with the pure sugar. That practically is all—just a mellowed, harmonious, aromatic, crusty mingling of the two F. F. V's—the Finest Flavor of Vermont, the Finished Fragrance of Virginia.

And you have the Sweet Caporal Cigarette. If Sweet Caporal isn't the true North-and-South-blend, the real National Brand, what is?

Thank you. Irvin S. Cobb

P. S.—*I write an article like this every once in a while. Watch for the next. I have declined propositions to turn out advertisements for various manufactured products because I feel I merely would be a hired hand, exploiting this, that or the other thing for so much a word. But I reached for this opportunity. I knew I could put my heart in it—could with sincerity endorse the article I was praising.*

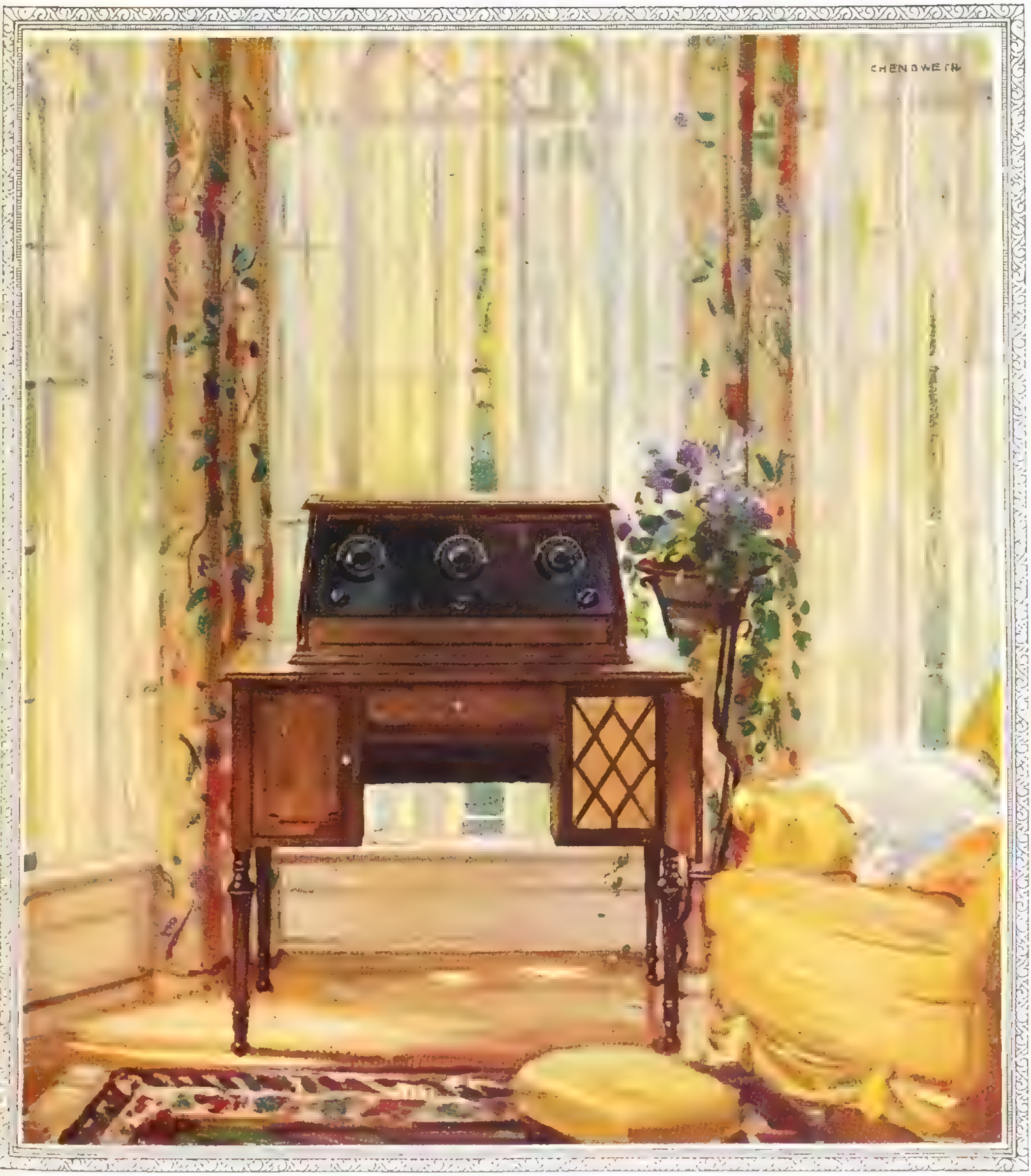
ask Grandad -he knows too!



The best smokes he ever had were

"Sweet Caps"

© Guaranteed by The American Tobacco Co. INCORPORATED



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Matched-Unit Radio

INSTRUMENTS TUBES REPRODUCERS ACCESSORIES

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SOMEONE suggested it to her—or, did she see it in an advertisement? Listerine, for the hair and scalp—particularly when you have dandruff, and so many women are troubled this way.

Dandruff is *most* of a nuisance when your hair is bobbed. (At least you notice it much more then.) Her hair had been bobbed only recently. And that was when she discovered the trouble.

But just a few applications of Listerine, doused on clear after a shampoo, made a difference that seemed almost miraculous to her.

It is really wonderful the way Listerine acts when applied to the hair and scalp. Invigorating, refreshing. And how it brings out that luster and softness that women want—and men like.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.*

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We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.
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in shimmering, iridescent colors that look like closely woven, multi-colored beads.

Yet this beautiful bag with its colorful scenes and flowers, made of the famous Whiting and Davis Mesh, is practically indestructible. There are no threads to break—no beads to pull off. Satin-lined with accessory pockets, deep and roomy with all the supple soft beauty of beads, here is a bag to delight all who love beautiful things. See it at your jewelers. The price is most reasonable.

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Plainville, Norfolk County, Massachusetts
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New York: 366 Fifth Avenue
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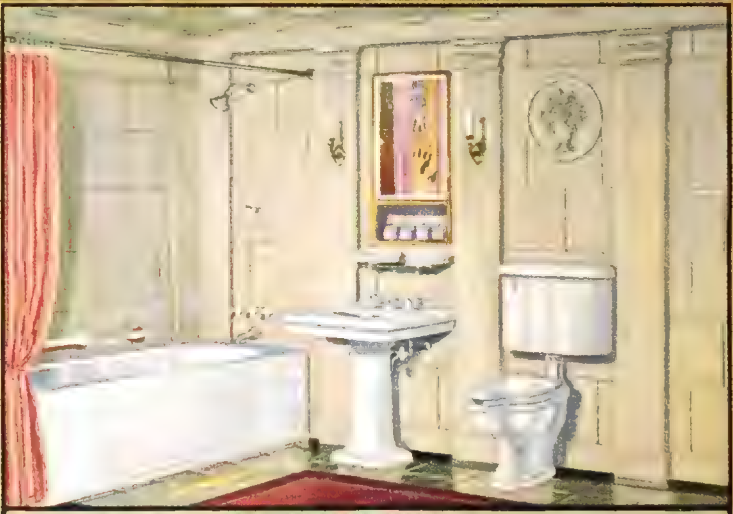

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For dignified houses or simple cottages, Crane plumbing fixtures can now be had in charming styles and varied materials, at prices that are moderate for so much value and comfort.

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For installing new bathrooms or refitting old ones, responsible plumbing contractors everywhere supply Crane fixtures in designs and sizes to fit any space or purse. Write for our full-color book on bathroom arrangement.

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take pleasure in stating that
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n my house about ten years ago
ave given the best of satisfac-
on, and the same are in prac-
cally as good condition today
they were when first installed.
Very truly yours,
igned) OLIVER J. SANDS,
esident, American National
ank, Richmond, Va.

End Draughts
Keep Warm—Save Fuel
Now is the Time to Install

The comforts of Chamberlin Metal Weather Strips are also important economies. They are saving and paying for themselves every day in the year—in fuel, labor, and protection against dust, dirt and draughts. Just see how little these advantages cost. In fuel alone from 25% to 40% is saved. The experience of thousands show that this item itself more than pays for the installation. All parts of the house are kept warm. No cold spots. No draughts. No rattling doors and windows. Furnishings, wall-paper and curtains are protected against grimy accumulations. And a great amount of work is saved from the daily household routine.

CHAMBERLIN
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"SINCE 1893-THE STANDARD"

and Inside Door Bottoms

On January 1	*On February 1*	*On March 1*
63% of your Heating Season is still ahead.	43% of your Heating Season is still ahead	16.4% of your Heating Season is still ahead.

Chamberlin Inside Door Bottoms enable you to admit fresh air to any part of the house while closing all other parts against draughts. They prevent escape of cold air, dust and dirt from basements. Keep out laundry and kitchen steam and odors. Operate automatically. Do not interfere with rugs. They are inexpensive, installed separately or in conjunction with Chamberlin Metal Weather Strips.

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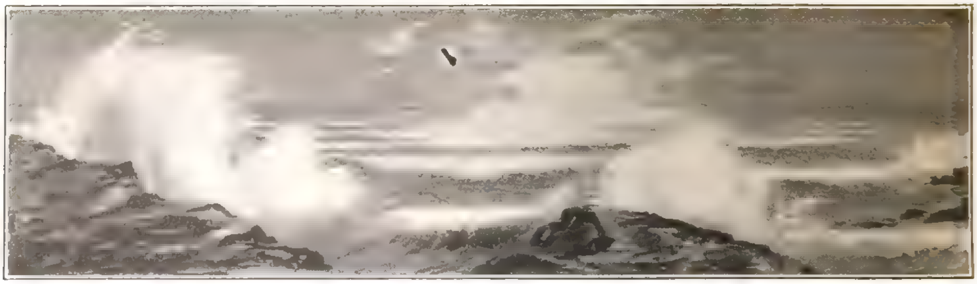

Economic Law is Like the Tide

Swim with it and you "get ahead" in the world; swim against it and soon or late it will carry you on the rocks

LOOK upon your life as a vessel. You are the master of its fate. You want it to carry you to a port of wealth, security, power. How far forward your vessel goes depends to some extent upon you. But it depends, *to a far greater extent*, upon forces that have all the power of the sweeping tides of the sea.

Careful economists have estimated that SIXTY PER CENT. of the factors that determine success in any line of business *lie outside of that business, beyond its control.*

How You May Fail

In other words, you may know your own business backward and forward. You may be an untiring worker. You may be eager to get ahead, intelligent, determined.

But these qualities, fine as they are, *are only 40% of the factors that will ultimately determine* whether you can amass even a moderate competence—and keep it!

What are you doing about the other 60%? Have you made any effort to understand these all-powerful economic currents that rule your career, as they rule all other careers? Are you equipped to look ahead, to look around you with seeing eyes, *in order to guide your acts and your policies*, in the light of well-established economic laws?

While these powerful forces are beyond your control, *they are not beyond your understanding.* You can easily understand them, with a little application, *and make use of them* to carry you ahead, just as sailors make use of the uncontrollable tides of the sea.

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"In the single year 1920 I consider that my knowledge of economics profited me personally not less than $100,000 and my company not less than $500,000."

A. T. SIMONDS,
President,
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Not a Sugar-Coated Pill

WHEN my attention was first called to your course "Economics for Executives," it produced an unfavorable reaction. I considered it just another of those numerous sugar-coated pills with which the market has been recently flooded. Your course, however, is a distinct exception.

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IF THE universities could teach economics as you and Mr. Roberts are teaching it—how much more abundant would successful business enterprises become! I am sold to the hilt on your course.

H. W. Johnston.

Commerce Clearing House,
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I THINK I do not speak extravagantly in giving my opinion of the first study-unit when I say it alone is worth the price charged for the entire course.

M. O. Scobee.

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I cannot but feel that I am a sounder and better grounded advertising man for having studied the four units which you have sent me. *F. M. Nye.*

President, Ivan B. Nordhem Company, New York.

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A few years ago a group of leaders in American industry realized how few people really understood economic laws. They conceived the idea of "popularizing" economics.

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Mr. Roberts consented, and for several years he, and a group of distinguished men co-operating with him, worked on this project. The final result was a course in economics so simple, and so supremely valuable—in a practical sense—that over two thousand of the *leading business men in the country* went to school again under Mr. Roberts. There were *over 500 bankers alone* among his students. There were young men, too, just entering business; men in subordinate positions; clerks; small storekeepers. No one is too high or too low in the business world not to be benefited by this instruction.

"Swim with the Tide"

This remarkable work, as now offered, comprises twenty-four separate *handy-size* volumes, each one clearly elucidating a fundamental principle of economics.

Any person who will read these fascinating books—and each one can be read within an hour—will obtain a *really thorough* grasp of the fundamentals that underlie all business.

Instead of working blindly, often *against the tide* of economic forces, you will be able often *to swim with the tide*, and make use of economic forces to carry you to prosperity.

Under Mr. Roberts' guidance, economics is made so interesting that hard-headed business men say it holds them like a thrilling story. Thirty years ago, when he was an unknown Iowa editor, Mr. Roberts wrote a little book on Money. To most people, no subject could seem more uninteresting. Yet that book was read, at the time, *literally by millions of people*.

Everything Mr. Roberts writes about economic subjects is made equally interesting. A business man wrote that he was reading these economics books *to his wife at night*, instead of reading novels.

GEORGE E. ROBERTS
Vice-President of the National City Bank of N. Y., Director of the United States Mint for 15 years, an economist of international standing.

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Perhaps it may be difficult for you, from this short outline, to judge of the real value of this service. For that reason the American Chamber of Economics, Inc., is prepared to send you the entire twenty-four volumes for inspection, *at your leisure.*

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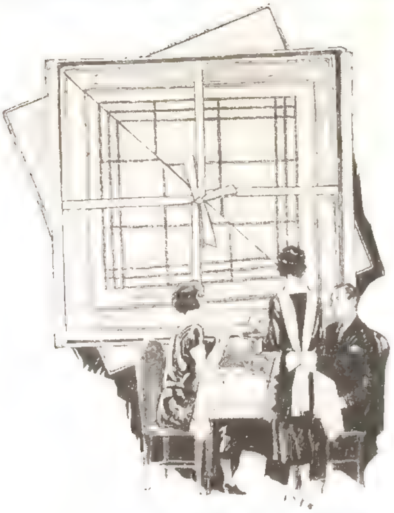

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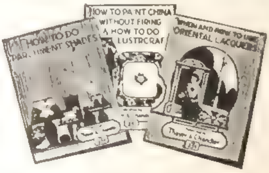
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Golden Ways To Golden Places

"Fly With Me To Tahiti!"

THE civilized world has a "complex." It positively adores that general region known as "the South Sea Islands," and if some all-knowing person could read the secret heart of us all, there is likelihood that every ten minutes some soul in America or Europe becomes oppressed with civilization and cries out to its soul-mate, "fly with me to Tahiti; and let us return to the idyllic state of Eden!"

There is something quite uncanny in the hold which the South Sea Islands have upon most imaginations—even upon those who have never read the extensive "literature" of the South Sea Islands. Business men and poets and artists alike seem fascinated by the dream of balmy ease and azure color which are associated with them. Dancers make hits with South Sea Island costumes; plays and musical comedies run on Broadway depicting life there; and Frederick O'Brien had but to write the first adequate book about the South Sea Islands in order to make it a best seller.

The South Sea Islands are rich in literary allusion and romance. Herman Melville, who was among the first visitors, nearly a century ago, could only sing their praises and wish himself back. Paul Gauguin, a French business man not only sensationally dramatized mankind's unspoken wish to "throw up everything and go to the South Sea Islands to live" but he also painted the scene in rich colors, and thereby made himself a figure in art—to say nothing of inspiring Somerset Maughan to make his story into a novel that thrilled the world ("Moon and Sixpence").

Then there is Robert Louis Stevenson, who went there to die, and who surrounded the Islands with the aura of his own writings and life. The same is true of Lafcadio Hearn, strange, gnomic figure in literature, who was sent by Harper's Magazine to the Marquesan Islands, but who became so steeped in the languor of life there that he never could write much. But what he did write made you feel the soft glow, the beneficent loveliness, beyond much hope of adequate description which pervaded everything there.

Louis de Bougainville, French admiral, first set foot on Tahiti and possibly disclosed then what has never since ceased to be one of the primary attractions there to civilized man—namely, the comely half-savage, but still white women with straight noses, fond of dancing, music and laughter. He wrote (after these women had been the cause of desperate mutiny in which ships were seized and officers killed): "The boats were now crowded with women whose beauty of face was equal to that of the ladies of Europe, and the symmetry of their forms much superior."

Charles Warren Stoddard saw the South Seas about the time of the Civil War and wrote "South Sea Idylls" and "The Island of Tranquil Delights." That, too, helped build the world's hunger for and delight in the South Sea Islands. John La Farge, the great art critic, fell under their spell too and wrote "Reminiscences of the South Seas." So did Jack London.

Altogether there have been at least a dozen men of high literary and artistic reputations who have fervently used their utmost arts to create the present highly romantic flavor surrounding the Islands. Young poets have been known to live on crusts in garrets for months in order to save enough to go to Tahiti and dream on its coral strands. How the region can "get" one is illustrated in a single sentence which Robert Louis Stevenson wrote to F. Marion Crawford the novelist: "I sailed some forty hours among the islands which are now more homelike in my eyes than the world in which I once lived."

Tennyson never saw isles so beautiful as these and naturally one wonders what he might have written of them remembering his ecstatic line—

> Summer Isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres
> of sea.

The time to tour the South Sea Islands naturally is the winter time of America. There are now South Sea tours. Starting from San Francisco, the route is through the Hawaiian Islands, and then to various groups—the Society Group (Tahiti), Fiji, Samoa, and New Zealand and Australia; returning then to California. It is a three-months' cruise.

The Hawaiian Islands are a splendid compromise, if the entire circuit cannot be managed. There are many sailings and splendid accommodations. The round trip can be made in three weeks if necessary. The marvelously equable climate of the South Sea Islands generally is shared by Hawaii, and the green peaks of Oahu and the volcano lend a special enchantment to the semi-tropical scene.

Fogs, hurricanes and humidity are unknown, and trade winds cool it the year around. It, too, has developed its literary friends, as the fond phrases of Katherine Fuller Gerould's descriptions indicate.

Any South Sea isle is a haven for the civilization-weary and there is abundant justification in calling it the most truly Eden-like port in the world to-day.

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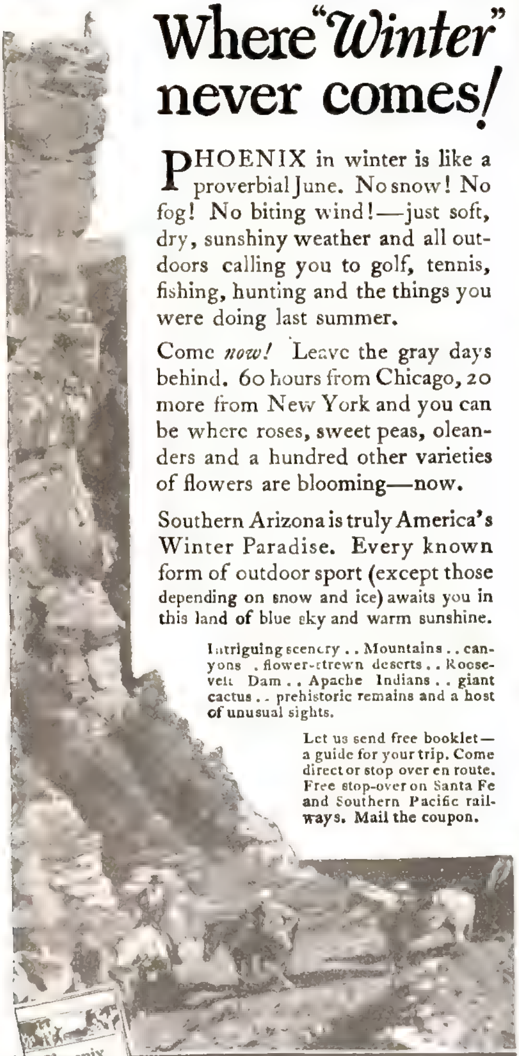

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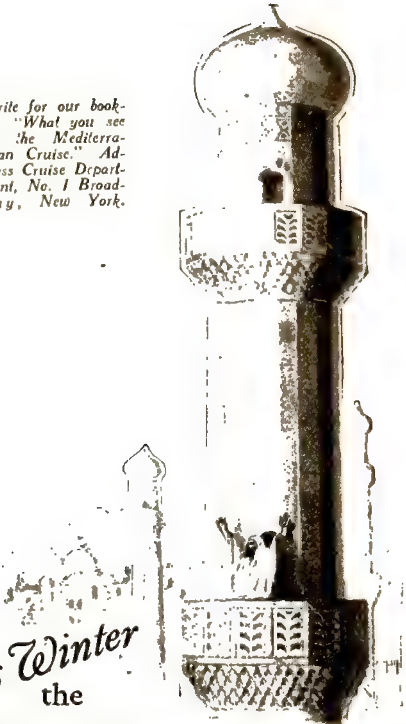

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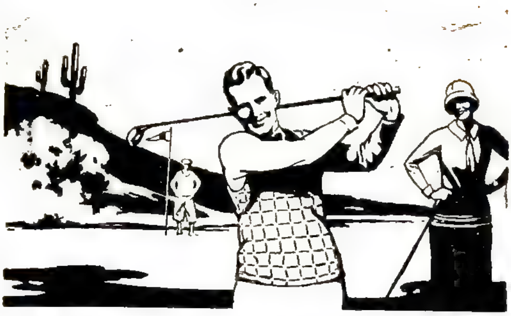

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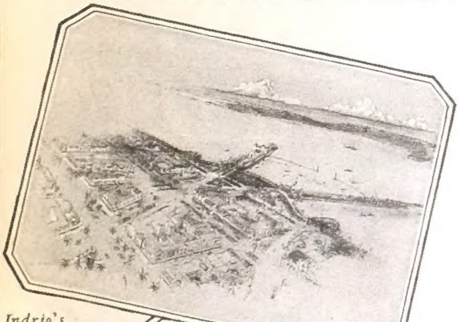
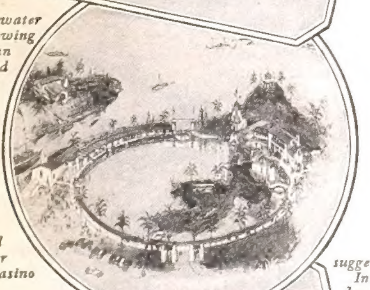
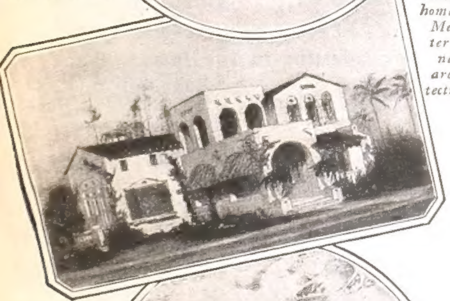


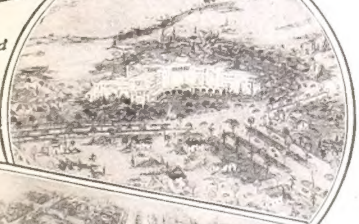
Indrio's proposed water front, showing the Indian River and beyond it the sea



The Oval Basin, Indrio's proposed salt water bathing casino



A suggested Indrio home of Mediterranean architecture



*he proposed
otel, with
n 18-hole
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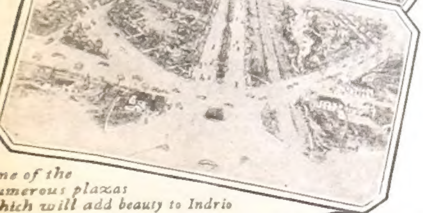
round*



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Fully 75% of the average woman's cooking is done over the open burner. In all of this work the Chambers Thermodome applies the *retained heat* principle. While the gas is burning, it traps the heat escaping around the sides of the cooking vessels. The turn of the handle that shuts off the gas automatically lowers the Thermodome, and food cooks on with the gas turned off.

Roasting and Baking

While soup and vegetables cook under the Chambers Thermodome, the meats and baked dishes that complete the meal can be cooking in the Chambers Insulated Oven with the gas turned off. There is nothing to be made ready. The handle that turns off the gas closes the vents in the oven, and starts the process of cooking with *retained heat*.

Only 30 Minutes of Gas for Veal Loaf

Entire meals can be cooked with the Chambers Range with but 30 minutes gas. With rich juices and flavor kept in—food is thoroughly cooked in the time ordinarily required with the gas constantly burning. Just consider these examples—

Boiling—Under the Thermodome

Dish	Gas Required
Fresh Vegetables	Bring to Boil
Prunes	10 minutes
Stewed Veal, etc.	15 minutes

Baking or Roasting in the Insulated Oven

Dish	Gas Required
Layer Cake	12 minutes
Meats	5 minutes per lb. (less if over 5 lbs.)
Apple Dumpling	8 to 10 minutes

Gas Bills Cut in Half

Gas Bill
Gas Bill

The big saving on gas bills alone makes the Chambers Range a profitable investment in every home. Thorough tests have proved the value of the patented Chambers Features and have secured their national endorsement. The daily saving on gas helps to pay for one of the beautiful white porcelain, or black and white enameled Models while you enjoy all of its advantages.

FREE BOOKLET: Send the at- tached coupon today for a copy of our Free descriptive booklet: "Cook with the Gas Turned Off!"

Chambers Manufacturing Co.
Dept. F-11 Shelbyville, Indiana

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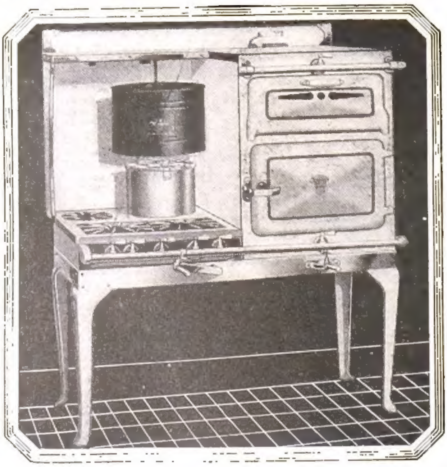
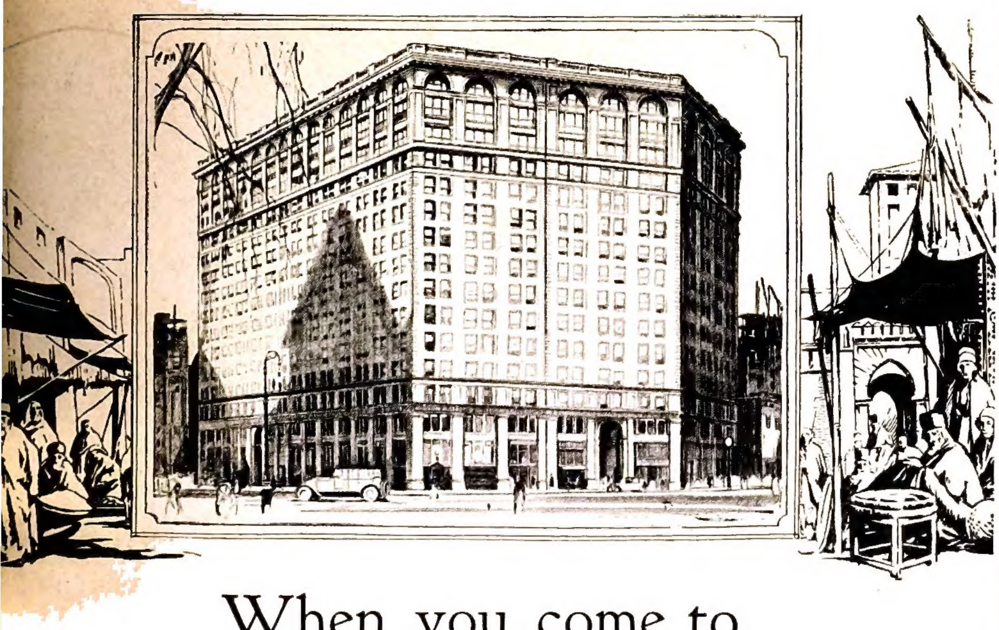


Chambers FIRELESS Gas Range
COOKS *with the* GAS TURNED OFF!



When you come to "*Bagdad-on-the-Subway—*"

"Twenty-third Street," shouts the guard. You alight and ascend to the hurry and bustle of Madison Square. There before you is The Fifth Avenue Building.

All manner of business life centers in and about this Bagdad of the new world. Go inside and see how many different firms are here. A manufacturer of electric toy-trains. Paper-makers. Lace dealers, clothing dealers, hardware merchants. Here, fine glassware, house-furnishings, pulp-mill supplies—everything, it seems—is sold within these walls.

Go into one of the conveniently planned offices and look out on the swirling, surging tide of commerce that converges about Madison Square and The Fifth Avenue Building. Notice the many threads of commerce of which Madison Square and this famous building are part and parcel.

Such activity implies successful business achievement. The world-famous address—200 Fifth Avenue—gives an added value of prestige. Ten minutes by subway to the Pennsylvania Terminal, thirteen minutes to Grand Central. Surface lines, "L's," subways and busses place all uptown and downtown within easy reach. Thus is explained the fact that The Fifth Avenue Building is the capitol of so many far-flung, world-wide business empires.

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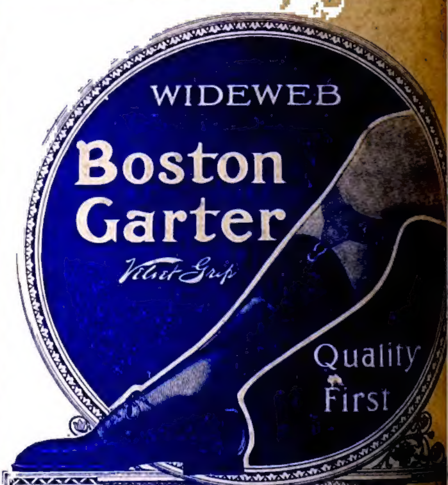

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